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NAPOLEON, FIRST CONSUL.

From an engraving by Le Vachez.

Paris, 1866.

FROM A MARBLE BUST BY AN UNKNOWN SCULPTOR IN THE MUSEUM OF AJACCIO, CORSICA.

THE YOUNG NAPOLEON.

The general-in-chief had a Turkish dress made, which he once put on, merely in joke. One day, he desired me to go to breakfast without waiting for him, and that he would follow me. In about a quarter of an hour, he made his appearance, in his new costume. As soon as he was recognised, he was received with a loud burst of laughter. He sat down, very coolly; but he found himself so encumbered and ill at ease in his turban and oriental robe, that he speedily threw them off, and was never after tempted to assume the disguise.

About the end of August, Bonaparte wished to open negotiations with the Pasha of Acre, surnamed *the Butcher*. He offered Djezzar his friendship, sought his in return, and gave him the most consolitary assurances of the safety of his dominions. He promised to support him against the grand seignior, at the very moment when he was assuring the Egyptians that he would support the grand seignior against the beys. But Djezzar, confiding in his own strength, and in the protection of the English, who had anticipated Bonaparte, was deaf to every overture, and would not even receive Beauvoisin, who was sent to him on the 22d of August. A second envoy was beheaded at Acre. The occupations of Bonaparte, and the necessity of obtaining a more solid footing in Egypt, retarded, for the moment, the invasion of that pashalic, which provoked vengeance by its barbarities, besides being a dangerous neighbour.

As the end of August approached, the general-in-chief made preparations for celebrating the festival of the republic. His peculiar turn of mind was evinced, even in the orders which he dictated to me on that occasion. The desire of living in futurity

In order to make the people respect me still more than they actually did, and obey me more readily. The imans replied, that there was a great obstacle, because their prophet in the Koran had inculcated to them that they were not to obey, respect, or hold faith with infidels, and that I came under that denomination. I then desired them to hold a consultation, and see what was necessary to be done in order to become a Mussulman, as some of their tenets could not be practised by us. That as to circumcision, God had made us unfit for that. That with respect to drinking wine, we were poor cold people, inhabitants of the north, who could not exist without it. Therefore, that we could neither circumcise nor abstain from wine. They consulted together accordingly, and in about three weeks issued a fetham, declaring that circumcision might be omitted, because it was merely a profession; that as to drinking wine, it might be drunk by Mussulmans, but that those who drank it would not go to paradise, but to hell. I replied that this would not do; that we had no occasion to make ourselves Mussulmans in order to go to hell, that there were many ways of getting there without coming to Egypt, and desiring them to hold another consultation. Well, after deliberating and battling together for I believe three months, they finally decided that a man might become a Mussulman, and neither circumcise nor abstain from wine; but that in proportion to the wine drunk, some good works must be done. I then told them that we were all Mussulmans and friends of the prophet, which they really believed, as the French soldiers never went to church, and had no priests with them. For you must know that during the revolution there was no religion whatever in the French army. Menon," continued Napoleon, " really turned Mahometan, which was the reason I left him behind."—*Voice from St. Helena.*—(*Editor.*)

This connexion soon became the general subject of gossip at head-quarters. Through a feeling of delicacy to M. Fourés, the general-in-chief gave him a mission to the Directory. He embarked at Alexandria, and the ship was captured by the English, who, being informed of the cause of his mission, were malicious enough to send him back to Egypt, instead of keeping him prisoner. Bonaparte wished to have a child by Madame Fourés, but this wish was not realized.

A celebrated soothsayer was recommended to Bonaparte by the inhabitants of Cairo, who confidentially vouched for the accuracy with which he could fortel future events. He was sent for, and when he arrived, I, Venture, and a sheik, were with the general. The prophet wished first to exercise his skill upon Bonaparte; who, however, proposed that I should have my fortune told first, to which I acceded without hesitation. To afford an idea of his prophetic skill, I must mention, that since my arrival in Cairo, I had been in a very weak state. The passage of the Nile, and the bad food we had had for twelve days, had greatly reduced me, so that I was miserably pale and thin.

After examining my hands, feeling my pulse, my forehead, and the nape of my neck, the fortune-teller shrugged his shoulders, and, in a melancholy tone, told Venture that he did not think it right to inform me of my fate. I gave him to understand that he might say what he pleased, as it was a matter of indifference to me. After considerable hesitation on his part, and pressing on mine, he announced to me, that *the earth of Egypt would receive me in two months.*

I thanked him, and he was dismissed. When we were alone, the general said to me, "Well, what did you think of that?" I observed, that the fortune-teller did not run any great risk in fortelling my death, which was a very probable circumstance, in the state in which I was; "but," added I, "if I procure the wines which I have ordered from France, you will soon see me get round again."

The art of imposing on mankind has, at all times, been an important part of the art of governing; and it was not that portion of the science of government which Bonaparte was the least acquainted with. He neglected no opportunity of showing off to the Egyptians the superiority of France, in arts and sciences; but it happened, oftener than once, that the natural instinct of the Egyptians thwarted his endeavours in this way. Some days after the visit of the pretended fortune-teller, he wished, if I may so express myself, to oppose conjurer to conjurer. For this purpose, he invited the principal sheiks to be present at some chemical experiments, performed by M. Berthollet. The general expected to be much amused at their astonishment; but the miracles of the transformation of liquids, electrical commotions and galvanism, did not elicit from them any symptom of surprise. They witnessed the operations of our

NAPARTE, FAIT PRISONNIER AUX RÉVOLTÉS, LE CAIRE

BUONAPARTE PARDONING THE REBELS AT CAIRO.

Buonaparte had great difficulty in subduing the tumults at Cairo, and that subjugation was effected by an immense sacrifice of human life. He succeeded in forcing the rebels to take refuge in the mosque of Eleazar in the Isle of Ronda, whose avenues they secured with strong barricades. Here Napoleon summoned them to surrender; and by his order the divan, the principal sheikhs and doctors of the law presented themselves at the barricades, to induce them if possible to comply with his summons. They were received by a fusilade, when at a given signal, General Dommartin opened a battery upon the mosque. This battery was kept in constant and fearful play, and produced such consternation and terror among the rebels, that they cried loudly and lamentably for permission to capitulate: "You refused mercy when I offered it," replied the General, "the hour of vengeance has arrived; you commenced this tumult, it is for me to finish it."

Reduced to despair, they attempted a sortie, but were met by the French grenadiers. At length they threw down their arms and surrendered at discretion; imploring mercy, and uttering their cry of distress, *Amman!*

Buonaparte relented. On the 24th of October, a proclamation from the doctors of the law announced that the revolution was overcome and appeased. "By our intercession," said they, "the destruction which must have otherwise followed the revolt has been arrested; Napoleon has prevented the troops from burning and pillaging the city, for he is full of goodness, benevolence, and mercy towards the Mussulman; he is the protector peculiarly of the poor, and without him the inhabitants of Cairo should exist no longer."

October 24, 1798.

THE REVOLT OF CAIRO.

London : Published by Richard Bentley. 1835.
Samuel Bentley, Printer

able chemist with the most imperturbable indifference. When they were ended, the Sheik El Bekri desired the interpreter to tell M. Berthollet that it was all very fine; "but," said he, "ask him whether he can make me be in Morocco and here at one and the same moment?" M. Berthollet replied in the negative, with a shrug of his shoulders. Oh! then," said the sheik, "he is not half a conjurer."

Our music produced no greater effect upon them. They listened with insensibility to all the airs that were played to them, with the exception of Marlbrook. When that was played they became animated, and were all in motion, as if ready to dance.

An order which had been issued on our arrival in Cairo for watching the criers of the mosques, had for some weeks been neglected. At certain hours of the night these criers address prayers to the prophet. As it was merely a repetition of the same ceremony over and over again, in a short time no notice was taken of it. The Turks, perceiving this negligence, substituted for their prayers and hymns cries of revolt, and by this sort of verbal telegraph, insurrectionary excitement was transmitted to the northern and southern extremities of Egypt. By this means, and by the aid of secret emissaries, who eluded our feeble police, and circulated real or forged firmans of the grand seignior, disavowing the concord between France and the Porte, and provoking war, the plan of a revolution was organized throughout the country.

The signal for the execution of this plan was given from the minarets on the night of the 20th of October, and on the morning of the 21st it was announced at head-quarters that the city of Cairo was in open insurrection. The general-in-chief was not, as has been stated, in the isle of Raouddah: he did not hear the firing of the alarm-guns. He rose when the news arrived; it was then five o'clock. He was informed that all the shops were closed, and that the French were attacked. A moment after, he learned the death of General Dupuy, commandant of the garrison, who was killed by a lance in the street. Bonaparte immediately mounted his horse, and, accompanied by only thirty guides, advanced on all the threatened points, restored confidence, and, with great presence of mind, adopted measures of defence.

He left me at head-quarters with only one sentinel; but he had been accurately informed of the situation of the insurgents; and such was my confidence in his activity and foresight, that I had no apprehension, and awaited his return with perfect composure. This composure was not disturbed even when I saw a party of insurgents attack the house of M. Estève, our paymaster-general, which was situated on the opposite side of Ezbekyeh Place. M. Estève was, fortunately, able to resist the attack until troops from Boulaq came up to his assistance.

After visiting all the posts, and adopting every precautionary measure, Bonaparte returned to head-quarters. Finding me still alone with the sentinel, he asked me, smiling, "whether I had not been frightened?"—"Not at all, General, I assure you," replied I.

General Dupuy was killed at the head of his troops, whom he was leading against the insurgents. I had dined with him on the preceding day. On my way to his quarters, I saw an immense crowd assembled in the square of the Bazaar. A man who had stolen some dates was receiving the punishment of the bastinado. I was on horseback, attended by a servant. The aga, whom I met every day at head-quarters, saw me. He opened a passage for me through the crowd, and I got near the unfortunate criminal. His cries and entreaties, and those of some of the spectators, prevailed on me to intercede in his behalf. I urged the aga to consider the punishment already inflicted as sufficient for the offence. This was readily acceded to. The criminal was unbound and carried home. His feet were bleeding.

The insurrection was general from Sienna to Lake Marœotis.

It was about half-past eight in the morning, when Bonaparte returned to head-quarters, and while at breakfast he was informed that some Bedouin Arabs, on horseback, were trying to force their entrance into Cairo. He ordered his aide-de-camp, Sulkowsky, to mount his horse, to take with him fifteen guides, and proceed to the point where the assailants were most numerous. This was the Bab-en-Nassr, or the gate of victory. Croisier observed to the general-in-chief, that Sulkowsky had scarcely recovered from the wounds at Salehyeh, and he offered to take his place. He had his motives for this. Bonaparte consented; but Sulkowsky had already set out. Within an hour after, one of the fifteen guides returned, covered with blood, to announce that Sulkowsky and the remainder of his party had been cut to pieces. This was speedy work, for we were still at table when the sad news arrived.

Sulkowsky, as I have already observed, was a native of Poland, and a brave and intelligent young officer. He was beloved by all who knew him, and his loss was deeply deplored by the general. On the 2d September, Sulkowsky had read to the Egyptian Institute, of which he was a member, an excellent report, descriptive of the road from Cairo to Salehyeh.

Mortars were planted on Mount Moquatam, which commands Cairo. The populace, expelled from all the principal streets by the troops, assembled in the Square of the Great Mosque, and in the little streets running into it, which they barricadoed. The firing of the artillery on the heights was kept up with vigour for two days.

About twelve of the principal chiefs of Cairo were arrested and confined in an apartment at head-quarters. They awaited

with the calmest resignation the death they knew they merited; but Bonaparte merely detained them as hostages. The aga in the service of Bonaparte was astonished that sentence of death was not pronounced upon them; and he said, shrugging his shoulders, and with a gesture apparently intended to provoke severity, "You see they expect it."

On the third the insurrection was at an end, and tranquillity restored. Numerous prisoners were conducted to the citadel. In obedience to an order which I wrote every evening, twelve were put to death nightly. The bodies were then put into sacks and thrown into the Nile. There were many women included in these nocturnal executions. I am not aware that the number of victims amounted to thirty per day, as Bonaparte assured General Reynier in a letter which he wrote to him six days after the restoration of tranquillity. "Every night," said he, "we cut off thirty heads. This, I hope, will be an effectual example." I am of opinion, that in this instance he exaggerated the extent of his just revenge.

Some time after the revolt of Cairo, the necessity of ensuring our own safety urged the commission of a horrible act of cruelty. A tribe of Arabs in the neighbourhood of Cairo had surprised and massacred a party of French. The general-in-chief ordered his aide-de-camp, Croisier, to proceed to the spot, surround the tribe, destroy the huts, kill all the men, and conduct the rest of the population to Cairo. The order was to decapitate the victims, and bring their heads in sacks to Cairo to be exhibited to the people. Eugène Beauharnais accompanied Croisier, who joyfully set out on this horrible expedition, in hope of obliterating all recollection of the affair of Damanhour.

On the following day the party returned. Many of the poor Arab women had been delivered on the road, and the children had perished of hunger, heat and fatigue. About four o'clock, a troop of asses arrived in Ezbekyeh Place, laden with sacks. The sacks were opened and the heads rolled out before the assembled populace. I cannot describe the horror I experienced; but at the same time I must acknowledge that this butchery ensured for a considerable time the tranquillity and even the existence of the little caravans which were obliged to travel in all directions for the service of the army.

Shortly before the loss of the fleet, the general-in-chief had formed the design of visiting Suez, to examine the traces of the ancient canal, which united the Nile to the gulf of Arabia, and also to cross the latter. The revolt at Cairo caused this project to be adjourned until the month of December.

Before his departure for Suez, Bonaparte granted the commissary, Sucy, leave to return to France. He had received a wound in the right hand, when on board the zebeck, Cerf. I was conversing with him on deck, when he received this wound. At first it had no appearance of being serious; but, some time

after, he could not use his hand. General Bonaparte despatched a vessel with sick and wounded, who were supposed to be incurable, to the number of about eighty. All envied their fate, and were anxious to depart with them, but the privilege was conceded to very few. However, those who were disappointed had no cause for regret. We never know what we wish for. Captain Marengo, who landed at Augusta, supposing it to be a friendly land, was required to observe quarantine for twenty-two days, and information was given of the arrival of the vessel to the court, which was at Palermo. On the 25th of January, 1799, all on board the French vessel were massacred, with the exception of twenty-one, who were saved by a Neapolitan frigate, and conducted to Messina, where they were detained.

Before he conceived the resolution of attacking the Turkish advanced guard in the valleys of Syria, Bonaparte had formed a plan of invading British India from Persia. He had ascertained, through the medium of agents, that the Shah of Persia would, for a sum of money paid in advance, consent to the establishment of military magazines on certain points of his territory. Bonaparte frequently told me that if, after the subjugation of Egypt, he could have left fifteen thousand men in that country, and have had thirty thousand disposable troops, he would have marched on the Euphrates. He was frequently speaking about the deserts which were to be crossed to reach Persia. How many times have I seen him extended on the ground, examining the beautiful maps which he had brought with him, and he would sometimes make me lie down in the same position, to trace to me his projected march. This reminded him of the triumphs of his favourite hero, Alexander; but, at the same time, he felt that these projects were incompatible with our resources, the weakness of the government, and the dissatisfaction which the army already evinced. Privation and misery are inseparable from all these remote operations.

This favourite idea still occupied his mind a fortnight before his departure for Syria was determined on, and on the 25th of January, 1799, he wrote to Tippoo Saib as follows:

You are of course already informed of my arrival on the banks of the Red Sea, with a numerous and invincible army. Eager to deliver you from the iron yoke of England, I hasten to request that you will send me, by the way of Marcate or Mokha, an account of the political situation in which you are. I also wish that you could send to Suez, or Grand Cairo, some able man, in your confidence, with whom I may confer.*

* It has often been stated that Tippoo Saib wrote to General Bonaparte. He could not reply to a letter written on the 25th of January, owing to the great difficulty of communication, the considerable distance, and the short interval which elapsed between the 25th of January and the fall of the Mysore, which happened on the 20th of April following.

CHAPTER XVIII

1798—1799.

Bonaparte's departure for Suez—Crossing the desert—Passage of the Red Sea—The fountain of Moses—The Cenobites of Mount Sinai—Discovery of an ancient canal—Danger in recrossing the Red Sea—Napoleon's return to Cairo—Money borrowed at Genoa—New designs upon Italy—Dissatisfaction of the Ottoman Porte—MM. de Livron and Hamelin—Plan for invading Asia—Gigantic schemes—General Berthier's permission to return to France—His romantic love and the adored portrait—He gives up his permission to return home—Louis Bonaparte leaves Egypt—The first Cashmere shawl in France—Intercepted correspondence—Departure for Syria—Fountains of Messoodiah—Bonaparte jealous—Discontent of the troops—El-Arish taken—Aspect of Syria—Ramleh—Jerusalem.

On the 24th of December we set out for Suez, where we arrived on the 26th. On the 25th we encamped in the desert, some leagues before Ad-Jeroth. The heat had been very great during the day; but about eleven at night the cold became so severe, as to be just in an inverse ratio to the temperature of the day. This desert, which is the route of the caravans from Suez to Tor, and the countries situated on the north of Arabia, is strewed with the bones of the men and animals who, for ages past, have perished in crossing it. As there was no wood to be got, we collected a quantity of these bones for fuel. Monge, himself, was induced to sacrifice some of the curious skulls of animals, which he had picked up on the way and deposited in the berline of the general-in-chief. But no sooner had we kindled our fires, than an intolerable effluvium obliged us to raise our camp, and advance further on, for we could procure no water to extinguish the fires.

On the 27th, Bonaparte employed himself in inspecting the town and port of Suez, and in giving orders for some naval and military works. He feared—what indeed really occurred, after his departure from Egypt—the arrival of some corps from the East Indies, which he had intended to invade. These corps contributed to the loss of his conquest.

On the morning of the 28th we crossed the Red Sea, dry-shod,* to go to the Wells of Moses, which are nearly a myria-

* From time immemorial this ford has been called by the people of the country *El Mahadyeh*, the passage.

metre from the eastern coast, and a little south-east of Suez. The gulf of Arabia terminates at about five thousand metres north of that city. Near the port, the Red Sea is not above fifteen hundred metres wide, and is always fordable at low water. The caravans from Tor and Mount Sinai always pass at that part, either in going to or returning from Egypt. This abridges their journey nearly a myriametre. At high tide the water is five or six feet deep at Suez, and when the wind blows fresh, it often rises to nine or ten feet.

We spent a few hours, seated by the largest of the springs called the Wells of Moses, situated on the eastern shore of the gulf of Arabia. We made coffee with the water from these springs, which, however, gave it such a brackish taste, that it was scarcely drinkable.

I shall say nothing of the Cenobites of Mount Sinai, as I had not the honour of seeing them. Neither did I see the register containing the names of Ali, Salah-Eddin, Ibrahim or Abraham, on which Bonaparte is said to have inscribed his name. I perceived at a distance some high hills which were said to be Mount Sinai. I conversed, through the medium of an interpreter, with some Arabian chiefs of Tor, and its neighbourhood. They had been informed of our excursion to the Wells, and that they might there thank the French general for the protection granted to their caravans, and their trade with Egypt. On the 19th of December, before his departure from Suez, Bonaparte signed a sort of safeguard, or exemption from duties, for the convent of Mount Sinai. This had been granted out of respect to Moses and the Jewish nation, and also because the convent of Mount Sinai is a seat of learning and civilization amidst the barbarism of the deserts.

Though the water of the eight little springs, which form the Wells of Moses, is not so salt as that of many wells dug in other parts of the deserts, it is, nevertheless, exceedingly brackish, and does not allay thirst so well as fresh water. The water of these fountains is continually flowing, and has not a very disagreeable smell.

On our return to Suez, we went a little to the left to visit the ruins of a large reservoir, constructed, it is said, during the war between the Venetians and the Portuguese, which broke out after the discovery of the passage to the East Indies, by doubling the Cape of Good Hope. Descending to the sea-coast, General Bonaparte was the first to discover a canal, three or four hundred metres in length. It was lined with good masonry, and might have been repaired at little expense. These canals serve to convey water to the vessels stationed on the eastern bank of the Arabian gulf.

Bonaparte returned to Suez that same night. It was very dark when we reached the sea-shore. The tide was coming up, and the water was pretty high. We deviated a little from the

way we had taken in the morning; we crossed a little too low down; we were thrown into disorder, but we did not lose ourselves in the marshes as has been stated.

I have read somewhere, though I did not see the fact, nor did I hear it mentioned at the time, that the tide which was coming up would have been the grave of the general-in-chief, had not one of the guides saved him by carrying him on his shoulders. If any such danger had existed, all who had not a similar means of escape must have perished.

This is a mere fabrication. General Caffarelli was the only person who was really in danger, for his wooden leg prevented him sitting firmly on his horse in the water; but some persons came to his assistance, and supported him.

Next morning the general-in-chief was walking with me on the western side of the gulf, when we saw a man on horseback advancing towards us. We stopped, and the horseman approached. He proved to be one of our guides, named Semin, who, on our return from the fountains, had lingered a little behind the rest, and hearing us calling upon each other as we were fording the sea in the dark, he concluded that some accident had happened, and would not venture forward alone. He therefore ascended the eastern bank, doubled the gulf, and was on his way back to Suez, when he met the general. When he had left us, Bonaparte said to me, "That fellow is no fool."

On his return to Cairo, the general-in-chief wished to discover the site of the canal, which, in ancient times, formed a junction between the Red Sea and the Nile, by Belbeys. M. Lepère, who was a member of the Egyptian Institute, and is now inspector-general of bridges and causeways, executed on the spot a beautiful plan, which may confidently be consulted by those who wish to form an accurate idea of that ancient communication, and the level of the two seas.

On his arrival at Cairo, Bonaparte again devoted all his thoughts to the affairs of the army, which he had not attended to during his short absence. The revenues of Egypt were far from being sufficient to meet the expenses of the army. To defray his own expenses, Bonaparte raised several considerable loans in Genoa, through the medium of M. James. The connexion of James with the Bonaparte family takes its date from this period.

Since the month of August, the attention of General Bonaparte had been constantly fixed on Syria. The period of the possible landing of an enemy in Egypt had now passed away, and could not return until the month of July, in the following year. Bonaparte was fully persuaded that that landing would take place, and he was not deceived. The Ottoman Porte had, indeed, been persuaded that the conquest of Egypt was not in her interest. She preferred enduring a rebel whom she hoped one day to subdue, to supporting a power which, under the

specious pretext of reducing her insurgent beys to obedience, deprived her of one of her finest provinces, and threatened the rest of the empire.

On his return to Cairo, the general-in-chief had no longer any doubt, as to the course which the Porte intended to adopt. The numerous class of persons who believed that the Ottoman Porte had consented to our occupation of Egypt, were suddenly undeceived. It was then asked how we could, without that consent, have attempted such an enterprise? Nothing, it was said, could justify the temerity of such an expedition, if it should produce a rupture between France, the Ottoman empire, and its allies. However, for the remainder of the year Bonaparte dreaded nothing except an expedition from Gazah and El-Arish, of which the troops of Djezzar had already taken possession. This occupation was justly regarded as a decided act of hostility; war was thus declared. "We must adopt anticipatory measures," thought Napoleon; "we must destroy this advanced guard of the Ottoman empire, overthrow the ramparts of Jaffa and Acre, ravage the country, destroy all her resources, so as to render the passage of an army impracticable." Thus was planned the expedition against Syria.

At the time fixed for his departure, Bonaparte learned that MM. Livron and Hamelin had arrived in the port of Alexandria. We had received no official news from Europe since the end of June, 1798. The general delayed his departure for Asia for some days, in the hope of receiving letters. There appeared to be something vague in the declarations of Hamelin, who had not come directly from France. He had left Trieste on the 24th of October, 1797, and had touched at Ancona and other ports. On the very day of his departure, Bonaparte declared, that if in the course of the month he should positively learn that France was at war with the powers of Europe, he would return. I mention this fact beforehand, to explain the departure which gave rise to so many absurd conjectures and incorrect assertions.

Bonaparte saw, with his usual quickness, the dangers which threatened him from the isthmus of Suez, and he made preparations for averting them; but these measures, which were perfectly natural in the circumstances in which we stood, served to veil one of those gigantic schemes in which his imagination loved to indulge. Had this scheme been put into execution, the fate of France would have depended on new and incalculable combinations. It was on the shore of Saint Jean d'Acre that he first mentioned to me that vast and incredible enterprise, of which he had probably conceived the idea when he wrote to Kleber, some time after the fatal night of the 1st of August: "If the English continue to inundate the Mediterranean, they will, perhaps, oblige us to do greater things than we otherwise would."

General Berthier, after repeated entreaties, had obtained per

mission to return to France. The Courageuse frigate, which was to convey him home, was preparing at Alexandria; he had received his instructions, and was to leave Cairo on the 29th of January, ten days before Bonaparte's departure for Syria. Bonaparte was sorry to part with him; but he could not endure to see an old friend, and one who had served him well in all his campaigns, dying before his eyes, the victim of nostalgia and romantic love. Besides, Berthier had been, for some time past, any thing but active in the discharge of his duties. His passion, which amounted almost to madness, impaired the feeble faculties with which nature had endowed him. Some writers have ranked him in the class of sentimental lovers: be this as it may, the homage which Berthier rendered to the portrait of the object of his adoration, more frequently excited our merriment than our sensibility.

One day I went with an order from Bonaparte to the chief of his staff, whom I found on his knees before the portrait of Madame Visconti, which was hanging opposite the door. I touched him, to let him know I was there. He looked round, but did not think proper to interrupt his devotions.

The moment was approaching when the two friends were to part, perhaps, for ever. Bonaparte was sincerely distressed at this separation, and the chief of his staff was informed of the fact. At a moment when it was supposed Berthier was on his way to Alexandria, he presented himself to the general-in-chief. "You are, then, decidedly going to Asia?" said he.—"You know," replied the general, "that all is ready, and I shall set out in a few days."—"Well, I will not leave you. I voluntarily renounce all idea of returning to France. I could not endure to forsake you at a moment when you are going to encounter new dangers. Here are my instructions and my passport." Bonaparte, highly pleased with this resolution, embraced Berthier; and the coolness which had been excited by his request to return home was succeeded by a sincere reconciliation.

Louis Bonaparte, who was suffering from the effects of the voyage, was still at Alexandria. The general-in-chief, yielding to the pacific views of his younger brother, who was also beginning to evince some symptoms of nostalgia, consented to his return home. He could not, however, depart until the 11th of March, 1799.

On his return to France Louis passed through Sens, where he dined with Madame de Bourrienne, to whom he presented a beautiful shawl, which General Berthier had given me. This, I believe, was the first Cashmere that had ever been seen in France. Louis was much surprised when Madame de Bourrienne showed him the Egyptian correspondence, which had been seized by the English and printed in London. He found in the collection some letters addressed to himself, and there were others, he said, which were likely to disturb the peace of more than one family, on the return of the army.

On the 11th of February, 1799, we began our march for Syria, with about twelve thousand men. It has been erroneously published, that the army amounted to only six thousand: nearly that number was lost in the course of the campaign. However, at the very moment we were on our way to Syria, with twelve thousand men, scarcely as many being left in Egypt, the Directory published that, "according to the information which had been received," we had sixty thousand infantry and ten thousand cavalry; that the army had doubled its numbers, by battles; and that since our arrival in Egypt, we had lost only three hundred men. Is history to be written from such documents?

We arrived, about four o'clock in the afternoon, at Messoodiah, or, "the Fortunate Spot." Here we witnessed a kind of phenomenon, which was not a little agreeable to us. Messoodiah is a place situated on the coast of the Mediterranean, surrounded with little downs of very fine sand, which the copious rains of winter readily penetrate. The rain remains in the sand, so that on making with the finger holes of four or five inches in depth, at the bottom of these little hills, the water immediately flows out. This water was, indeed, rather thick, but its flavour was agreeable; and it would have become clear, if we could have spared time to allow it to rest, and disengage itself from the particles of foreign matter which it contained.

It was a curious spectacle to behold us all lying on the sand, digging wells in miniature, and displaying a laughable selfishness in our endeavours to obtain the most abundant source. This was a very important discovery to us. We found these sand-wells at the extremity of the desert, and it contributed, in no small degree, to revive the courage of our soldiers; besides, when men are, as was the case with us, subject to privations of every kind, the least benefit which accrues inspires the hope of a new advantage. We were approaching the confines of Syria, and we enjoyed, by anticipation, the pleasure we were about to experience, on treading a soil which, by its variety of verdure and vegetation, would remind us of our much-loved native land. At Messoodiah we likewise possessed the advantage of bathing in the sea, which was not more than fifty paces from our unforeseen wells.

Whilst near the wells of Messoodiah, on our way to El-Arish, I one day saw Bonaparte walking alone with Junot, as he was often in the habit of doing. I stood at a little distance, and my eyes, I know not why, were fixed on him during their conversation. The general's countenance, which was always pale, had, without my being able to divine the cause, become paler than usual. There was something convulsive in his features—a wildness in his look, and he several times struck his head with his hand. After conversing with Junot about a quarter of an hour, he quitted him and came towards me. I never saw him exhibit such an air of dissatisfaction, or appear so much

under the influence of some prepossession. I advanced towards him, and as soon as we met, he exclaimed in an abrupt and angry tone, "So! I find I cannot depend upon you.—These women!—Josephine!—If you had loved me, you would before now have told me all I have heard from Junot—he is a real friend—Josephine!—and I six hundred leagues from her—you ought to have told me.—That she should thus have deceived me! Woe to them!—I will exterminate the whole race of fops and puppies!—As to her—divorce!—yes, divorce! a public and open divorce!—I must write!—I know all!—It is your fault—you ought to have told me!" These energetic and broken exclamations, his disturbed countenance, his altered voice, informed me but too well of the subject of his conversation with Junot. I saw that Junot had been drawn into a culpable indiscretion, and that, if Josephine had committed any faults, he had cruelly exaggerated them. My situation was one of extreme delicacy. However, I had the good fortune to retain my self-possession, and as soon as some degree of calmness succeeded to this first burst, I replied that I knew nothing of the reports which Junot might have communicated to him; that even if such reports, often the offspring of calumny, had reached my ear, and if I had considered it my duty to inform him of them, I certainly would not have selected for that purpose the moment when he was six hundred leagues from France. I also did not conceal how blamable Junot's conduct appeared to me, and how ungenerous I considered it thus rashly to accuse a woman who was not present to justify or defend herself;—that it was no great proof of attachment to add domestic uneasiness to the anxiety already sufficiently great, which the situation of his brothers in arms, at the commencement of a hazardous enterprise, occasioned him.

Notwithstanding these observations, which, however, he listened to with some calmness, the word "divorce" still escaped his lips; and it is necessary to be aware of the degree of irritation to which he was liable when any thing seriously vexed him, to be able to form an idea of what Bonaparte was during this painful scene. However, I kept my ground. I repeated what I had said. I begged of him to consider with what facility tales were fabricated and circulated, and that gossip, such as that which had been repeated to him, was only the amusement of idle persons, and deserved the contempt of strong minds. I spoke of his glory. "My glory!" cried he, "I know not what I would not give if that which Junot has told me should be untrue; so much do I love Josephine! If she be really guilty, a divorce must separate us for ever. I will not submit to be a laughing-stock for all the imbeciles in Paris. I will write to Joseph: he will get the divorce declared."

Although his agitation continued long, intervals occurred in which he was less excited. I seized one of these moments of

comparative calm to combat this idea of divorce, which seemed to possess his mind. I represented to him especially, that it would be imprudent to write to his brother with reference to a communication which was probably false.—"The letter might be intercepted; it would betray the feelings of irritation which dictated it. As to a divorce, it would be time to think of that hereafter, but advisedly." These last words produced an effect on him which I could not have ventured to hope for so speedily. He became tranquil, listened to me as if he had suddenly felt the justice of my observations, dropped the subject, and never returned to it; except that, about a fortnight after, when we were before St. Jean d'Acre, he expressed himself greatly dissatisfied with Junot, and complained of the injury he had done him by his indiscreet disclosures, which he began to regard as the inventions of malignity. I perceived afterwards that he never pardoned Junot for this indiscretion; and I can state, almost with certainty, that this was one of the reasons why Junot was not created a marshal of France, like many of his comrades whom Bonaparte had loved less. It may be supposed that Josephine, who was afterwards informed by Bonaparte of Junot's conversation, did not feel particularly interested in his favour.* He died insane, on the 27th of July, 1813.

* However indiscreet Junot might on this occasion have shown himself, in interfering in so delicate a matter, it is pretty certain that his suspicions were breathed to no other ear than that of Bonaparte himself. Madame Junot, in speaking of the ill-suppressed enmity between her husband and Madame Bonaparte, says that *he never uttered a word even to her of the subject of his conversation with the general-in-chief in Egypt.* That Junot's testimony, however, notwithstanding the countenance it obtained from Bonaparte's relations, ought to be cautiously received, the following passage from the Memoirs of the Duchess D'Abrantes, demonstrative of the feelings of irritation between the parties, will show:

"Junot escorted Madame Bonaparte when she went to join the General-in-chief in Italy. I am surprised that M. de Bourrienne has omitted mentioning this circumstance in his Memoirs. He must have known it, since he was well acquainted with every thing relating to Josephine, and knew many facts of high interest in her life at this period, and subsequently. How happens it too that he makes no mention of Mademoiselle Louise, who might be called her *demoiselle de compagnie,* rather than her *femme-de-chambre.* At the outset of the journey to Italy, she was such a favourite with Josephine, that she dressed like her mistress, sat at table with her, and was in all respects her friend and confident.

"The journey was long, much too long for Junot, though he was very much in love with Mademoiselle Louise. But he was anxious to join the army, for to him, his General was always the dearest of mistresses. Junot has often spoken to me and *to me alone,* of the vexations he experienced on this journey. *He might have added to his circumstantial details relative to Josephine, the conversation he is reported to have had with Bonaparte in Egypt; but he never breathed a word on the subject; for his character was always noble and generous.* The journey to Italy did not produce the effect which usually arises from such incidents in common life; namely, a closer friendship and intimacy between the parties. On the contrary, Madame Bonaparte from that moment evinced some degree of ill-humour towards Junot, and complained with singular warmth of the want of respect which he had shown her, in making love to her *femme-de-chambre,* before her face."—*Editor.*

Our little army continued its march on El-Arish, where we arrived on the 17th of February. The fatigues experienced in the desert, and the scarcity of water, excited violent murmurs amongst the soldiers during their march across the isthmus. When any person on horseback passed them they studiously expressed their discontent. The advantage possessed by the horseman provoked their sarcasms. I never heard the verses which they are said to have repeated, but they indulged in the most violent language against the republic, the men of science, and those whom they regarded as the authors of the expedition. Nevertheless, these brave fellows, from whom it was not astonishing that such great privations should extort complaints, often compensated by their pleasantries for the bitterness of their reproaches.

Many times, during the crossing of the isthmus, I have seen soldiers, parched with thirst, and unable to wait till the hour for distribution of water, pierce the leathern bottles which contained it, and this conduct, so injurious to all, occasioned numerous quarrels.

El-Arish surrendered on the 17th of February. It has been erroneously stated that the garrison of this insignificant place, which was set at liberty on condition of not again serving against us, was afterwards found amongst the besieged at Jaffa. It has also been stated, that it was because the men, composing the El-Arish garrison, did not proceed to Bagdad, according to the capitulation, that we shot them at Jaffa. We shall presently see the falsehood of these assertions.

On the 28th of February we obtained the first glimpse of the green and fertile plains of Syria, which, in many respects, reminded us of the climate and soil of Europe. We now had rain, and sometimes rather too much. The feelings which the sight of the valleys and mountains called forth, made us, in some degree, forget the hardships and vexations of an expedition of which few persons could foresee the object or end. There are situations in life when the slightest agreeable sensation alleviates all our ills.

On the 1st of March we slept at Ramleh, in a small convent occupied by two monks, who paid us the greatest attention. They gave us the church for an hospital. These good fathers did not fail to tell us that it was through this place the family of Jesus Christ passed into Egypt, and showed us the wells at which they quenched their thirst. The pure and cool water of these wells delighted us.

Ramleh, the ancient Arimathea, is situated at the base of a chain of mountains, the eastern extremity of which is washed by the Persian gulf, and the western by the Mediterranean. The recollections of our education, by which the great events that have occurred in these regions had been impressed on our

minds, made every remarkable place to which we came, produce a mysterious effect on our imagination. We were not more than about six leagues from Jerusalem. I asked the general-in-chief, whether he did not intend to direct his march by the way of that city, so celebrated in many respects. He replied, "Oh, no! Jerusalem is not in my line of operations. I do not wish to be annoyed by mountaineers in difficult roads. And, besides, on the other side of the mountain, I should be assailed by swarms of cavalry. I am not ambitious of the fate of Cassius."

We therefore did not interfere with Jerusalem, which was not disturbed by the war. All we did was to send a written declaration to the persons in power at Jerusalem, assuring them that we had no design against that country, and only wished them to remain at peace. To this communication no answer was returned, and nothing more passed on the subject.*

We found, at Ramleh, between two and three hundred Christians in a pitiable state of servitude, misery, and dejection. On conversing with them, I could not help admiring how much the hope of future rewards may console men under present ills. But I learned from many of them, that they did not live in harmony together. The feelings of hatred and jealousy are not less common amongst these people, than amongst the better instructed inhabitants of rich and populous cities. The same passions exhibit themselves wherever men are congregated.

* Sir Walter Scott says, speaking of Bonaparte, that he believes that little officer of artillery dreamed of being king of Jerusalem. What I have just stated proves that he never thought of such a thing. Of what value is the gratuitous supposition of that writer? The "little officer of artillery" had a far more splendid dream in his head.

PESTE DE JAFFA.

A LLACUE AL PALEA

THE PLAGUE AT JAFFA.

On the 7th of May, 1799, Buonaparte summoned the commandant of the garrison of Jaffa to surrender, who replied to the demand by very unceremoniously decapitating the messenger who carried the summons. The French commenced the attack on the city, and soon became masters of it; they put the garrison to the sword, and abandoned the city to be pillaged by the soldiers. This horrible scene lasted for six and thirty hours; and to the disgrace of the French be it said, they massacred their prisoners without mercy.

"This conduct on the part of the French," says one of their own historians, "conquerors so generous in Egypt, no motive to vengeance could justify, but it became no less calamitous to them than it was to their victims. The plague, that terrible scourge of the East, began its ravages among the French soldiery the very day after the taking of Jaffa."

The frightful cry, "It is the plague!" spread itself amongst the soldiers, and struck terror into the hearts of the most courageous.

On his return to Jaffa, on the 24th May, Buonaparte repaired to the hospital, where there were some amputated, some wounded, many of the soldiers afflicted with opthalmia, uttering most lamentable cries. The painter has attempted to convey an idea of this scene, and represents Buonaparte as touching the bubo of a patient under the influence of the plague. We are told that Desegnettes the doctor, dared, in order to reanimate the troops, to inoculate himself with the plague. This we must confess we doubt. There is no evidence that the plague was ever subdued by the aid of medicine, and had it been so in this case, we apprehend that the means by which it was subdued would have been communicated to the world at large.

CHAPTER XIX.

1799.

Arrival at Jaffa—The siege—Beauharnais and Croisier—Four thousand prisoners—Scarcity of provisions—Councils of war—Dreadful necessity—The massacre—The plague—Lannes and the mountaineers—Barbarity of Djezzar—Arrival at St. Jean d'Acre, and abortive attacks—Death of Caffarelli—Sir Sydney Smith—Duroc wounded—Rash bathing—Monuments in Egypt—Loss of the Italie—Bonaparte's presentiment.

On arriving before Jaffa, where there were already some troops, the first person I met was Adjutant-General Grésieux, with whom I was well acquainted. I wished him good day, and offered him my hand. "Good God! what are you about?" said he to me, opposing my approach by a very abrupt gesture; "you may have the plague. People do not touch each other here." I mentioned the circumstance to Bonaparte, who said, "If he be afraid of the plague, he will die of it." We learned shortly after, at St. Jean d'Acre, that he was attacked by that malady, and soon sank under it. He had been appointed commandant of the provinces of Gazah and Ramleh on the 13th of March.

On the 4th of March we commenced the siege of Jaffa. That paltry place, which, to round a sentence, was pompously styled the ancient Joppa, held out only to the 6th of March, when it was taken by storm, and given up to pillage. The massacre was horrible. General Bonaparte sent his aides-de-camp, Beauharnais and Croisier, to appease the fury of the soldiers as much as possible, to observe what was passing, and to report to him. They learned that a considerable part of the garrison had retired into some vast buildings, a sort of caravanseras, which formed a large enclosed court. Beauharnais and Croisier, who were distinguished by wearing the aide-de-camp scarf on their arms, proceeded to that place. The Arnauts and Albanians, of whom these refugees were almost entirely composed, cried, from the windows, that they were willing to surrender upon an assurance that they would be exempted from the massacre to which the town was doomed; if not, they threatened to fire on the aides-de-camp, and to defend themselves to the last extremity. The two officers thought that they ought to accede to the propo

sition, notwithstanding the decree of death which had been pronounced against the whole garrison, in consequence of the town being taken by storm. They brought them to our camp in two divisions, one consisting of about two thousand five hundred men, the other of about fifteen hundred.

I was walking with General Bonaparte, in front of his tent, when he beheld this multitude of men approaching, and before he even saw his aides-de-camp, he said to me, in a tone of profound sorrow, "What do they wish me to do with these men? Have I food for them?—ships to convey them to Egypt or France? Why in the devil's name have they served me thus?" After their arrival, and the explanations which the general-in-chief demanded, and listened to with anger, Eugène and Croisier received the most severe reprimand for their conduct. But the deed was done. Four thousand men were there. It was necessary to decide upon their fate. The two aides-de-camp observed, that they had found themselves alone in the midst of numerous enemies, and that he had directed them to restrain the carnage. "Yes, doubtless," replied the general-in-chief, with great warmth, "as to women, children, and old men—all the peaceable inhabitants; but not with respect to armed soldiers. It was your duty to die, rather than bring these unfortunate creatures to me. What do you want me to do with them?" These words were pronounced in the most angry tone.

The prisoners were then ordered to sit down, and were placed, without any order, in front of the tents, their hands tied behind their backs. A sombre fury was depicted in their countenances. We gave them a little biscuit and bread, squeezed out of the already scanty supply for the army.

On the first day of their arrival, a council of war was held in the tent of the general-in-chief, to determine what course should be pursued with respect to them. The council deliberated a long time without coming to any decision.

On the evening of the following day, the daily reports of the generals of division came in. They spoke of nothing but the insufficiency of the rations, the complaints of the soldiers—of their murmurs and discontent at seeing their bread given to enemies, who had been withdrawn from their vengeance, inasmuch as a decree of death, in conformity with the laws of war, had been passed on Jaffa. All these reports were alarming, and especially that of General Bon, in which no reserve was made. He spoke of nothing less than the fear of a revolt, which would be justified by the serious nature of the case.

The council assembled again. All the generals of division were summoned to attend, and for several hours together they discussed, under separate questions, what measures might be adopted, with the most sincere desire to discover and execute one which would save the lives of these unfortunate prisoners.

Should they be sent into Egypt? Could it be done?

COMBAT DE BENOUTH

FIGHTING AT BENOUTH

BATTLE AT BENOUTH.

General Belliard learned at Coptos, that 2000 Mekkains, and more than 1000 Arabs, conducted by Hassan, had attacked the flotilla at Benouth, which was overcome, notwithstanding an active resistance. Although he had with him no more than 600 men of the 21st light dragoons, he passed the Nile, and sought the enemy, whose force was now strengthened by the arrival of 400 Mamelukes. The fight was long and obstinate. The enemy lost their cannon, and fled in alarm; part upon the boats, where the French soldiery, in their fury, soon reached them; but the greatest number into Benouth, and into the castle, which they had previously fortified. There they defended themselves fiercely, and repulsed several attacks. The order was then given, to burn the village and the castle; when Hassan, invoking Mahomet, excited the Mekkains to delirious fanaticism. They were now soon surrounded with flames, which they were unable to extinguish, and which closed up every means of egress; their only chance of escape was to cut their way through the French soldiers, which they attempted as a forlorn hope, when they were repulsed by a body of riflemen, whilst a column rushing upon a breach made in the wall, kept them within the castle, where they all perished.—*March*, 1799.

The original painting of this scene, by M. Langlois, is in the Orleans Gallery, at the Palais Royal.

To do so, it would be necessary to send with them a numerous escort, which would too much weaken our little army in the enemy's country. How, besides, could they and the escort be supported till they reached Cairo, having no provisions to give them on setting out, and their route being through a hostile territory, which we had exhausted, which presented no fresh resources, and through which we, perhaps, might have to return.

Should they be embarked?

Where were the ships?—Where could they be found? All our optical instruments, directed over the sea, could not descry a single friendly sail. Bonaparte, I affirm, would have regarded such an event as a real favour of fortune. It was, and I am glad to have to say it, this sole idea, this sole hope, which made him brave, for three days, the murmurs of his army. But in vain was help looked for seaward. It did not come.

Should the prisoners be set at liberty?

They would then instantly proceed to St. Jean d'Acre to reinforce the pasha, or else, throwing themselves into the mountains of Naplouse, would greatly annoy our rear and right flank, and deal out death to us, as a recompence for the life we had given them. There could be no doubt of this. What is a Christian dog to a Turk? It would even have been a religious and meritorious act in the eye of the prophet.

Could they be incorporated, disarmed, with our soldiers in the ranks?

Here again the question of food presented itself in all its force. Next came to be considered the danger of having such comrades, while marching through an enemy's country. What might happen in the event of a battle before St. Jean d'Acre? Could we even tell what might occur during the march?—and, finally, what must be done with them when under the ramparts of that town, if we should be able to take them there? The same embarrassments with respect to the questions of provisions and security would then recur with increased force.

The third day arrived without its being possible, anxiously as it was desired, to come to any conclusion favourable to the preservation of these unfortunate men. The murmurs in the camp grew louder—the evil went on increasing—remedy appeared impossible—danger was real and imminent.

The order for shooting the prisoners was given and executed on the 10th of March. We did not, as has been stated, separate the Egyptians from the other prisoners. There were no Egyptians.

Many of the unfortunate creatures composing the smaller division, which was fired on close to the sea-coast, at some distance from the other column, succeeded in swimming to some reefs of rocks out of the reach of musket-shot. The soldiers rested their muskets on the sand, and, to induce the prisoners to return, employed the Egyptian signs of recon-

ciliation in use in the country. They came back; but as they advanced, they were killed, and disappeared among the waves.

I confine myself to these details of this act of dreadful necessity, of which I was an eyewitness. Others, who like myself, saw it, have fortunately spared me the recital of the sanguinary result. This atrocious scene, when I think of it still makes me shudder, as it did on the day I beheld it; and I would wish it were possible for me to forget it, rather than be compelled to describe it. All the horrors imagination can conceive, relative to that day of blood, would fall short of the reality.

I have related the truth, the whole truth. I was present at all the discussions, all the conferences, all the deliberations. I had not, as may be supposed, a deliberative voice; but I am bound to declare that the situation of the army, the scarcity of food, our small numerical strength, in the midst of a country where every individual was an enemy, would have induced me to vote in the affirmative of the proposition which was carried into effect, if I had a vote to give. It was necessary to be on the spot in order to understand the horrible necessity which existed.

War, unfortunately, presents too many occasions on which a law, immutable in all ages, and common to all nations, requires that private interests should be sacrificed to a great general interest, and that even humanity should be forgotten. It is for posterity to judge whether this terrible situation was that in which Bonaparte was placed. For my own part, I have a perfect conviction that he could not do otherwise than yield to the dire necessity of the case. It was the advice of the council, whose opinion was unanimous in favour of the execution, that governed him. Indeed I ought, in truth, to say, that he yielded only in the last extremity, and was one of those, perhaps, who beheld the massacre with the deepest pain.*

* The following is Napoleon's own account of this dreadful affair: I asked the emperor then if he had ever read Miot's history of the expedition to Egypt. "What, the commissary?" replied he. "I believe Las Cases gave me a copy; moreover, it was published in my time." He then desired me to bring the one which I had, that he might compare them. He observed, "Miot was a *polisson*, whom, together with his brother, I raised from the dirt. He says that I threatened him for writing the book, which is a falsehood. I said to his brother once that he might as well not have published untruths. He was a man who had always fear before his eyes. What does he say about the poisoning affair and the shooting at Jaffa?" I replied, that as to the poisoning, Miot declared he could say no more than that such had been the current report; but he positively asserted that he (Napoleon) had caused between three and four thousand Turks to be shot, some days after the capture of Jaffa. Napoleon answered, "It is not true that there were so many. I ordered about a thousand or twelve hundred to be shot, which was done. The reason was, that amongst the garrison of Jaffa, a number of Turkish troops were discovered, whom I had taken a short time

After the siege of Jaffa, the plague began to exhibit itself with a little more virulence. We lost between seven and eight hundred men by the contagion during the campaign of Syria.*

During our march on St. Jean d'Acre, which was commenced on the 14th of March, the army neither obtained the brilliant triumphs nor encountered the numerous obstacles spoken of in certain works. Nothing of importance occurred but a rash skirmish of General Lannes, who, in spite of contrary orders from Bonaparte, obstinately pursued a troop of mountaineers into the passes of Naplouse. On returning, he found the mountaineers placed in ambush in great numbers amongst rocks, the windings of which they were well acquainted with, whence they fired close upon our troops, whose situation rendered them unable to defend themselves. During the time of this foolish and useless enterprise, especially while the firing was brisk, Bonaparte exhibited much impatience, and, it must be confessed, his anger was but natural. The Naplousians halted at the openings of the mountain defiles. Bonaparte reproached Lannes bitterly for having uselessly exposed himself, and "sacrificed, without any object, a number of brave men." Lannes excused himself by saying that the mountaineers had defied him, and he wished to chastise the rabble. "We are not in a condition to play the swaggerer," replied Napoleon.

before at El-Arish, and sent to Bagdat upon their parole not to serve again, or to be found in arms against me for a year. I had caused them to be escorted twelve leagues on their way to Bagdat, by a division of my army. But those Turks, instead of proceeding to Bagdat, threw themselves into Jaffa, defended it to the last, and cost me a number of brave men to take it, whose lives would have been spared, if the others had not reinforced the garrison of Jaffa. Moreover, before I attacked the town, I sent them a flag of truce. Immediately afterwards we saw the head of the bearer elevated on a pole over the wall. Now if I had spared them again, and sent them away upon their parole, they would have directly gone to St. Jean d'Acre, where they would have played over again the same scene that they had done at Jaffa. In justice to the lives of my soldiers, as every general ought to consider himself as their father, and them as his children, I could not allow this. To leave as a guard a portion of my army, already small and reduced in number, in consequence of the breach of faith of those wretches was impossible. Indeed, to have acted otherwise than as I did, would probably have caused the destruction of my whole army. I, therefore, availing myself of the rights of war, which authorize the putting to death prisoners taken under such circumstances; independently of the right given to me by taking the city by assault, and that of retaliation on the Turks, ordered that the prisoners taken at El-Arish, who, in defiance of their capitulation, had been found bearing arms against me, should be selected out and shot. The rest, amounting to a considerable number, were spared. I would," continued he, "do the same thing again to-morrow, and so would Wellington, or any general commanding an army under similar circumstances."—*A Voice from St. Helena.* (*Editor.*)

* Sir Walter Scott says, that Heaven sent this pestilence amongst us, to avenge the massacre of Jaffa. This is double silliness. In the first place, it would have been far better for Heaven to have prevented the massacre; in the next place, Kleber's division caught the seeds of that dreadful malady at Damietta. It was developed and propagated on our march; and in fact it was carried into Syria with us.

On the 18th of March, we arrived before St. Jean d'Acre. On our arrival, we learned that Djezzar had cut off the head of our envoy, Mailly-de-Château-Renaud, and thrown his body into the sea in a sack. This cruel pasha was guilty of a great number of similar executions. The waves frequently drove dead bodies towards the coast, and we came upon them whilst bathing.

The details of the siege of Acre are well known. Although surrounded by a wall, flanked with strong towers, and having, besides, a broad and deep ditch defended by works, this little fortress did not appear likely to hold out against French valour and the skill of our corps of engineers and artillery: but the ease and rapidity with which Jaffa had been taken, occasioned us to overlook in some degree the comparative strength of the two places, and the difference of their respective situations. At Jaffa we had sufficient artillery: at St. Jean d'Acre we had not. At Jaffa we had to deal only with a garrison left to itself: at St. Jean d'Acre we were opposed by a garrison strengthened by reinforcements of men and supplies of provisions, supported by the English fleet, and assisted by European science.

Sir Sydney Smith was, without contradiction, the man who did us the greatest injury. Much has been said respecting his communications with the general-in-chief. The reproaches which the latter cast upon him for endeavouring to seduce the soldiers and officers of the army by tempting offers, were the more singular, even if they were well founded, inasmuch as these means are frequently employed by leaders in war.* As to the embarking of French prisoners on board a vessel in which the plague existed, the improbability of the circumstance alone, but especially the notorious facts of the case, repel this odious accusation. I observed the conduct of Sir Sydney Smith closely at the time, and I remarked in him a chivalric spirit, which sometimes hurried him into trifling eccentricities; but I affirm that

* These calumnies on our gallant countryman are repeated in the "Mémorial de Sainte Hélene." They are noticed here, merely as serving to introduce an anecdote characteristic both of Sir Sydney Smith and of Bonaparte:

"It cannot be denied," says the writer, "that Sir Sydney Smith was engaged in corrupting our army. Propagation of false intelligence from Europe—defamation of the general-in-chief—alluring bribes offered to our officers and soldiers—such were the means employed by him. This has become public through his proclamations. At one time the French general was so disturbed by them as to endeavour to put a stop to them, which object he effected by interdicting all communication with the English, and signifying, in an order of the day, that their commodore was a madman. This, being believed in the army, so enraged Sir Sydney Smith, that, in his wrath, he sent a challenge to Napoleon. The latter replied, that he had too many weighty affairs on his hands to trouble himself in so trifling a matter. Had it, indeed, been the great Marlborough, it might have been worthy his attention. Still, if the English sailor was absolutely bent upon fighting, he would send him a hectoring bravo from the army, and allow them a small portion of neutral ground on the coast, where the mad commodore might land, and satisfy his humour to the full."—*Editor.*

THE ATTACK UPON ST. JEAN D'ACRE.

London : Published by Richard Bentley. 1835

his behaviour towards the French was that of a gallant enemy. I have seen many letters, in which the writers informed him that they "were very sensible of the good treatment which the French experienced when they fell into his hands." Let any one examine Sir Sydney's conduct before the capitulation of El-Arish, and after its rupture, and then they can judge of his character.

All our manœuvres, our works, and attacks, were made with that levity and carelessness which over-confidence inspires. Kleber, whilst walking with me one day in the lines of our camp, frequently expressed his surprise and discontent. "The trenches," said he, "do not come up to my knees." Besieging artillery, was, of necessity, required: we commenced with field artillery. This encouraged the besieged, who perceived the weakness of our resources. The besieging artillery, consisting only of three twenty-four pounders and six eighteen pounders, was not brought up until the end of April, and before that period three assaults had taken place with very serious loss. On the 4th of May our powder began to fail us. This cruel event obliged us to slacken our fire. We also wanted shot; and an order of the day fixed a price to be given for all balls, according to their calibre, which might be picked up after being fired from the fortress or the two ships of the line, the Tiger and Theseus, which were stationed on each side of the harbour. These two vessels embarrassed the communication between the camp and the trenches; but though they made much noise, they did little harm. A ball from one of them killed an officer on the evening the siege was raised.

The enemy had within the walls some excellent riflemen, chiefly Albanians. They placed stones one over the other, on the walls, put their fire-arms through the interstices, and thus, completely sheltered, fired with destructive precision.

On the 9th of April, General Caffarelli, so well known for his courage and talents, was passing through the trench, his hand resting as he stooped, on his hip, to preserve the equilibrium which his wooden leg impaired; his elbow only was raised above the trench. He was warned that the enemy's shot, fired close upon us, did not miss the smallest object. He paid no attention to any observation of this kind, and in a few instants his elbow-joint was fractured. Amputation of the arm was judged indispensable. The general survived the operation eighteen days. Bonaparte went regularly twice a day to his tent. By his order, added to my friendship for Caffarelli, I scarcely ever quitted him. Shortly before he expired, he said to me, "My dear Bourrienne, be so good as to read to me Voltaire's preface to the Esprit des Lois." When I returned to the tent of the general-in-chief, he asked, "How is Caffarelli?" I replied, "He is near his end; but he asked me to read him Voltaire's preface to the Esprit des Lois. He has just fallen asleep." Bonaparte said, "What, to

THE EXAMPLE—KLEBER AT THE ASSAULT OF ACRE.

him to throw off all covering, and part of his wound was exposed. I perceived a scorpion, which had crawled up the leg of the camp bed, and approached very near to the wound. I had the good fortune to strike it to the ground. The sudden motion of my hand awoke Duroc.

We often bathed in the sea. Sometimes the English, perhaps after taking a double allowance of grog, would fire at our heads, which appeared above water. I am not aware that any accident was occasioned by their cannonade; but as we were beyond reach of their guns, we paid scarcely any attention to the firing. It was even a subject of amusement to us.

Had our attack on St. Jean d'Acre been less precipitate, and had the siege been undertaken according to the rules of war, the place would not have held out three days; one assault, like that of the 8th of May, would have been sufficient. If, in the situation in which we were on the day when we first came in sight of the ramparts of Acre, we had made a less inconsiderate estimate of the strength of the place; if we had likewise taken into consideration the active cooperation of the English and the Ottoman Porte; our absolute want of artillery of sufficient calibre; our scarcity of gunpowder, and the difficulty of procuring food, we certainly should not have undertaken the siege: and that would have been by far the wisest course.

Towards the end of the siege, the general-in-chief received intelligence of some trifling insurrections in northern Egypt. An angel had excited them, and the heavenly messenger, who had condescended to assume a name, was called Mahhady. This religious extravagance, however, did not last long, and tranquillity was soon restored. All that the fanatic, Mahhady, who shrouded himself in mystery, succeeded in doing, was, to attack our rear, by some vagabonds, whose illusions were dissipated by a few musket-shots.

I was astonished that we received no news from Upper Egypt. "Desaix is there," said Bonaparte to me. "I am under no apprehension." A few days afterwards, we received intelligence from that general, who was constantly beating and pursuing the indefatigable Mourad and his adherents. His despatches apprized Bonaparte that a very fine and large dejerm (a boat of the Nile), which had been named the Italie, had run aground at the village of Benouth, on the west bank of the Nile, after an obstinate engagement. This dejerm had on board a great part of the musicians of the 61st demi-brigade, a number of troops, some wounded soldiers, and a quantity of provisions. Morandi, the commander, by maintaining a desperate fire, killed a great number of Fellahs and Arabs; but, seeing no hope of success or escape, and being unwilling to surrender to the barbarians, he set fire to the powder-magazine, and blew up the dejerm. He perished in the waves. All who escaped the flames were massacred by the Arabs of Yambo, the

most ferocious tribe of the natives. The private letters, which accompanied this despatch, contained horrible pictures of the cruelties committed by these barbarians. They tied the prisoners to trees, and compelled the unfortunate musicians to play on their instruments, while their wretched comrades expired amidst the most dreadful torments. Next, the unfortunate musicians themselves, every individual, to the last man, perished in the same manner. This sad intelligence, with the name of the dejerm, made a deep impression on Bonaparte, who said to me, in a prophetic tone, "My dear friend, France has lost Italy. It is all over. My forebodings never deceive me." I observed to him, that there could, in reality, be no connexion between Italy and a bark destroyed, at the distance of eight hundred leagues from the country of which it bore the name. But nothing could remove his first impression. The reality of his presentiment, he firmly believed, would soon be confirmed.

CHAPTER XX.

1799.

The siege of Acre raised—Attention to names in bulletins—Gigantic project—The Druses—Mount Carmel—The wounded and infected—Order to march on foot—Loss of our cannon—A Naplousian fires at Bonaparte—Return to Jaffa—Bonaparte visits the plague hospital—A potion given to the sick—Bonaparte's statement at St. Helena.

The siege of St. Jean d'Acre was raised on the 20th of May. It cost us a loss of nearly three thousand men, in killed, deaths by the plague, or wounds. A great number were wounded mortally. In those veracious documents, the bulletins, the French loss was made five hundred killed, and one thousand wounded, and the enemy's more than fifteen thousand.

Our bulletins may form curious materials for history; but their value certainly will not depend on the credit due to their details. Bonaparte attached the greatest importance to those documents, generally drawing them up himself, or correcting them, when written by another hand, if the composition did not please him.

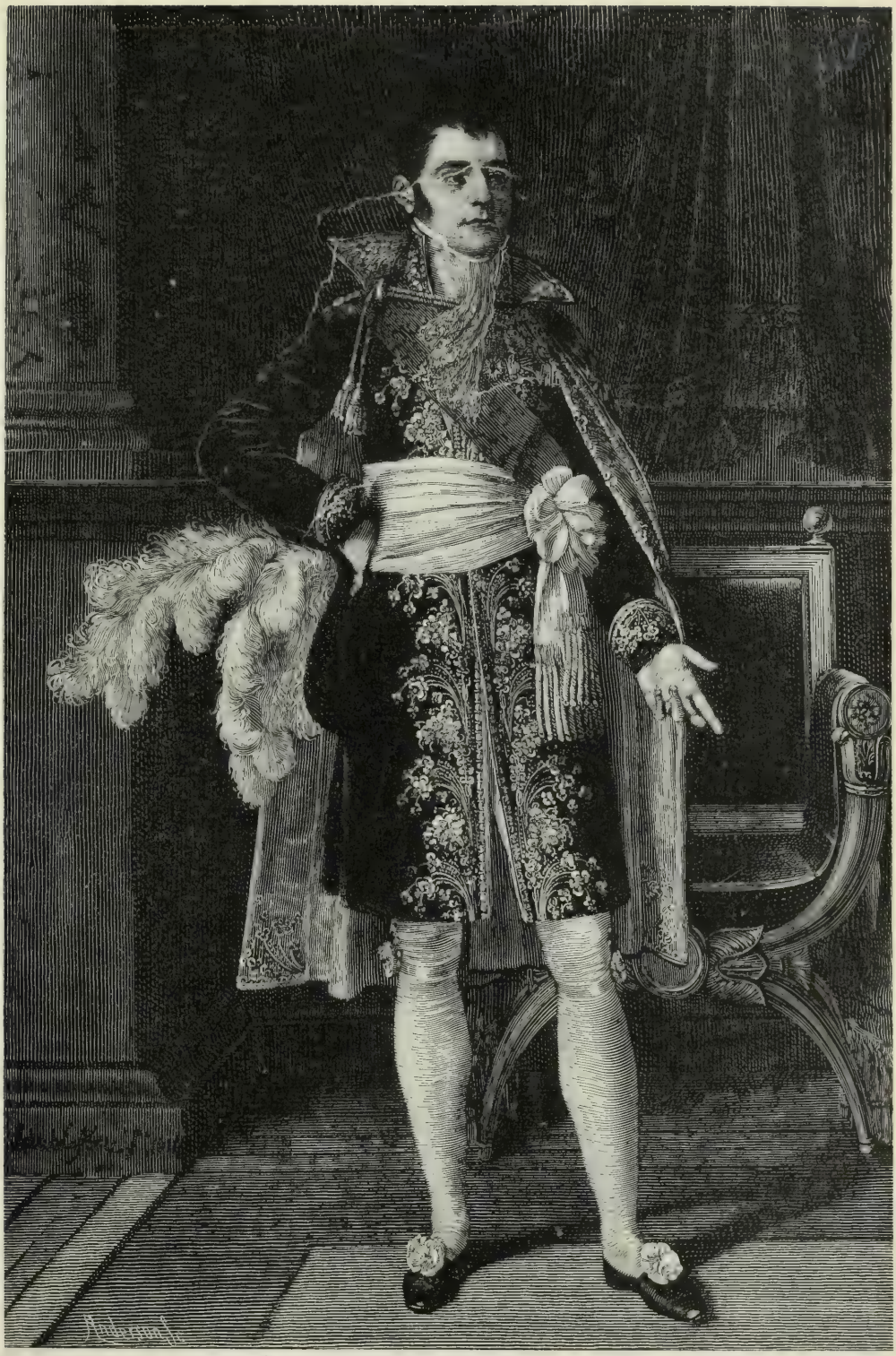
It must be confessed, that at that time nothing so much flattered self-love as being mentioned in a bulletin. Bonaparte was well aware of this; he knew that to insert a name in a bulletin, was conferring a great honour, and that its exclusion was a severe disappointment. General Berthier, to whom I had expressed a strong desire to examine the works of the siege, took me over them; but, notwithstanding his promise of secrecy, he men-

Sir Sidney Smith

tioned the circumstance to the general-in-chief, who had desired me not to approach the works. "What did you go there for?" said Bonaparte to me, with some severity; "that is not your place." I replied, that Berthier told me that no assault would take place that day; and he believed, there would be no sortie, as the garrison had made one the preceding evening. "What matters that? There might have been another. Those who have nothing to do in such places are always the first victims. Let every man mind his own business. Wounded or killed, I would not even have noticed you in the bulletin. You would have been laughed at, and that justly."

Bonaparte, not having at this time experienced reverses, having continually proceeded from triumph to triumph, confidently anticipated the taking of St. Jean d'Acre. In his letters to the generals in Egypt, he fixed the 25th of April for the accomplishment of that event. He reckoned that the grand assault against the tower could not be made before that day; it took place, however, twenty-four hours sooner. "The slightest circumstances produce the greatest events," said Napoleon, according to the memorial of St. Helena; "had St. Jean d'Acre fallen, I should have changed the face of the world." And again, "The fate of the east lay in that small town." This idea is not one which he first began to entertain at St. Helena; he often repeated the very same words at St. Jean d'Acre. On the shore of Ptolemais gigantic projects agitated him, as, doubtless, regret for not having carried them into execution tormented him at St. Helena.

Almost every evening Bonaparte and myself used to walk together, at a little distance from the sea-shore. The day after the unfortunate assault of the 8th of May, Bonaparte, afflicted at seeing the blood of so many brave men uselessly shed, said to me, "Bourrienne, I see that this wretched place has cost me a number of men, and wasted much time. But things are too far advanced not to attempt a last effort. If I succeed, as I expect, I shall find in the town the pasha's treasures, and arms for three hundred thousand men. I will stir up and arm the people of Syria, who are disgusted at the ferocity of Djezzar, and who, as you know, pray for his destruction at every assault. I shall then march upon Damascus and Aleppo. On advancing into the country, the discontented will flock round my standard, and swell my army. I will announce to the people the abolition of servitude, and of the tyrannical governments of the pashas. I shall arrive at Constantinople with large masses of soldiery. I shall overturn the Turkish empire, and found, in the east, a new and grand empire, which will fix my place in the records of posterity. Perhaps I shall return to Paris by Adrianople, or by Vienna, after having annihilated the house of Austria." After I had made some observations, which these grand projects naturally suggested, he replied, "What! do you



FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT LEFÉVRE, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

ANNE-JEAN-MARIE-RENÉ SAVARY, DUKE OF ROVIGO.

which, after some time, was promised. Pains were then taken to discover who were the Druses, and what was their religion—a religion so equivocal, that no one knew whether it was Christian or Mussulman. The crusades were then recurred to, and it was imagined that a people, seeking refuge in the mountains, and hostile to the Turks, must be a race of crusaders. Fakr-el-Din confirmed a prejudice which favoured his purpose, and had, besides, the address to claim a relationship with the house of Lorrain. The learned in etymologies, dazzled by the resemblance of names, would have it that Druses and Dreux are exactly one and the same thing, and on this foundation built the story of a supposed French colony, established in Lebanon, under a Count de Dreux. This fable, however, cannot be sustained, as Benjamin of Toledo mentions the Druses before the time of the crusades. Besides, the Druses speak pure Arabic, without the mixture of any European language. The true derivation of the word is from the founder of the sect, Mohammed-ben-Ismael, surnamed Eldorzi.

The troops left St. Jean d'Acre on the 20th of May, taking advantage of the night to avoid a sortie from the besieged, and to conceal the retreat of the army, which had to march three leagues along the shore, exposed to the fire of the English vessels, lying in the roads of Mount Carmel. The removal of the wounded and sick commenced on the 18th and 19th of May.

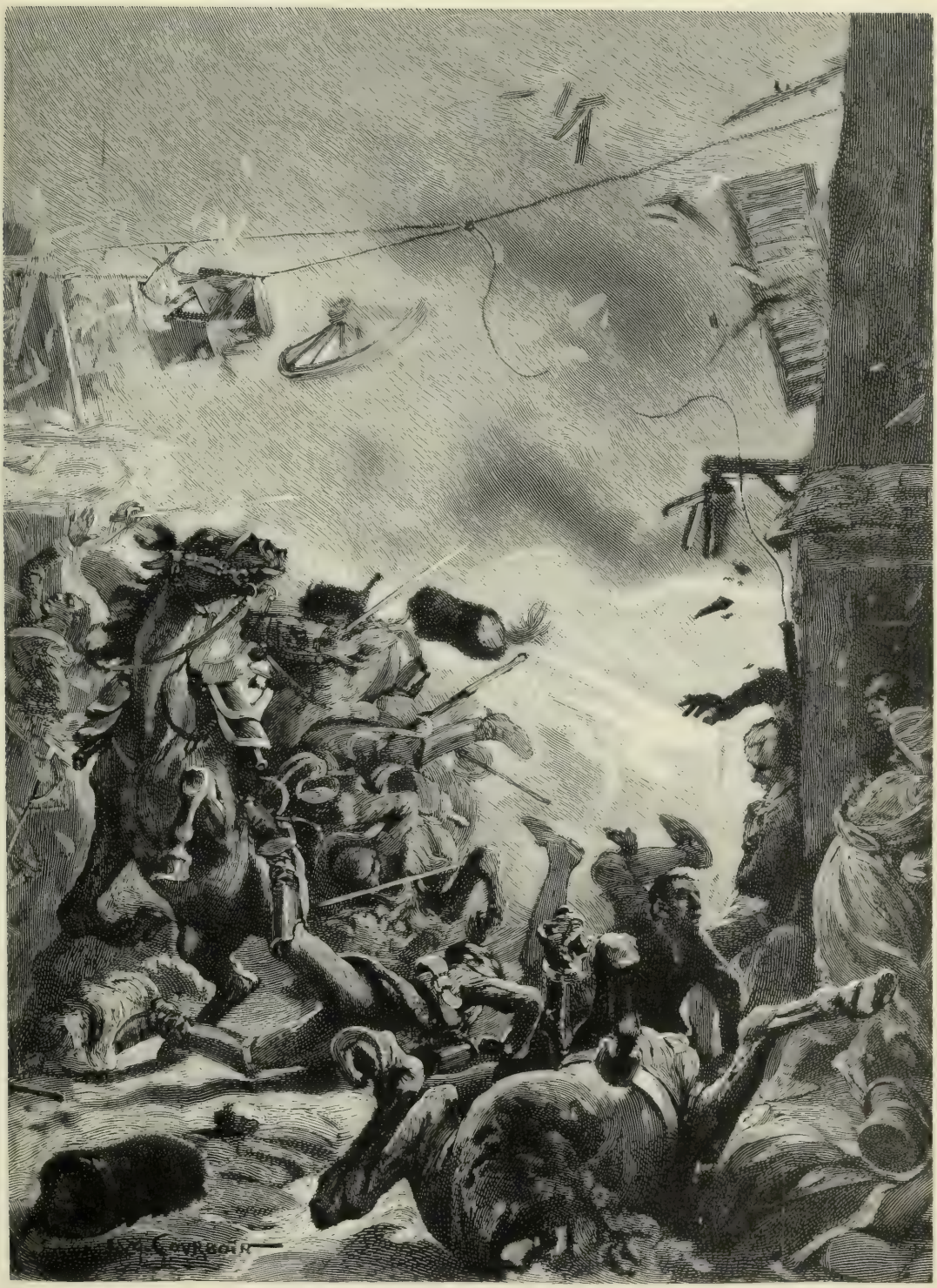
Bonaparte then made a proclamation, which, from one end to the other, offends against truth. It has been published in many works. The season of the year for hostile landing is there very dexterously placed in the foreground; all the rest is a deceitful exaggeration. It must be observed that the proclamations which Bonaparte regarded as calculated to dazzle an ever too credulous public, were amplifications often ridiculous and incomprehensible, upon the spot, and which only excited the laughter of men of common sense. In all Bonaparte's correspondence there is an endeavour to disguise his reverses, and impose on the public, and even on his own generals. For example, he wrote to General Dugna, commandant of Cairo, on the 15th of February, "I will bring you plenty of prisoners and flags!" One would almost be inclined to say, that he had resolved during his stay in the east, thus to pay a tribute to the country of fables.

We proceeded along the Mediterranean, and passed Mount Carmel. Some of the wounded were carried on litters, the remainder on horses, mules, and camels. At a short distance from Mount Carmel, we were informed that three soldiers, ill of the plague, who were left in a convent which served for an hospital, and abandoned too confidentially to the generosity of the Turks, had been barbarously put to death.

A most intolerable thirst, the total want of water, an excessive heat, and a fatiguing march over burning sand-hills, quite

disheartened the men, and made every generous sentiment give way to feelings of the grossest selfishness, and most shocking indifference. I saw officers, with their limbs amputated, thrown off the litters, whose removal in that way had been ordered, and who had themselves given money to recompense the bearers. I saw the amputated, the wounded, the infected, or those only suspected of infection, deserted and left to themselves. The march was illumined by torches, lighted for the purpose of setting fire to the little towns, villages, and hamlets, which lay in the route, and the rich crops with which the land was then covered. The whole country was in a blaze. Those who were ordered to preside at this work of destruction, seemed eager to spread desolation on every side, as if they could thereby avenge themselves for their reverses, and find in such dreadful havoc an alleviation of their sufferings. We were constantly surrounded by plunderers, incendiaries, and the dying who, stretched on the sides of the road, implored assistance in a feeble voice, saying, "I am not infected—I am only wounded; and to convince those whom they addressed, they reopened their old wounds, or inflicted on themselves fresh ones. Still nobody attended to them. "It is all over with him," was the observation applied to the unfortunate beings in succession, while every one pressed onward. The sun, which shone in an unclouded sky in all its brightness, was often darkened by our conflagrations. On our right lay the sea; on our left, and behind us, the desert made by ourselves; before were the privations and sufferings which awaited us. Such was our true situation.

We reached Tentoura on the 20th of May, when a most oppressive heat prevailed, and produced general dejection. We had nothing to sleep on, but the parched and burning sand; on our left lay a hostile sea; our losses in wounded and sick were already considerable, since leaving Acre; and there was nothing consolatory in the future. The truly afflicting condition, in which the remains of an army, called *triumphant*, were plunged, produced, as might well be expected, a corresponding impression on the mind of the general-in-chief. Scarcely had he arrived at Tentoura, when he ordered his tent to be pitched. He then called me, and with a mind occupied by the calamities of our situation, dictated an order that every one should march on foot; and that all the horses, mules, and camels, should be given up to the wounded, the sick, and infected, who had been removed, and who still showed signs of life. "Carry that to Berthier," said he; and the order was instantly despatched. Scarcely had I returned to the tent, when Vigogne, the general-in-chief's equerry, entered, and, raising his hand to his cap, said, "General, what horse do you reserve for yourself?" In the state of excitation in which Bonaparte was, this question irritated him so violently, that, raising his whip, he gave the equerry a severe blow on the head, saying, in a terrible voice,



DRAWN BY EUGÈNE COURBOIN. ENGRAVED BY G. P. BA

THE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE FIRST CONSUL. (SEE PAGE 662.)

"Every one must go on foot, you rascal—I the first. Do you not know the order? Be off."

Every one in parting with his horse was now anxious to avoid giving it to any unfortunate individual supposed to be suffering from plague. Much pains were taken to ascertain the nature of the diseases of the sick; and no difficulty was made in accommodating the wounded or amputated. For my part, I had an excellent horse, a mule, and two camels, all which I gave up with the greatest pleasure; but I confess that I directed my servant to do all he could to prevent an infected person from getting my horse. It was returned to me in a very short time. The same thing happened to many others. The reason may be easily conjectured.

The remains of our heavy artillery were lost in the moving sands of Tentoura, from the want of horses, the small number that remained being employed in more indispensable services. The soldiers seemed to forget their own sufferings, plunged in grief at the loss of their bronze guns, often the instruments of their triumphs, and which had made Europe tremble.

We halted at Cæsarea on the 22d of May, and we marched all the following night. Towards daybreak, a man, concealed in a bush, upon the left of the road (the sea was two paces from us on the right), fired a musket almost close to the head of the general-in-chief, who was sleeping on his horse. I was beside him. The wood being searched, the Naplousian was taken without difficulty, and ordered to be shot on the spot. Four guides pushed him towards the sea, by thrusting their carbines against his back; when close to the water's edge they drew the triggers, but all the four muskets hung fire: a circumstance which was accounted for by the great humidity of the night. The Naplousian threw himself into the water, and swimming with great agility and rapidity, gained a ridge of rocks so far off, that not a shot from the whole troop, which fired as it passed, reached him. Bonaparte, who continued his march, desired me to wait for Kleber, whose division formed the rear-guard, and to tell him not to forget the Naplousian. The poor fellow was, I believe, shot at last.

We returned to Jaffa on the 24th of May, and stopped there during the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th. This town had lately been the scene of a horrible transaction, dictated by necessity, and it was again destined to witness the exercise of the same dire law. Here I have a severe duty to perform—I will perform it. I will state what I know, what I saw.

I have seen the following passage in a certain work:—"Bonaparte, having arrived at Jaffa, ordered three removals of the infected: one by sea, to Damietta, and also by land: the second, to Gazah; and the third, to El-Arish!" So many words, so many errors!

Some tents were pitched on an eminence near the gardens

east of Jaffa. Orders were given directly to undermine the fortifications and blow them up; and on the 27th of May, upon the signal being given, the town was in a moment laid bare. An hour afterwards, the general-in-chief left his tent and repaired to the town, accompanied by Berthier, some physicians and surgeons, and his usual staff. I was also one of the party. A long and sad deliberation took place on the question which now arose relative to the men who were incurably ill of the plague, or who were at the point of death. After a discussion of the most serious and conscientious kind, it was decided to accelerate a few moments, by a potion, a death which was inevitable, and which would otherwise be painful and cruel.

Bonaparte took a rapid view of the destroyed ramparts of the town, and returned to the hospital; where there were men whose limbs had been amputated, many wounded, many afflicted with ophthalmia, whose lamentations were distressing, and some infected with the plague. The beds of the last description of patients were to the right on entering the first hall. I walked by the general's side, and I assert that I never saw him touch any one of the infected. And why should he have done so? They were in the last stage of the disease. Not one of them spoke a word to him, and Bonaparte well knew that he possessed no protection against the plague. Is Fortune to be again brought forward here? She had, in truth, little favoured him during the last few months when he had trusted to her favours. I ask, why should he have exposed himself to certain death, and have left his army in the midst of a desert created by our ravages, in a desolate town, without succour, and without the hope of ever receiving any? Would he have acted rightly in doing so?—he who was evidently so necessary, so indispensable, to his army;—he, on whom depended at that moment the lives of all who had survived the last disaster, and who had proved their attachment to him by their sufferings, their privations, and their unshaken courage, and who had done all that he could have required of men, and whose only trust was in him.

Bonaparte walked quickly through the rooms, tapping the yellow top of his boot with a whip he held in his hand. As he passed along with hasty steps he repeated these words: "The fortifications are destroyed. Fortune was against me at Saint Jean d'Acre. I must return to Egypt to preserve it from the enemy, who will soon be there.—In a few hours the Turks will be here. Let all those who have strength enough, rise, and come along with us. They shall be carried on litters and horses." There were scarcely sixty cases of plague in the hospital; and all accounts stating a greater number, are exaggerated. The perfect silence, complete dejection, and general stupor of the patients, announced their approaching end. To carry them away in the state in which they were, would evidently have been doing nothing else than inoculating the rest of

the army with the plague. I have, it is true, learned, since my return to Europe, that some persons touched the infected with impunity; nay, that others went so far as to inoculate themselves with the plague, in order to learn how to cure those whom it might attack. It certainly was a special protection from Heaven to be preserved from it; but to cover in some degree the absurdity of such a story, it is added that they knew how to *elude* the danger, and that any one else who braved it, without using precautions, met with death for their temerity. This is, in fact, the whole point of the question. Either those privileged persons took indispensable precautions, and in that case their boasted heroism is a mere juggler's trick, or they touched the infected without using precautions, and inoculated themselves with the plague, thus voluntarily encountering death, and then the story is really a good one.

The infected were confided, it has been stated, to the head apothecary of the army, Roger, who, dying in Egypt three years after, carried the secret with him to the grave. But on a moment's reflection, it will be evident that the leaving of Roger alone in Jaffa, would have been to devote to certain death, and that a prompt and cruel one, a man who was extremely useful to the army, and who was at the time in perfect health. It must be remembered that no guard could be left with him, and that the Turks were close at our heels. Bonaparte truly said, while walking through the rooms of the hospital, that the Turks would be at Jaffa in a few hours. With this conviction, would he have left the head apothecary in that town?

People can never have enough, it would seem, of conquests, glory, and brilliant deeds; but, unfortunately, their share of misery must be taken along with them. The sounding boasts of glory and of triumph are preferred to the simple words of peace and happiness; let it not be forgotten that to those proud pretensions peace and happiness must often be sacrificed. Before fixing the stigma of cruelty on a military chief, who is precipitated by reverses and disastrous circumstances into fatal extremities, we ought first to place ourselves in his identical position, and then ask, with the hand on the heart, whether we could have acted otherwise. If we could not, it becomes us then to pity him, who was forced to do that, which will always be revolting; but at the same time, we ought to acquit him. Victory, it must be frankly avowed, is never acquired, and can never be acquired, but by such deeds of horror, or others of a like nature.

The official report of what passed at Jaffa was drawn up by Berthier, under the eye of Bonaparte. It has been published; but it may be remarked, that not a word about the infected, not a word of the visit to the hospital, or the touching of the plague-patients with impunity, is there mentioned. In no official report is any thing said about the matter. Why this silence?

Bonaparte was no. the man to conceal a fact which would have afforded him so excellent and so allowable a text for talking about his fortune. If the infected were removed, why not mention it? Why be silent on so important an event? But it would have been necessary to confess, that the being obliged to have recourse to so painful a measure, was the unavoidable consequence of this unfortunate expedition. Very disagreeable details must have been entered into; and it was thought more advisable to be silent on the subject.

I am not unaware that there are several versions of this transaction, which might at once have been frankly avowed, showing at the same time that indispensable and cruel necessity impelled to it. For my part, I have just related what I believed to have been true at that time, and what I believe true at the present. I cannot say that I saw the potion administered. I should state an untruth if I did. I cannot name any person concerned in the matter, without hazarding a misrepresentation. But I well know that the decision was formed after that deliberation, which was due to so important a measure, that the order was given, and that the infected are dead. What! shall that which formed the subject of the whole conversation of the head-quarters, on the day after leaving Jaffa, and was spoken of without any question of its reality; which was regarded by us as a dreadful but unavoidable misfortune; which was never mentioned in the army but as a fact, of which there was no doubt, and only the details of which were inquired after—I appeal to every honourable man who was present for the truth of what I state—shall that, I say, be now stigmatized as a malignant calumny fabricated to injure the reputation of a hero, who, were this the only reproach that might be addressed to him, would go down with little blemish on his character, to posterity?

But what did Napoleon himself say on the subject, at St. Helena? His statement there was to the following effect:—"I ordered a consultation as to what was best to be done. The report which was made stated that there were seven or eight men (the question is not about the number) so dangerously ill that they could not live beyond twenty-four hours, and would besides infect the rest of the army with the plague. It was thought it would be an act of charity to anticipate their death a few hours." [Then comes the fable of the five hundred men of the rear-guard, who, it is pretended, saw them die.] "I make no doubt that the story of the poisoning was the invention of Den——. He was a babbler, who understood a story badly, and repeated it worse. I do not think it would have been a crime to have given opium to the infected. On the contrary, it would have been obedience to the dictates of reason. Where is the man, who would not, in such a situation, have preferred a prompt death, to being exposed to the lingering tortures inflicted by barbarians? If my child, and I believe I love him as much

as any father does his, had been in such a state, my advice would have been the same; if I had been among the infected myself, I should have demanded to be so treated."

Such was the reasoning at St. Helena, and such was the view which he and every one else took of the case twenty years ago, at Jaffa.*

* M. de Bourrienne's description of the extraordinary scene in the hospital of Jaffa, does not precisely correspond with that given by some other writers. The reader may feel interested in comparing it with the account given by the Duke de Rovigo in his Memoirs. It is as follows:

"The hospital contained many soldiers who were in a state bordering upon madness, much more owing to the terror which the malady inspired, than to the intensity of the pain. General Bonaparte determined to restore them to their wonted energy. He paid them a visit, reproached them for giving way to dejection, and yielding to chimerical fears; and in order to convince them, by the most obvious proof, that their apprehensions were groundless, he desired that the bleeding tumour of one of the soldiers should be uncovered before him, and pressed it with his own hand. This act of heroism restored confidence to the sick, who no longer thought their case desperate. Each one recruited his remaining strength, and prepared to quit a place which, but a moment before, he had expected never to leave. A grenadier, upon whom the plague had made greater ravages, could hardly raise himself from his bed. The general perceiving this, addressed to him a few encouraging words. "You are right, general," replied the warrior; "your grenadiers are not made to die in an hospital." Affected at the courage displayed by these unfortunate men, who were exhausted by uneasiness of mind no less than by the complaint, General Bonaparte would not quit them until he saw them all placed upon camels and the other means of transport at the disposal of the army. These, however, being found inadequate, he made a requisition for the officers' horses, delivered up his own, and, finding one of them missing, he sent for the groom, who was keeping it for his master, and hesitated to give it up. The general growing impatient at this excess of zeal, darted a threatening look; the whole stud was placed at the disposal of the sick; and yet it is this very act of magnanimity which the perverseness of human nature has delighted in distorting. I feel ashamed to advert to so atrocious a calumny; but the man, whose simple assertion was found sufficient to give it currency, has not been able to stifle it by his subsequent disavowal. I must, therefore, descend to the task of proving the absurdity of the charge. I do not wish to urge, as an argument, the absolute want of medicines to which the army was reduced by the rapacity of an apothecary; nor the indignation felt by General Bonaparte, when he learned that this wretch, instead of employing his camels to transport pharmaceutic preparations, had loaded them with provisions, upon which he expected to derive a profit. The necessity to which we were driven of using roots as a substitute for opium, is a fact known to the whole army. Supposing, however, that opium had been as plentiful as it was scarce, and that General Bonaparte could have contemplated the expedient attributed to him, where could there be found a man sufficiently determined in mind, or so lost to the feelings of human nature, as to force open the jaws of fifty wretched men on the point of death, and thrust a deadly preparation down their throats? The most intrepid soldier turned pale at the sight of an infected person; the warmest heart dared not relieve a friend afflicted with the plague; and is it to be credited, that brutal ferocity could execute what the noblest feelings recoiled at? or that there should have been a creature savage or mad enough to sacrifice his own life, in order to enjoy the satisaction of hastening the death of fifty dying men, wholly unknown to him, and against whom he had no complaint to make? The supposition is truly absurd, and only worthy of those who bring it forward in spite of the disavowal of its author."

The above account is confirmed by the statements of M. Desgenettes, the physician, General Andréossy, and M. d'Aure, who, as well as M. de Bourrienne, were present on the occasion referred to.—*Editor.*

Our little army arrived at Cairo on the 14th of June, after a painful and harassing march of twenty-five days. The heat, during the passage of the desert, between El-Arish and Belbeys, exceeded thirty-three degrees. On placing the bulb of the thermometer in the sand, the mercury rose to forty five degrees. The deceitful mirage was even more vexatious than in the plains of Bohahireh. In spite of our experience, an excessive thirst, added to a perfect illusion, made us goad on our wearied horses towards lakes which vanished at our approach, and left behind nothing but salt and arid sand. In two days my cloak was completely covered with salt, left on it after the evaporation of the moisture, which held it in solution. Our horses, who ran eagerly to the brackish springs of the desert, perished in numbers, after travelling about a quarter of a league from the spots where they drank the deleterious fluid.

The ill success of the campaign of Syria gave rise to unmeasured complaints, and to reflections naturally caused by our situation. "Why," it was asked, "go to meet an army, which was not then in existence? Why, if that army must come some time or other to attack Eygpt, spare it the difficulties and inconveniences of crossing the desert; and why go and besiege that army in its own intrenchments, instead of waiting for it in the plains of Egypt? Was it not known that the sea, which must act so important a part in such an expedition, was the ally of our enemies?" This reasoning would have been unanswerable, had the real object of the expedition only been, what the proclamations and the official documents announced it to be; namely, to annihilate or to weaken the power of the butcher of Syria. But under that pretence was concealed one of those gigantic projects, which the ardent imagination of Bonaparte, and his indefatigable passion for action, was continually generating.

Bonaparte preceded his entry into the capital of Egypt, by one of those lying bulletins, which only imposed on fools. "I will bring with me," said he, "many prisoners and flags. I have razed the palace of the Djezzar and the ramparts of Acre—not a stone remains upon another. All the inhabitants have left the city by sea. Djezzar is severely wounded."

I confess that I experienced a painful sensation, in writing, by his dictation, these official words, every one of which was an imposition. Excited by all I had just witnessed, it was difficult for me to refrain from making some observation; but his constant reply was, "My dear fellow, you are a simpleton: you do not understand this business." And he observed, when signing the bulletin, that he would fill the world with admiration, and inspire historians and poets.

Our return to Cairo has been attributed to the insurrections which broke out during the unfortunate expedition into Syria. Nothing is more incorrect. The term insurrection cannot be properly applied to the foolish enterprises of the angel El-

Mahhady, in the Bohahireh, or to the less important disturbances in the Sharkyeh. The reverses experienced before St. Jean d'Acre, the fear, or rather the prudent anticipation of a hostile landing, were sufficient motives, and the only ones, for our return to Egypt. What more could we do in Syria, but lose men and time, neither of which the general had to spare?

CHAPTER XXI.

1799.

Bonaparte's talent for expressing his ideas—His notes on Egypt.

Of all the historical works handed down to us by antiquity, those rare and precious books are the most entitled to our regard, which have been produced in the leisure hours of superior men, who were gifted not only with the genius to conceive and execute great designs, but also with the art of suitably describing them. In the first rank of such works are to be placed Xenophon's "Retreat of the Ten Thousand," and Cæsar's "Commentaries." Bonaparte, whose name may, without flattery, be here introduced, after those two great men, excelled in the art of giving expression to his thought. This opinion, held by all those who were for any length of time near him and attended to the development of his grand ideas, will be adopted, I am persuaded, by every one who has read the examples of this faculty which I have already given, and who shall read the chapter I am now commencing. I may be permitted to say this, as the work I am about to insert is Bonaparte's, and not mine. I have merely ventured to add a note or two to his comprehensive and elevated views.

It was during the time which elapsed, between our return to Cairo and our departure for the Pyramids, that Bonaparte wrote his "Notes on Egypt." I have preserved the modest title of "Notes," because it was that which Bonaparte himself gave to his observations. He did not dictate these notes to me, but wrote them himself, and with a great deal of care. I have only part of the autograph manuscript in my possession, and I know not what has become of the rest: but the copy which I made in Cairo, from the original, is corrected in many places by the general's own hand, and I can assure the reader that there is not a word inserted which is not his.

NOTES.

I. Egypt is properly only the valley of the Nile, from Assuan to the sea.*

II. There are no habitable and cultivated spots, except where the inundation reaches, and where it deposits a slime, which the Nile washes down from the Abyssinian mountains. The analysis of this slime yields carbon.

III. The desert only produces some bushes, which serve towards the subsistence of camels. No man can live in the desert.

IV. Nothing so much resembles the sea as the desert, and a coast as the boundary of the Nile. The inhabitants of the villages, situated there, are exposed to frequent incursions of the Arabs.

V. The Mamelukes held possession of the villages as fiefs. Well armed and well mounted, they repelled the Arabs, of whom they were the terror. Yet they were by far too few to guard that immense line.

VI. This is the reason why each frontier, each road, is protected by Arab tribes, of the province, armed and mounted, who are obliged to repel the aggressions of foreign Arabs. On this account, they have villages, lands, and privileges.

VII. Thus when the government is powerful, the domiciliated Arabs fear it, and remain at peace; and Egypt is then almost entirely free from any danger of foreign incursion.

VIII. But when the government is weak, the Arabs revolt. Then they quit their lands, to rove about the desert, and unite with foreign Arabs, to pillage the country, into the adjoining provinces of which they make incursions.

IX. The foreign Arabs do not live in the desert, because the desert cannot support them. They live in Arabia, in Africa, and Asia, They learn that there is anarchy: they quit their country—traverse the desert, for twelve or fifteen days—establish themselves at some point on its frontiers—and thence proceed to ravage the interior of Egypt.†

X. The desert is sandy. Wells are rare, and their waters are scanty, and generally dirty, brackish, or sulphurous. There are, however, few routes in which wells are not to be met with once in thirty hours.

XI. Camels are employed to carry the water that is wanted, in leathern bottles. One camel can carry water sufficient to serve a hundred Frenchmen for a whole day.

XII. We have said that Egypt is merely the valley of the Nile; the soil of the valley was originally the same as that which surrounds

* Abd-el-Rachid-el-Backery, an Arabian geographer, who wrote a work in the year 815 of the Hegira, and 1412 of the common era, reckons the length of Egypt, from El-Arish to Assuan, and its breadth from Eylah to Bargah.

† The Arabs in general, but particularly those of the desert, scarcely know the name of the prophet and the Koran. They say that the religion of the prophet was not made for them, "for how," say they, "can we make ablutions who have no water? How bestow alms when we are not rich? Why keep the fast of the Rhamadan, when we fast all the year? And why go to Mecca, since God is every where?"

it; but the overflowings of the Nile, and the slime which they deposit, have rendered the valley through which that river flows, one of the most fertile and habitable portions of the globe.

XIII. The Nile rises in Messidor, and the inundation begins in Fructidor. All the country is then overflowed, and communications are difficult. The villages are situated at an elevation of sixteen or eighteen feet. A small road forms, sometimes, a communication; but often there is merely a narrow path for this purpose.

XIV. The Nile rises, more or less, in proportion to the degree of rain which falls in Abyssinia; but the inundation also depends on the irrigating canals.

XV. The Nile has, at present, only two branches, those of Rosetta and Damietta. If those two branches could be blocked up, so as to allow as little water as possible to flow into the sea, the inundation would be greater and more extensive, and the habitable country would be enlarged.

XVI. If the canals were well cleared, taken care of, and more numerous, it would be possible to retain the water in the grounds during the greater part of the year, and thereby to augment, to a certain degree, the valley and habitable country. In this manner have the oasis of Sharkyeh and part of the desert beyond Pelusium been irrigated; and all Bohahireh, Mangoutt, and the provinces of Alexandria, peopled and cultivated.

XVII. By a well-arranged system, the result of a good government, Egypt might be increased to the extent of eight or nine hundred leagues square.*

XVIII. If it be probable that the Nile once flowed into the Waterless River, which extends from Fayoum to the middle of the Natron Lake, and terminates at the sea, beyond the Arab's Tour, it would

* I ascertained from a calculation made in Egypt with the greatest care, that this country, which at present has only about a thousand leagues square of cultivated land, had formerly more than two thousand. The population which now is not above two millions, in ancient times exceeded eight millions. The sand has invaded the fertile soil. The action of the sand may not inaptly be compared to a cancer. It eats up all before it. The neglect of the irrigating canals, has augmented the evil. As to the population, it must have fallen off with the diminution of cultivation; but the extreme wretchednes which prevails' is a still more powerful cause of depopulation. The appearance alone of the children of Cairo, cannot leave a doubt as to the continual decrease of the population. It is really pitiable to behold their looks of misery. Never elsewhere did I meet with so afflicting a spectacle as these little creatures presented. They have the appearance of being constantly struggling against death. The eyes are sunken, the complexion is yellow, the countenance bloated, the belly puffed out, and the extremities wasted. How often have I sighed to see these little unfortunates heaped on one another, squatting naked under walls or gateways; their eyes, mouths, noses, and ears,covered with millions of flies feeding on them, and which, in their state of exhaustion, they do not even attempt to drive away. The mortality of children at Cairo, is inconceivable. I fear that it is the same throughout the rest of Egypt. This mortality would infallibly sweep off the entire population, but for the fecundity of the women, which in some degree establishes the equilibrium between life and death. Struck with the deplorable condition of these children, I obtained tables of the mortality during ten days of the season most favourable to health. The following is the result: Men 31; women 35; children 161—total 227.

then appear that Mœris had stopped up this branch of the Nile, and given rise to that celebrated lake, of which even Herodotus did not know the construction.

XIX. The government has more influence upon public prosperity than in any other country. For anarchy and tyranny have elsewhere no influence upon the course of the seasons and the rain. All land in Egypt might be equally fertile; but a dyke uncut, a canal not cleared, may render a whole province a desert; for seed-time and all the productions of the earth are governed, in Egypt, by the period and the quantity of the inundations.

XX. The government of Egypt having fallen into very negligent hands, during the last fifty years, the country is annually deteriorating in many parts.* The desert has gained on the valley, and has even formed little hills of sand on the banks of the Nile.† Twenty years more of a government, such as that of Ibrahim and Mourad Bey, and Egypt would lose a third of her cultivatable land. It would, perhaps, be very easy to prove that fifty years of a government, such as that of France, England, Germany, or Italy, would triple the amount of cultivation and population. Men would not be wanting for the soil, for they abound on all the coasts of Africa and Arabia.

XXI. The Nile, from Assuan until within three leagues north of Cairo, flows in a single branch. At this point, which is called the Cow's Belly, it divides into the branches of Rosetta and Damietta.‡

XXII. The waters of the Damietta branch have a marked tendency to flow into that of Rosetta. It ought to be a principle of our administration in Egypt, to aid this tendency, which is advantageous to Alexandria, and favourable to all the direct communications with Europe.

XXIII. Were the dyke of Fara or Nysh cut, the province of Bohahireh would gain two hundred villages, and that, with the canal which comes from Fayoum, would approximate the inundation and the cultivation to the walls of Alexandria. This operation, however, would do the greatest injury to the provinces of Sharkyeh, Damietta, and Massourah; its execution ought, therefore, to be delayed till a favourable moment. But it must be done some day.

XXIV. The canal which conveys the waters of the Nile from Ramahanyeh to Alexandria, ought to be deepened, so as to render it navigable throughout the year. Vessels of a hundred ton, might, during six months of the year, go from Alexandria to Cairo and Assuan, without passing any boghaz.

XXV. A work, which will one day be undertaken, will be to build dykes across the Damietta and Rosetta branches, at the Cow's Belly. By the aid of dams, all the waters of the Nile might thus be made to flow successively to the east and west, and thereby the inundation would be doubled.

* This was written in 1799. Since that time affairs appear to have had a tendency towards amelioration.

† I remarked that the violence of the south-west and west winds, carry across the Rosetta branch a vast quantity of sand, which annually spreads over the rich and beautiful province of Menoaffyeh.

‡ The greatest width of the valley of the Nile, from the entrance of the river into Egypt to Cairo, is not four leagues, and its smallest width is at least one league.

XXVI. During the inundation of the Nile, the waters reach to within seven leagues of Suez. The remains of the canal are to be seen in perfect preservation; and there is no doubt that vessels may yet convey goods from Suéz to Alexandria.

XXVII. We have stated that Egypt is, properly speaking, the valley of the Nile. However, a great portion of the deserts which surround it form also part of Egypt, and in these deserts there are oases, as there are islands in the sea. On the western side, the deserts, which form part of Egypt, extend ten or twelve days' march from the waters of the Nile. The principal points are the three Syrahs oases and the Natron lakes. The first oasis is three days' journey from Syouth. There is no water to be met with on the route. In this oasis there are palm-trees, some wells of brackish water, and some ground capable of cultivation. Malignant fevers prevail here almost constantly.*

XXVIII. To go from Cairo to Tedigat, which is the first cultivated ground, requires thirty days through the desert. Five of these days are passed without finding water.

XXIX. The Natron lakes are situated at twelve hours' journey in the desert of Tarranneh. Excellent water is found there; also several lakes, and four convents of Cophts. The convents are fortresses. We have furnished them with Greek garrisons, and several pieces of cannon.

XXX. On the eastern side the deserts, which belong to Egypt exend to within a day's journey of El-Arish, and to beyond Tor and Mount Sinai. Quattyyeh is a kind of oasis. It contains five or six hundred palm-trees, water for six thousand men and a thousand horses, and is five leagues distant from Salehyeh. Water is met with twice on the road in small quantities. We have established a fort of palms on this important oasis.

XXXI. From Quattyyeh to El-Arish the distance is twenty leagues. El-Arish is an oasis. There was a very fine village here, which we demolished, and five or six thousand palm-trees which we cut down. The quantity of water, and the quantity of materials, together with the importance of the situation, have induced us to establish a fortress here, which is already in a respectable state of defence. From El-Arish to Gaza is a distance of sixteen leagues; water is met with several times. From Gaza the road proceeds to the village of Kan-you-Nesse.†

XXXII. Tor and Mount Sinai are ten days' journey from Cairo. The Arabs of Tor cultivate fruits, and make charcoal. They bring corn from Cairo. In this oasis the water is every where good, and abundant.

XXXIII. The whole population of Fellahs, or Arabs, who inhabit the oasis, both of the eastern and western deserts, not comprised in the fourteen provinces, does not amount to thirty thousand.

XXXIV. The valley of the Nile is divided into Upper Egypt, Middle Egypt, and Lower Egypt. Upper Egypt contains the pro-

* The great oasis of Jupiter Ammon is on the west bank of the Rosetta branch of the Nile. It is by mistake Bonaparte is made to say that this oasis is situated on the right bank of that branch.

† A Syrian village.

vinces of Girgeh, Manfelout, and Mynieh. Middle Egypt comprises Fayoum, Beni-youcef, and Cairo. Lower Egypt includes Bohahireh, Alexandria, Rosetta, Garbiyyeh, Minoufiyyeh, Manssourah, Damietta, Kalyoubieh, and Sharkyeh.

XXXV. The coast extends from Cape Durazzo to within a day's journey of El-Arish. The first post where we had an establishment is Marabout, situated two leagues west of Alexandria. The ports of Alexandria are defended by a great number of batteries and forts, which secure them against any attack by sea or land. Fort Cretin is a model in fortification. Aboukir, situated about five leagues to the east of Alexandria, has a good road. Lake Maadyeh, where the branch of the Nile called the Canopic formerly flowed, extends to within one league of Alexandria, and two of Rosetta; and on the south, to within a league of Birkett. There is a boghaz in the mouth of the Rosetta branch, which it is not easy to pass. From Rosetta to Bourlos, the distance is five leagues. The lake of Bourlos is navigated by a hundred dejerms, and communicates with Mehel-el-Kebir by a canal. The mouth of the lake makes a very good port, having from ten to twelve feet depth of water. The mouth of the Damietta branch is defended by fort Lesbé. Lake Menzahleh, which extends to the ancient Pelusium, that is to say, a distance of twenty-five leagues, commences within half a league of Damietta. It has two mouths, namely, Dybeh and Farege. There is a great number of boats on this lake. The canal of Moez enters this lake a league below San.* Tineh, or the ancient Pelusium, is four leagues distant from Quattyyeh. We have already stated the distance of Quattyyeh from El-Arish. The banks are every where low and bad. Hills of sand extend for a league at least, and often for two or three leagues.

XXXVI. The population of Egypt is two millions five hundred thousand. The Arabs, who are domiciliated, and under the protection of government, in the different provinces, form a total of twelve thousand cavalry, and forty thousand infantry. There are about eighty thousand Cophts, fifty thousand Damascan Christians, and six thousand Jews.

XXXVII. The Porte had abandoned the government of Egypt to twenty-four beys, each of whom maintained a military establishment, more or less numerous. These establishments were formed by Georgian and Circassian slaves, whom they purchased at an expense of from three thousand to four thousand five hundred francs, and trained to military service. There might be, opposed to our army, eight thousand Mamelukes, all well mounted, well exercised, well armed, and very brave, belonging to the reigning beys. We may estimate the descendants of other Mamelukes, established in the villages, or living in Cairo, at double this number.

* Here General Andréossy found an antique cameo of Augustus, which was presented to Bonaparte. At St. Helena, however, Bonaparte stated that he had found the cameo, and that a striking resemblance between the head of Augustus and his had been discovered by Denon. Napoleon alleges that he gave the cameo to Andréossy, but upon Denon's discovery got it back again, and afterwards sent it to Josephine. The official report of General Andréossy made at the time, proves, however, that he was the real finder.

XXXVIII. The Pasha possessed no authority whatever. He was changed every year, like the Kadi-askier, who is sent by the Porte. There were besides, in Egypt, seven corps of auxiliaries, which have been so thinned by war, that now there exist but a thousand of them, old and infirm, without masters, except a few who are attached to the French army.

XXXIX. The Sherifs are the descendants of the tribe of the successors of Mahomet, or rather the descendants of the first conquerors of the country. They wear green turbans.

The Ulemas belong to the law and the church, but bear no resemblance to our judges or churchmen.

The head of the Ulemas of Cairo is called the Grand Sheik. He is regarded by the people with a veneration equal to that which was formerly paid to cardinals in Europe. These Ulemas say prayers in the mosques, and by this practice acquire a little revenue, and a great deal of consideration.

The great mosque of Cairo, called El-Azhar, is a large and handsome building, and has attached to it a great number of ulemas, of whom twenty-four are principal.

(Here Bonaparte's notes cease to be numbered.)

There are a great many coffee-houses in Cairo, where the people spend most of the day in smoking.

Beggars and travellers take up their quarters in the mosques at night, and during the heat of the day.

There are a vast number of public baths, to which the women resort to bathe, and repeat the gossip of the city.

The mosques are endowed like our churches.

The villages of Egypt are fiefs belonging to any person on whom the prince may bestow them. In consequence, there is a kind of tax the peasant is obliged to pay the superior.

The peasants are, however, the actual proprietors of the soil, for their possession is respected; and in the midst of all the revolutions and commotions, their privileges are not infringed.

Thus there are but two classes of people in Egypt, the occupiers of the soil, or peasants, and the feudal lords or superiors.

Two-thirds of the villages were appropriated to the Mamelukes, to defray the expenses of the government. The miri, properly so called, and which is but a moderate impost, was collected in the name of the Porte.

The revenues of the republic are of five kinds:—1. Custom duties 2. Various farmed taxes. 3. Miri, the tax of kaschefs and other imposts. 4. The rent, or signorial tax, on two-thirds of Egypt, the republic standing in the place of the former superiors. 5. Custom-duties of Suez, Guosseyr, Boulacq, Alexandria, Damietta, and Rosetta, amounting to between four and five millions.

The miri, the taxes of kaschefs, and the signorial rents, amount to fifteen millions.

The forced contributions amount to two millions. These extortions were one of the chief sources of revenue to the Mamelukes.

Egypt, then, taken altogether, might furnish twenty-four millions to the republic. In time of peace she might yield even thirty; and,

twenty-five years hence, fifty millions might be raised. In this estimate I do not include what may be expected from opening a trade with India. But during war, the suspension of every kind of commerce renders the country poor, and every thing suffers from it.

From our arrival in Messidor to Messidor last, that is, during twelve months, there have been raised in Egypt—500,000 francs in contributions from Alexandria; 150,000 from Rosetta; 150,000 from Damietta; 500,000 from the Cophts of Cairo; 500,000 from the Damascans; 1,000,000 from the Turkish dealers in coffee; 500,000 from different merchants; 500,000 from the Mamelukes' wives; 300,000 from the mint; and 8,500,000 in taxes on lands and professions, or custom-house duties.

These make altogether the sum of 12,100,000 francs.

There were, besides, very considerable sums due from the villages, the collection of which has been prevented by the military operations of the army.

CHAPTER XXII.

1799.

Sir Sydney Smith—Bonaparte's letter to Marmont—Marmont's letter to me—Murat and Murad-Bey at the Natron lakes—Bonaparte's departure for the pyramids—Sudden appearance of an Arab messenger—News of the landing of the Turks at Aboukir—Bonaparte marches against them—They are immediately attacked and destroyed in the battle of Aboukir—Interchange of communication with the English—Sudden determination to return to Europe—Outfit of two frigates—Bonaparte's dissimulation—His pretended journey to the Delta—Generous behaviour of Lanusse—Bonaparte's artifice—His bad treatment of General Kleber.

The offence Sir Sydney Smith had given by preventing the taking of St. Jean d'Acre and the conquest of Syria, and by returning good offices for very bad ones, had engendered in Bonaparte's mind some prejudices which nothing could efface. He believed that, by aspersing his adversary, he disguised his own failures. On the 2d of June, 1799, he wrote to Marmont in the following terms:

Smith is a young fool, who wants to make his fortune, and is continually thrusting himself forward. The best way to punish him is to treat him with silence. He should be dealt with as a captain of a fire-ship. He is, besides, a man capable of any folly, and to whom no able or reasonable project can be attributed. Thus, for example, he would be capable of forming a plan of descent with eight hundred men. He boasts of having entered Alexandria in disguise. I know not whether the fact be true; but it is possible he may have taken advantage of a flag of truce, to enter the city in the disguise of a sailor.

The rear-admiral was a far better man than the picture his enemy has drawn of him. Bravery, a vivid imagination, a generous heart, are surely none of the characteristics of folly.*

On our return to Cairo, I found many letters lying for me: among the rest was one from Marmont, dated from Alexandria. It ran thus:

I send you, my dear friend, a letter addressed to you, and which was enclosed in one from my wife. I trust it may contain good news for you, and that you may have the happiness of hearing your wife and children are well.

I have had letters from my poor Hortense. She is uneasy, and impatiently expects me. God send, my friend, that I may soon be able, consistently with my duty, to visit her. If within two months our exertions in the field should terminate, and General Bonaparte still retain the friendship he had for me, I may indulge the hope of

* In this opinion, Napoleon himself, when at St. Helena, concurred, as we find by the following conversation with Mr. O'Meara:

"He spoke of Sir Sydney Smith. 'Sydney Smith,' said he, 'is a brave officer. He displayed considerable ability in the treaty for the evacuation of Egypt by the French. He took advantage of the discontent which he found to prevail amongst the French troops, at being so long away from France and other circumstances. He also manifested great honour in sending immediately to Kleber the refusal of Lord Keith to ratify the treaty, which saved the French army; if he had kept it a secret seven or eight days longer, Cairo would have been given up to the Turks, and the French army necessarily obliged to surrender to the English. He also showed great humanity and honour in all his proceedings towards the French who fell into his hands. He landed at Havre, for some *sottise* of a bet he had made, according to some, to go to the theatre; others said it was for espionage; however that may be, he was arrested and confined in the Temple as a spy; and at one time it was intended to try and execute him. Shortly after I returned from Italy, he wrote to me from his prison, to request that I would intercede for him; but, under the circumstances in which he was taken, I could do nothing for him. He is active, intelligent, intriguing, and indefatigable; but I believe that he is *mezzo pazo*.'

"I asked if Sir Sydney had not displayed great talent and bravery at Acre? Napoleon replied, 'Yes; the chief cause of the failure there was, that he took all my battering train, which was on board of several small vessels. Had it not been for that, I would have taken Acre in spite of him. He behaved very bravely, and was well seconded by Phillipeaux, a Frenchman of talent, who had studied with me as an engineer. There was a Major Douglas, also, who behaved very gallantly. The acquisition of five or six hundred seamen as cannoniers, was a great advantage to the Turks, whose spirits they revived, and whom they showed how to defend the fortress. But he committed a great fault in making sorties, which cost the lives of two or three hundred brave fellows, without the possibility of success. For it was impossible he could succeed against the number of the French who were before Acre. I would lay a wager that he lost half of his crew in them. He dispersed proclamations amongst my troops, which certainly shook some of them, and I in consequence published an order, stating that he was *mad*, and forbidding all communication with him. Some days after, he sent, by means of a flag of truce, a lieutenant or a midshipman with a letter containing a challenge to me to meet him at some place he pointed out, in order to fight a duel. I laughed at this, and sent him back an intimation that when he brought Marlborough to fight me, I would meet him. Notwithstanding this, I like the character of the man.'"—*Voice from St. Helena*, vol. i. p. 208. (*Editor.*)

seeing her. It is not a light and frivolous passion, nor a superficial sentiment, makes me thus eager to return to France, but a prudential calculation, which makes me dread evils apparently irreparable. Domestic happiness, the peace of my family, the satisfaction of my own mind, these, my dear Bourrienne, are the only things worth wishing for. These I still possess, but still I risk their loss; and surely I may expect that General Bonaparte, under whose auspices my marriage took place, would wish to render it happy.

Adieu, my dear friend. Remember me a thousand times to Duroc and all my comrades, and believe me yours,

A. Marmont.

Bonaparte had hardly set foot in Cairo, when he was informed that the brave and indefatigable Murad-Bey was descending by the Fayoum, in order to form a junction with reinforcements which had been for some time past collected in the Bohahireh. In all probability this movement of Murad-Bey was the result of news he had received respecting plans formed at Constantinople, and the landing which took place a short time after in the roads of Aboukir. Murad had selected the Natron Lakes for his place of rendezvous. To these lakes Murat was despatched. The bey no sooner got notice of Murat's presence, than he determined to retreat, and to proceed by the desert to Gyzeh and the great pyramids. I certainly never heard, until I returned to France, that he had ascended to the summit of the great pyramid for the purpose of passing his time in contemplating Cairo!

Napoleon said, at St. Helena, that Murat might have taken Murad-Bey, had the latter remained four-and-twenty hours longer in the Natron Lakes. Now, the fact is, that, as soon as the bey heard of Murat's arrival he was off. The Arabian spies were far more serviceable to our enemies than to us: we had not, indeed, a single friend in Egypt.

Murad-Bey, on being informed by the Arabs, who acted as couriers for him, that General Desaix was despatching a column from the south of Egypt against him, that the general-in-chief was also about to follow his footsteps along the frontier of Gyzeh, and that the Natron Lakes and the Bohahireh were occupied by forces superior to his own, retired into Fayoum. This movement was only known to some Arabs.

Bonaparte attached great importance to the destruction of Murad, whom he looked upon as the bravest, the most active, and most dangerous of his enemies in Egypt. As all accounts concurred in stating that Murad, supported by the Arabs, was hovering about the skirts of the desert of the province of Gyzeh, Bonaparte proceeded to the pyramids, there to direct different corps against that able and dangerous partisan. He, indeed, reckoned him so redoubtable, that he wrote to Murat, saying, he wished fortune might reserve for him the honour of putting the seal on the conquest of Egypt by the destruction of this opponent.

FROM THE PAINTING BY G. BOURGAIN.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

SUBMISSION OF THE MAMELUKES TO BONAPARTE.

On the 14th of July, Bonaparte left Cairo for the pyramids. He intended spending three or four days in examining the ruins of the ancient Necropolis of Memphis; but he was suddenly obliged to alter his plan. This journey to the pyramids, occasioned by the course of war, has given an opportunity for the invention of a little piece of romance. Some ingenious people have related that Bonaparte gave audiences to the mufti and ulemas, and that, on entering one of the great pyramids, he cried out, "Glory to Allah! God only is God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" Now the fact is, that Bonaparte never even entered the great pyramid. He never had any thought of entering it. I certainly should have accompanied him had he done so; for I never quitted his side a single moment in the desert. He caused some persons to enter into one of the great pyramids, while he remained outside, and received from them, on their return, an account of what they had seen. In other words, they informed him there was nothing to be seen!

On the evening of the 15th of July, while we were taking a walk, we perceived, on the road leading from Alexandria, an Arab riding up to us in all haste. He brought to the general-in-chief a despatch from General Marmont, who was intrusted with the command of Alexandria, and who had conducted himself so well, especially during the dreadful ravages of the plague, that he had gained the unqualified approbation of Bonaparte. The Turks had landed on the 11th of July at Aboukir, under the escort and protection of English ships of war. The news of the landing of from fifteen to sixteen thousand men did not surprise Bonaparte, who had for some time expected it. It was not so, however, with the generals most in his favour, whose apprehensions, for reasons which may be conjectured, he had endeavoured to calm. He had even written to Marmont, who, being in the most exposed situation, had the more reason to be vigilant, in these terms:

The army which was to have appeared before Alexandria, and which left Constantinople on the 1st of the Rhamadan, has been destroyed under the walls of Acre. If, however, that mad Englishman (Smith) has embarked the remains of that army, in order to convey them to Aboukir, I do not believe there can be more than two thousand men.

He wrote in the following strain to General Dugna, who had the command of Cairo

The English commander, who has summoned Damietta, is a madman. The combined army they speak of has been destroyed before Acre, where it arrived a fortnight before we left that place.

As soon as he arrived at Cairo, in a letter he despatched to Desaix, he said—

The time has now arrived when disembarkments have become prac-

ticable. I shall lose no time in getting ready. The probabilities, however, are, that none will take place this year.

What other language could he hold, when he had proclaimed, immediately after the raising of the siege of Acre, that he had *destroyed* those fifteen thousand men, who two months after landed at Aboukir?

It was doubtless to confirm this idea, which he endeavoured to impress on every body, that, before his brief excursion to the pyramids, he gave it out that his intention was to visit Upper Egypt. He had a strong desire to inscribe his name upon the marbles of Syenna, beside the names of the ancient conquerors of that country, which has always submitted to whoever attacked it. He seemed to relish this project much, and before his departure for the Lybian Desert, he unceasingly employed himself in making arrangements for this long and interesting journey. Day after day he expressed the regret he should experience were he to leave Egypt without seeing these magnificent ruins. For my part, I was enchanted with the idea: but a something, I know not what, impressed me with the belief that I should never behold Thebes of the hundred palaces.

No sooner had Bonaparte perused the contents of Marmont's letter, than he retired into his tent and dictated to me, until three in the morning, his orders for the departure of the troops, and for the routes he wished to be pursued, during his absence, by the troops who should remain in the interior. At this moment, I observed in him the development of that vigorous character of mind which was excited by obstacles until it overcame them, that celerity of thought which foresaw every thing. He was all action, and never for a moment hesitated. On the 16th of July, at four in the morning, he was on horseback, and the army in full march. I cannot help doing justice to the presence of mind, promptitude of decision, and rapidity of execution, which at this period of his life never deserted him on great occasions.

We reached Ooardan, to the north of Gyzeh, on the evening of the 16th: on the 19th we arrived at Rahahmanieh, and on the 23d at Alexandria, where every preparation was made for that memorable battle, which, though it did not repair the immense losses and fatal consequences of the naval conflict of the same name, will always recal to the memory of Frenchmen one of the most brilliant achievements of their arms.*

* As M. de Bourrienne gives no details of this memorable battle, the following extract from Rovigo's Memoirs will supply the deficiency:

"He (Bonaparte) no sooner heard of the appearance of the Turkish fleet before Alexandria, than he sent a second order to General Desaix, directing him immediately to bring his division down the country into a position between Cairo and Alexandria, which he pointed out to him. He also left Cairo in the utmost haste, to place himself at the head of the troops which he had ordered to quit their cantonments and march down to the coast.

THE BATTLE OF ABOUKIR.

London : Published by Richard Bentley. 1836.
Samuel Bentley, Printer.

DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

RAMPON'S SOLDIERS TAKING THE OATH NEVER TO SURRENDER.

After the battle, which took place on the 25th of July, Bonaparte sent a flag of truce on board the English Admiral's ship. Our intercourse was full of politeness; such as might be expected in the communications of the people of two civilized nations. The English admiral gave the flag of truce some presents, in exchange for some we sent, and likewise a copy of the French Gazette of Frankfort, dated 10th of June, 1799. For ten months we had received no news from France. Bonaparte glanced over this journal with an eagerness which may easily be conceived.*

"Whilst General Bonaparte was making these arrangements and coming in person from Cairo, the troops on board the Turkish fleet had effected a landing, and taken possession of the fort of Aboukir, and of a redoubt placed behind the village of that name, which ought to have been put into a state of defence six months before, but had been so completely neglected, that nothing was easier than to ride through the breaches, and through the spaces left by the falling in of the earth, in every direction.

"The Turks had nearly destroyed the weak garrisons that occupied those two military points, when General Marmont, who commanded at Alexandria, came to their relief. This general, seeing the two posts in the power of the Turks, returned to shut himself up in Alexandria, where he would probably have been blockaded by the Turkish army, had it not been for the arrival of General Bonaparte with his forces, who was very angry when he saw that the fort and redoubt had been taken; but, in reality, he did not blame Marmont for retreating to Alexandria: what, indeed, would have been his feelings, on the other hand, had he found this important city exposed to any danger by its garrison being engaged in disputing a barren desert with the Turkish army?

"General Bonaparte arrived at midnight, with his guides and the remaining part of his army, and ordered the Turks to be attacked the next morning. In this battle, as in the preceding ones, the attack, the encounter, and the route, were occurrences of a moment, and the result of a single movement on the part of our troops. The whole Turkish army plunged into the sea, to regain its ships, leaving behind them every thing they had brought on shore.

"The English sailors had the inhumanity to fire upon these unfortunate groups of soldiers, who, clothed in their wide vestments, attempted to swim across the two leagues of sea that separated them from their ships, which scarcely one of them reached in safety.

"Whilst this event was occurring on the sea-shore, a pasha had left the field of battle, with a corps of about three thousand men, in order to throw himself into the fort of Aboukir. They soon felt the extremities of thirst, which compelled them, after the lapse of a few days, to surrender unconditionally to General Menou, who was left on the ground, to close the operations connected with the Turkish army recently defeated.

"These three thousand prisoners, who were very fine men, were employed upon the works of Alexandria and Damietta (that is to say, of Lesbe), situated higher up on the right bank of the Nile, between Damietta and the sea, in front of the space where formerly stood the town of Damietta, which was taken by the crusaders; but of which we could not discover any traces."—*Memoirs of Rovigo. (Editor.)*

* "The French on their return from St. Jean d'Acre, were totally ignorant of all that had taken place in Europe for several months. Napoleon eager to obtain intelligence, sent a flag of truce on board of the Turkish admiral's ship, under the pretence of treating for the ransom of the prisoners taken at Aboukir: not doubting but the envoy would be stopped by Sir Sydney Smith, who carefully prevented all direct communication between the French and the Turks. Accordingly the French flag of truce received directions from Sir Sydney to go on board his ship. He experienced the handsomest treatment; and the Eng-

"Heavens!" said he to me, "my presentiment is verified: the fools have lost Italy. All the fruits of our victories are gone! I must leave Egypt!"

He sent for Berthier, to whom he communicated the news, adding, that things were going on very badly in France—that he wished to return home—that he (Berthier) should go along with him, and that, for the present, only he, Gantheaume, and I, were in the secret. He recommended him to be prudent, not to betray any symptoms of joy, nor to purchase or sell any thing.

He concluded by assuring him that he depended on him. "I can answer," said he, "for myself and for Bourrienne." Berthier promised to be secret, and he kept his word. He had had enough of Egypt, and he so ardently longed to return to France, that there was little reason to fear he would disappoint himself by any indiscretion.

Gantheaume arrived, and Bonaparte gave him orders to fit out the two frigates, the Muiron and the Carrère, and the two small vessels, the Revanche and the Fortune, with a two months' supply of provisions for from four to five hundred men. He enjoined his secrecy, as to the object of these preparations, and desired him to act with such circumspection that the English cruisers might have no knowledge of what was going on. He afterwards arranged with Gantheaume the course he wished to take. Nothing escaped his attention.

Bonaparte concealed his operations with much care; but still some vague rumours crept abroad. General Dugna, the commandant of Cairo, whom he had just left, for the purpose of embarking, wrote to him on the 18th of August to the following effect:

I have this moment heard, that it is reported at the Institute, you are about to return for France, taking with you Monge, Berthollet, Berthier, Lannes, and Murat. This news has spread like lightning through the city, and I should not be at all surprised if it produce an unfavourable effect, which, however I hope you will obviate.

Bonaparte embarked five days after the receipt of Dugna's letter, and, as may be supposed, without replying to it.

On the 18th of August, he wrote to the divan of Cairo as follows:

I set out to-morrow for Menouf, whence I intend to make various

lish commander having, among other things, ascertained that the disasters of Italy were quite unknown to Napoleon, indulged in the malicious pleasure of sending him a file of newspapers. Napoleon spent the whole night in his tent, perusing the papers; and he came to the determination of immediately proceeding to Europe, to repair the disasters of France; and if possible, to save her from destruction."—*Mémorial de Sainte Hélène.* (*Editor.*)

excursions in the Delta, in order that I may myself witness the acts of oppression which are committed there, and acquire some knowledge of the people.

He told the army but half of the truth:

The news from Europe (said he) has determined me to proceed to France. I leave the command of the army to General Kebler. The army shall hear from me forthwith. At present I can say no more. It costs me much pain to quit troops to whom I am so strongly attached. But my absence will be but temporary, and the general I leave in command, has the confidence of the government, as well as mine.

I have now shown the true cause of General Bonaparte's departure for Europe. This circumstance, in itself perfectly natural, has been the subject of the most ridiculous conjectures, to those who always wish to assign extraordinary causes for simple events. There is no truth whatever in the assertion of his having planned his departure before the battle of Aboukir. Such an idea never crossed his mind. He had no thought whatever of his departure for France, when he made the journey to the pyramids, nor even when he received the news of the landing of the Anglo-Turkish force.

At the end of December, 1798, Bonaparte thus wrote to the Directory: "We are without any news from France. No courier has arrived since the month of June."

Some writers have stated that we received news by the way of Tunis, Algiers, or Morocco: but there is no contradicting a positive fact. At that period, I had been with Bonaparte more than two years; and during that time, not a single despatch, on any occasion arrived, of the contents of which I was ignorant. How then should the news alluded to have escaped me?

Almost all those who endeavour to avert from Bonaparte the reproach of desertion, quote a letter from the Directory, dated the 26th of May, 1799. This letter may certainly have been written, but it never reached its destination. Why, then, should it be put upon record?

The circumstance I have stated above determined the resolution of Bonaparte, and made him look upon Egypt as an exhausted field of glory, which it was high time he had quitted, to play another part in France. On his departure from Europe, Bonaparte felt that his reputation was tottering. He wished to do something to raise up his glory, and to fix upon him the attention of the world. This object he had in great part accomplished; for, in spite of serious disasters, the French flag waved over the Cataracts of the Nile and the ruins of Memphis, and the battles of the Pyramids and Aboukir were calculated in no small degree to dazzle the imagination. Finding that the glory of his arms no longer supported the feeble power of the Directory, he was anxious to see whether he could not share it, or appropriate it to himself.

A great deal has been said about letters and secret communications from the Directory, but Bonaparte needed no such thing. He could do what he pleased: there was no power to check him; such had been the nature of his arrangements on leaving France. He followed only the dictates of his own will, and probably had not the fleet been destroyed, he would have departed from Egypt much sooner. To will and to do were with him one and the same thing. The latitude he enjoyed was the result of his verbal agreement with the Directory, whose instructions and plans he did not wish should impede his operations.

Bonaparte left Alexandria on the 5th of August, and on the 10th arrived at Cairo. He at first circulated the report of a journey to Upper Egypt. This seemed so much the more reasonable, as he had really entertained that design before he went to the pyramids, and the fact was known to the army and the inhabitants of Cairo. All on a sudden he wrote to the divan of Cairo the letter already alluded to, in which he announced his intention of visiting Menouf, and journeying through the Delta.

Up to this period, our secret had been studiously kept. However, General Lanusse, the commandant at Menouf, where we arrived on the 20th of August, suspected it. "You are going to France," said he to me. My negative reply confirmed his suspicion. This almost induced me to believe the general-in-chief had been the first to make the disclosure. General Lanusse, though he envied our good fortune, made no complaints. He expressed his sincere wishes for our prosperous voyage, but never opened his mouth on the subject to any one.

On the 21st of August we reached the wells of Birkett. The Arabs had rendered the water unfit for use, but the general-in-chief was resolved to quench his thirst, and for this purpose squeezed the juice of several lemons into a glass of the water; but he could not swallow it without holding his nose, and exhibiting strong feelings of disgust.

On the 22d of August we reached Alexandria, where the general informed all those who had accompanied him from Cairo, that France was their destination. At this announcement, joy was pictured in every countenance.

General Kleber, to whose command Bonaparte had resigned the army, was invited to come from Damietta to Rosetta, to confer with the general-in-chief on affairs of extreme importance. Bonaparte, in making an appointment which he never intended to keep, hoped to escape the unwelcome freedom of Kleber's reproaches. He afterwards wrote to him all he had to say ;* and the cause he assigned for not keeping his appointment

* The letter from Bonaparte to Kleber, above alluded to, is not given by Bourrienne, but is inserted by the Duke de Rovigo, in his Memoirs, and is as follows:—(*Editor.*)

"General,—You will find enclosed an order directing you to assume the chief command of the army. I accelerate my departure by two or three days,

was, that his fear of being observed by the English cruisers, had forced him to depart three days earlier than he intended.

under the apprehension that from one moment to another the English cruiser may make its appearance. I take home with me Generals Berthier, Andréossy, Murat, Lannes, and Marmont, together with Citizens Monge and Berthollet.

"Herewith you will find the English and Frankfort papers up to the 10th of June. They will tell you that we have lost Italy, and that Mantua, Turin, and Tortona are blockaded. I have reason to hope that the first-mentioned city will hold out until the end of November. I hope to reach Europe before the beginning of October, should fortune be favourable to me.

"Annexed are two ciphers, the one to correspond with the government, the other with myself.

"I request you will send Junot home in the course of October, together with my servants, and all the effects which I have left at Cairo. I should have no objection, however, to your detaining in your own service such of my servants as it might suit you to keep.

"It is the intention of government that General Desaix should return to Europe in the course of November, unless any event of importance should require his further presence in this country.

"The commission of arts will return to France in a flag of truce, which you are to demand for that purpose, agreeably to the cartel of exchange, in the month of November, immediately after having completed the object of its mission. It is at present engaged in visiting Upper Egypt; you need not hesitate, however, in retaining such of its members as you may deem useful to you.

"The effendi made prisoner at Aboukir is now on his way to Damietta. I have written you word to send him to Cyprus: he is the bearer of a letter for the grand vizier, of which a copy is annexed.

"The arrival of our Brest squadron at Toulon, and of the Spanish squadron at Carthagena, removes every doubt as to the possibility of conveying to Egypt the muskets, swords, pistols, and cast iron you may stand in need of, and of which I have a very exact statement, together with a sufficient number of recruits to repair the losses of both campaigns.

"The government itself will then acquaint you with its intentions; and I shall, both in my public and private character, take every means to enable you to receive frequent intelligence from home.

"Should unforeseen events render all attempts fruitless, and you remain up to the month of May without receiving either news or assistance from France; and should the plague, notwithstanding every precaution, extend its ravages over Egypt this year, and carry off upwards of fifteen hundred soldiers, which would be a very serious loss, as being over and above what the chances of the war will occasion, I think that in such a case, you ought not to attempt to take the field; and that you would be justified in concluding a peace with the Ottoman Porte, even if the evacuation of Egypt should be its principal condition. You would then have only to put off carrying such a condition into effect until a general peace.

"You are as well enabled as I am to appreciate how important the possession of Egypt is to France: the Turkish empire is threatened with ruin, and is actually crumbling to pieces; and the evacuation of Egypt would be a misfortune so much the greater, as we should in our own time see that beautiful province fall into European hands.

"Your calculations must be greatly influenced by the news you may receive of the future success or reverses of the republic.

"If the Porte should reply to the overtures of peace which I made to it previously to your receiving my letters from France, you are to declare that you hold all the powers I possessed, and are to open negotiations, always persisting in the assertion which I have put forward, that France never had the intention

But when he wrote, Bonaparte well knew that he would be at sea before Kleber could receive his letter. Kleber, in his letter

of wresting Egypt from the Porte; you will demand that the Porte shall renounce taking part in the coalition, and grant us the trade of the Black Sea; that it shall set all French prisoners free; and lastly, consent to a six months' suspension of hostilities, so as to give time for exchanging the ratifications of peace.

"Supposing that circumstances should make you deem it advisable to conclude a treaty with the Porte, you will point out that you cannot execute such a treaty until it shall be ratified; and according to the usage amongst all nations, the interval between the signing of a treaty and its ratification must always be considered as a period of suspension of hostilities.

"You are acquainted, Citizen-general, with my sentiments respecting the internal politics of Egypt. Happen what may, the Christians will always be our friends. They must not be allowed to be overbearing, in order that the Turks may not be actuated by the same spirit of fanaticism against us as they are against them, which would have the effect of rendering them irreconcilable enemies. We must lull their fanaticism to sleep, in order to root it out. The good opinion of the whole of Egypt will be secured by obtaining that of the great sheiks of Cairo; and of all the chiefs to whom this people may show deference, none are less dangerous than the sheiks, who are cowardly, unable to fight, and like all priests, inspire fanaticism, without being fanatics themselves.

"With respect to the fortifications, Alexandria and El-Arish are the keys of Egypt. I had it in contemplation to raise redoubts with palm-trees this winter, two from Salahie to Catiëh, and two from Catiëh to El-Arish; one of these to be on the spot where General Menou found water fit for drinking.

"General Samson, commander of the engineers, and General Songis, commander of the artillery, will each inform you of what concerns their respective branches.

"Citizen Poussielgue has been exclusively charged with the finances. I have found him an industrious and meritorious man. He has already begun to acquire some insight into the chaos of the administration of Egypt.

"I had intended, should no fresh event interfere, to establish, this winter, a new mode of taxation, which would have enabled us to dispense almost entirely with the Cophts; before undertaking this, however, I recommend it to your mature consideration; it is better to embark rather too late than too soon in such an operation.

"French ships of war will undoubtedly make their appearance this winter at Alexandria, Bourlos, or Damietta. Cause a strong tower to be built at Bourlos; try to collect five or six hundred Mamelukes, whom, upon the arrival of the French ships, you will have arrested on the same day at Cairo and in the other provinces, and embark them for France. In default of Mamelukes some Arab hostages, or sheik belets, who might happen to be our prisoners, whatever may be the ground of their detention, might supply their place. These people, when arrived in France, will be detained there a year or two, and by witnessing the greatness of the French nation, and forming some idea of our manners and our language, will, on their return to Egypt, be so many partisans to our cause.

"I had often asked for a company of players; I will take especial care to send you some. This object is of great consequence to the army, and will tend to change the manners of the country.

"The important station you are going to hold, as chief in command, will now enable you to display the talents with which nature has endowed you. There is a very lively interest excited as to what passes here, and the results to commerce and civilization will be immense; from this epoch mighty revolutions will take their date.

1 THE PAINTING BY JEAN-BAPTISTE-PAULIN GUÉRIN, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

JEAN-BAPTISTE KLÉBER.

to the Directory, complained bitterly of this deception. The singular fate that befel this letter, will by and by be seen.

"Accustomed to view in the opinion of posterity the recompence of the toils and troubles of life, I quit Egypt with the deepest regret. The interest of our country, its glory, obedience, the extraordinary events that have lately taken place, have alone determined me to force my way to France through the enemy's squadrons. Your successes will be as dear to me as those in which I may have a personal share; and I shall consider those days of my life ill employed on which I shall not do something for the army I leave under your command, and for the consolidation of the splendid establishment, the foundations of which have just been laid.

"I confide to you an army wholly composed of my children; at all times, and in the midst of the severest trials, they have ever shown me proofs of their attachment: nourish this sentiment in their breasts: you owe it to the very great regard I entertain for you, and to the sincere affection I bear towards them.

"BONAPARTE."

CHAPTER XXIII.

1799.

Our departure from Egypt—Nocturnal embarkation—M. Parseval Grandmaison—Our course—Adverse winds—Fear of the English—Favourable weather—Vingt-et-un—Chess—We land at Ajaccio—Bonaparte's pretended relations—Family domains—Want of money—Battle of Novi—Death of Joubert—Visionary schemes—Purchase of a boat—Departure from Corsica—The English squadron—Our escape—The roads of Frejus—Our landing in France—The plague or the Austrians—Joy of the people—The sanitary laws—Bonaparte falsely accused.

WE were now to return to our country—again to cross the sea, to us so pregnant with danger—Cæsar and his fortune were once more to embark. But Cæsar was not now advancing to the east to add Egypt to the conquests of the republic. He was revolving in his mind vast schemes, unawed by the idea of venturing every thing to change in his own favour the government for which he had fought. The hope of conquering the most celebrated country of the east no longer excited the imagination, as on our departure from France. Our last visionary dream had vanished before the walls of St. Jean d'Acre, and we were leaving on the burning sands of Egypt most of our companions in arms. An inconceivable destiny seemed to pursue us, and we were obliged to obey its decrees.

On the 23d of August* we embarked on board two frigates,

* It was neither in June or July, as stated by the Duke de Rovigo.

the Muiron and Carrère. Our number was between four and five hundred. Such was our squadron, and such the formidable army with which Bonaparte had resolved, as he wrote to the divan of Cairo, "to annihilate all his enemies." This boasting might impose on those who did not see the real state of things; but what were we to think of it? What Bonaparte himself thought the day after.

The night was dark when we embarked in the frigates which lay at a considerable distance from the port of Alexandria; but by the faint light of the stars we perceived a corvette, which appeared to be observing our silent nocturnal embarkation.*

Next morning, just as we were on the point of setting sail, we saw coming from the port of Alexandria a boat, on board of which was M. Parseval Grandmaison. This excellent man, who was beloved by all of us, was not included among the persons whose return to France had been determined by the general-in-chief. In his anxiety to get off, Bonaparte would not hear of taking him on board. It will readily be conceived how urgent were the entreaties of Parseval; but he would have sued in vain, had not Gantheaume, Monge, Berthollet, and I, interceded for him. With some difficulty we overcame Bonaparte's resistance, and our colleague of the Egyptian Institute got on board after the wind had filled our sails.

It has been erroneously said that Admiral Gantheaume had full control of the frigates, as if any one could command when Bonaparte was present. On the contrary, Bonaparte declared to the admiral, in my hearing, that he would not take the ordinary course, and get into the open sea. "Keep close along the coast of the Mediterranean," said he, "on the African side, until you get south of Sardinia. I have here a handful of brave fellows, and a few pieces of artillery; if the English should appear, I will run ashore, and with my party make my way by land to Oran, Tunis, or some other port whence we may find an opportunity of getting home." This was his irrevocable determination.

For twenty-one days adverse winds, blowing from west or north-west, drove us continually on the coast of Syria, or in the direction of Alexandria. At one time it was proposed that we should again put into the port; but Bonaparte declared he would

* "The horses of the escort had been left to run loose on the beach, and all was perfect stillness in Alexandria, when the advanced posts of the town were alarmed by the wild galloping of horses, which, from a natural instinct, were returning to Alexandria through the desert. The picket ran to arms on seeing horses ready saddled and bridled, which were soon discovered to belong to the regiment of guides. They at first thought that a misfortune had happened to some detachment in its pursuit of the Arabs. With these horses came also those of the generals who had embarked with General Bonaparte; so that Alexandria was, for a time, in considerable alarm. The cavalry was ordered to proceed in all haste in the direction whence the horses came; and every one was giving himself up to the most gloomy conjectures, when the cavalry returned to the city with the Turkish groom, who was bringing back General Bonaparte's horse to Alexandria."—*Memoirs of the Duke de Rovigo. (Editor.)*

rather brave every danger than do so. During the day we tacked to a certain distance northward, and in the evening we stood towards Africa, until we came within sight of the coast. Finally, after twenty-one days of impatience and disappointment, a favourable east wind carried us past that point of Africa on which Carthage formerly stood, and we soon doubled Sardinia. We kept very near the western coast of that island, where Bonaparte had determined to land in case of our falling in with the English squadron. From thence his plan was to reach Corsica, and there to await a favourable opportunity of returning to France.

Every thing had contributed to render our voyage dull and monotonous; and, besides, we were not entirely without uneasiness as to the steps which might be taken by the Directory, for it was certain that the publication of the intercepted correspondence must have occasioned many unpleasant disclosures. Bonaparte used often to walk on deck to superintend the execution of his orders. The smallest sail that appeared in view excited his alarm. The fear of falling into the hands of the English never forsook him. That was what he dreaded most of all, and yet, at a subsequent period, he trusted to the generosity of his enemies.

However, in spite of our well-founded alarm, there were some moments in which we sought to amuse ourselves, or, to use a common expression, to kill time. Cards afforded us a source of recreation, and even this frivolous amusement served to develop the character of Bonaparte. In general he was not fond of cards; but if he did play, Vingt-et-un was his favourite game, because it is more rapid that many others, and because, in short, it afforded him an opportunity of cheating. For example, he would ask for a card; if it proved a bad one he would say nothing, but lay it down on the table and wait till the dealer had drawn his. If the dealer produced a good card, then Bonaparte would throw aside his hand, without showing it, and give up his stake. If, on the contrary, the dealer's card made him exceed twenty-one, Bonaparte also threw his cards aside without showing them, and asked for the payment of his stake. He was much diverted by these little tricks, especially when they were played off undetected; and I confess that even then we were courteous enough to humour him, and wink at his cheating. I must, however, mention that he never appropriated to himself the fruit of these little dishonesties; for at the end of the game he gave up all his winnings, and they were equally divided. Gain, as may readily be supposed, was not his object; but he always expected that fortune would grant him an ace or a ten at the right moment, with the same confidence with which he looked for fine weather on the day of battle. If he were disappointed he wished nobody to know it.

Bonaparte also played at chess, but very seldom, because he

was only a third-rate player, and he did not like to be beaten at that game, which, I know not why, is said to bear a resemblance to the grand game of war. At this latter game, Bonaparte certainly feared no adversary. This reminds me that when we were leaving Passeriano, he announced his intention of passing through Mantua, he was told that the commandant of that town, I believe General Beauvoir, was a great chess-player, and he expressed a wish to play a game with him. General Beauvoir asked him to point out any particular pawn with which he would be checkmated; adding, that if the pawn were taken, he, Bonaparte, should be declared the winner. Bonaparte pointed out the last pawn on the left of his adversary. A mark was put upon it, and it turned out that he actually was checkmated with that very pawn. Bonaparte was not very well pleased at this. He liked to play with me, because, though rather a better player than himself, I was not always able to beat him. As soon as a game was decided in his favour, he declined playing any longer, preferring to rest on his laurels.

The favourable wind which had constantly prevailed after the first twenty days of our voyage, still continued while we kept along the coast of Sardinia; but after we had passed that island, the wind again blew violently from the west, and on the 1st of October we were forced to enter the gulf of Ajaccio. We sailed again next day; but we found it impossible to work our way out of the gulf. We were therefore obliged to put into the port, and land at Ajaccio. Adverse winds obliged us to remain there until the 7th of October. It may readily be imagined how much this delay annoyed Bonaparte. He sometimes expressed his impatience, as if he could enforce the obedience of the elements, as well as of men. He was losing time, and time was every thing to him.

There was one circumstance which seemed to annoy him as much as any of his more serious vexations. "What will become of me," said he, "if the English, who are cruising hereabout, should learn that I have landed in Corsica? I shall be forced to stay here. That I could never endure. I have a torrent of relations pouring upon me." His great reputation had certainly prodigiously augmented his family. He was overwhelmed with visits, congratulations, and requests. The whole town was in a commotion. Every one of its inhabitants wished to claim him as their cousin; and from the prodigious number of his pretended godsons and goddaughters, it might have been supposed that he had held one-fourth of the children of Ajaccio at the baptismal font.

Bonaparte frequently walked with us in the neighbourhood of Ajaccio; and when in the height of his power, he did not count his crowns with greater pleasure, than he evinced in pointing out to us the little domains of his ancestors.

While we were at Ajaccio, M. Fesch paid Bonaparte French money in exchange for a number of Turkish sequins, amounting in value to seventeen thousand francs. This sum was all that the general brought with him from Egypt. I mention this fact because he was unjustly calumniated in letters written after his departure, and which were intercepted and published by the English. I ought also to add, that as he would never for his own private use, resort to the money-chest of the army, the contents of which were, indeed, never half sufficient to defray the necessary expenses, he several times borrowed from Genoa, and drew upon funds which he had left in Paris. I can bear witness that in Egypt I never saw him touch any money beyond his pay; and that he left the country poorer than he had entered it, is a fact that cannot be denied. In his notes on Egypt, it appears, that in one year twelve millions six hundred thousand francs was received. In this sum were included at least two millions of contributions, which were levied at the expense of many decapitations. Bonaparte was fourteen months in Egypt, and he is said to have brought away with him twenty millions. Calumny may be very gratifying to certain persons, but they should at least give it a colouring of probability. The fact is, that Bonaparte had scarcely enough to maintain himself at Ajaccio, and to defray our posting expenses to Paris.

On our arrival at Ajaccio, we learned the death of Joubert, and the loss of the battle of Novi, which was fought on the 15th of August. Bonaparte was tormented by anxiety; he was in a state of utter uncertainty as to the future. From the time we left Alexandria till our arrival in Corsica, he had frequently talked of what he should do during the quarantine, which he supposed he would be required to observe on reaching Toulon, the port at which he had determined to land.

Even then he cherished some illusions respecting the state of affairs; and he often said to me, "But for that confounded quarantine, I would hasten ashore, and place myself at the head of the army of Italy. All is not over: and I am sure that there is not a general who would refuse me the command. The news of a victory gained by me, would reach Paris as soon as the battle of Aboukir: that, indeed, would be excellent."

In Corsica, his language was very different. When he was informed of our reverses, and saw the full extent of the evil, he was for a moment overwhelmed. His grand projects then gave way to the consideration of matters of minor import, and he thought about his detention in the Lazaretto of Toulon. He spoke of the Directory, of intrigues, and of what would be said of him. He reminded me of the conversation between Lacuée and La Vallette.* He accounted his enemies those who envied him, and those who could not be reconciled to his glory, and the

* See the letter, p. 89.

influence of his name. He sometimes betrayed fears of another kind. Though willing to submit to the urgency of the law, yet the Directory, he thought, would not abridge the period of his stay at the Lazaretto. Amidst all these anxieties, Bonaparte was still himself, though he was not the same as usual.

Providing against every chance of danger, he had purchased at Ajaccio, a boat which was intended to be towed by the Muiron, and it was manned by twelve of the best sailors the island could furnish. His resolution was, in case of inevitable danger, to jump into this boat and get ashore. This precaution had wellnigh proved useful.*

After leaving the gulf of Ajaccio, the voyage was prosperous and undisturbed for one day: but, on the second day, just at sunset, an English squadron of fourteen sail hove in sight. The English, having advantage of the light, which we had in our faces, saw us better than we could see them. They recognised our two frigates as Venetian built; but, luckily for us, night came on, for we were not far apart. We saw the signals of the English for a long time, and heard the report of the guns more and more to our left; and we thought it was the intention of the cruisers to intercept us on the south-east. Under these circumstances, Bonaparte had reason to thank fortune; for it is very evident that had the English suspected our two frigates of coming from the east, and going to France, they would have shut us out from land by running between us and it, which to them was very easy. Probably they took us for a convoy of provisions going from Toulon to Genoa; and it was to this error and the darkness that we were indebted for escaping with no worse consequence than a fright.†

During the remainder of the night, the utmost agitation prevailed on board the Muiron. Gantheaume, especially, was in a state of anxiety which it is impossible to describe, and which it was painful to witness: he was quite beside himself, for a disaster appeared inevitable, He proposed to return to Corsica. "No, no!" replied Bonaparte, imperiously. "No! spread all sail! every man at his post! To the north-west! To the north-west!" This order saved us; and I am enabled to affirm, that in the midst of almost general alarm, Bonaparte was solely occupied in giving orders. The rapidity of his judgment seemed to grow in

* Sir Walter Scott, at the commencement of his Life of Napoleon, says that Bonaparte did not see his native city after 1793. Probably to avoid contradicting himself, the Scottish historian observes that Bonaparte was *near* Ajaccio on his return from Egypt. He spent eight days there.

† Here Bourrienne says in a note, "Where did Sir Walter Scott learn that we were neither seen nor recognised? We were not recognised, but certainly seen." This is corroborated by the testimony of the Duke de Rovigo, who, in his Memoirs, says, "I have met officers of the English navy who assured me that the two frigates had been seen, but were considered by the admiral to belong to his squadron, as they steered their course towards him; and as he knew we had only one frigate in the Mediterranean, and one in Toulon harbour, he was far from supposing that the frigates which he had descried could have General Bonaparte on board."—*Editor.*

the face of danger. The remembrance of that night will never be effaced from my mind. The hours lingered on; and none of us could guess upon what new dangers the morrow's sun would shine.

However, Bonaparte's resolution was taken: his orders were given, his arrangements made. During the evening he had resolved upon throwing himself into the long-boat; he had already fixed on the persons who were to share his fate, and had already named to me the papers which he thought it most important to save. Happily, our terrors were vain and our arrangements useless. By the first rays of the sun, we discovered the English fleet sailing to north-east, and we immediately stood for the wished-for coast of France.

The 8th of October, at eight in the morning, we entered the roads of Frejus. The sailors not having recognised the coast during the night, we did not know where we were. There was, at first, some hesitation whether we should advance. We were by no means expected, and did not know how to answer the signals, which had been changed during our absence. Some guns were even fired upon us by the batteries on the coast; but our bold entry into the roads, the crowd upon the decks of the two frigates, and our signs of joy, speedily banished all doubt of our being friends. We were in the port, and approaching the landing-place, when the rumour spread that Bonaparte was on board one of the frigates. In an instant the sea was covered with boats. In vain we begged them to keep at a distance: we were carried ashore, and when we told the crowd both of men and women who were pressing about us the risk they ran, they all exclaimed, *We prefer the plague to the Austrians!*

What were our feelings when we again set foot on the soil of France, I will not attempt to describe. Our escape from the dangers that threatened us seemed almost miraculous. We had lost twenty days at the beginning of our voyage, and at its close we had been almost touched by an English squadron. Under these circumstances, how rapturously we inhaled the balmy air of Provence. Such was our joy, that we were scarcely sensible to the disheartening news which arrived from all quarters. At the first moment of our arrival, by a spontaneous impulse, we all repeated, with tears in our eyes, the beautiful lines which Voltaire has put into the mouth of the exile of Sicily.

Bonaparte has been reproached with having violated the sanitary laws; but after what I have already stated respecting his intentions, I presume there can remain no doubt of the falsehood of this accusation. All the blame must rest with the inhabitants of Frejus, who, on this occasion found the law of necessity more imperious than the sanitary laws. Yet when it is considered that four or five hundred persons, and a quantity of effects were landed from Alexandria, where the plague had been raging during the summer, it is almost a miracle that France and indeed Europe escaped the scourge.

CHAPTER XXIV.

1799.

Effect produced by Bonaparte's return—His justification—Letter to my wife—Bonaparte's intended dinner at Sens—Louis Bonaparte and Josephine—Fortune and genius—Bonaparte's eagerness for news—He changes his intended route—Melancholy situation of the provinces—Necessity of a change—Bonaparte's ambitious views—Influence of popular applause—What Bonaparte was, and what he might have been—Arrival in Paris—His reception of Josephine—Their reconciliation—Bonaparte's visit to the Directory—His contemptuous treatment of Siéyès.

The effect produced in France and throughout Europe by the mere intelligence of Bonaparte's return, is well known. I shall not yet speak of the vast train of consequences which that event entailed. I must, however, notice some accusations which were brought against him from the time of our landing to the 9th of November. He was reproached for having left Egypt, and it was alleged that his departure was the result of long premeditation. But I, who was constantly with him, am enabled positively to affirm, that his return to France, was merely the effect of a sudden resolution. Of this, the following fact is in itself sufficient evidence:

While we were at Cairo, a few days before we heard of the landing of the Anglo-Turkish fleet, and at the moment when we were on the point of setting off to encamp at the pyramids, Bonaparte despatched a courier to France. I took advantage of this opportunity to write to my wife. I almost bade her an eternal adieu. My letter breathed expressions of grief such as I had not before evinced. I said, among other things, that we knew not when or how it would be possible for us to return to France. If Bonaparte had then entertained any thought of a speedy return, I must have known it; and in that case I should not certainly have distressed my family by a desponding letter, when I had not had an opportunity of writing for seven months before.

Two days after the receipt of my letter, my wife was awoke very early in the morning, to be informed of our arrival in France. The courier who brought this intelligence, was the bearer of a second letter from me, which I had written on board

ship, and dated from Frejus. In this letter, I mentioned that Bonaparte would pass through Sens, and dine with my mother.

In fulfilment of my directions, Madame de Bourrienne set off for Paris at five in the morning. Having passed the first post, she met a berline containing four travellers, among whom she recognised Louis Bonaparte, going to meet the general on the Lyons road. On seeing Madame de Bourrienne, Louis desired the postilion to stop. He drew up to her carriage, and asked her whether she had heard from me? She told him what she knew, and assured him that we should pass through Sens, where the general wished to dine with my mother, who had made every preparation for receiving him. Louis then continued his journey. About nine o'clock my wife met another berline, in which were Madame Bonaparte and her daughter. As they were asleep, and both carriages were driving at a very rapid rate, Madame de Bourrienne did not stop. Josephine followed the route taken by Louis. Both missed the general, who changed his mind at Lyons, and proceeded by the way of Bourbonnais. He arrived fifteen hours after my wife; and those who had taken the Burgundy road, proceeded to Lyons uselessly.

The mention of my letter from Cairo, has led me in some measure to anticipate the progress of events.

But to return to General Bonaparte, who now, after a forty-eight days' voyage, on a sea, beset with enemies, had reached his native land in safety. We often talk of the luck which some people are favoured with, and which accompanies them through life. Without attaching faith to this sort of predestination, when I think of the numerous and various dangers which beset Bonaparte, and from which, in his different enterprises, he escaped, of the risks he ran, the hazards he faced, I can understand how it is that others entertain this belief. But having myself long studied the "man of destiny," I have remarked, that that which he called his fortune, was, in fact, his genius; that his good luck resulted from his keen insight into things; from the calculations he made, rapid as lightning; from the simultaneity of his actions and his conceptions; and from the conviction which he himself cherished, that boldness is often wisdom. If, for example, during the voyage from Alexandria to Frejus, Bonaparte had not imperiously insisted on deviating from the course usually taken; if, at the outset, he had consented to put back to the port of Alexandria; or, towards the end of the voyage, to return to Ajaccio, after he had left it would he have triumphed over the dangers that threatened him? Probably not. And was all this the mere effect of chance? Certainly not.

No sooner had he arrived at Frejus, than Bonaparte, in his anxiety for news, eagerly questioned every person he met

He now ascertained the full extent of our reverses in Italy, which he had already learned in a less detailed way, at Ajaccio. The idea he had conceived, before his landing in Corsica, now entirely vanished from his mind. "The evil is too great," said he; "there is no remedy." This must have been a painful sacrifice; for I shall never forget the boundless delight with which, on the voyage, he pictured to himself the effect that would be produced in Paris by the intelligence of a victory, gained in Italy, at the same moment when the news of the battle of Aboukir should arrive. He delighted in every thing that was calculated to strike the imagination.

Determined to repair, in all haste, to Paris, he left Frejus on the afternoon of the day of our landing. He himself had despatched the courier to Sens, to inform my mother of his intended visit to her; and it was not until he got to Lyons, that he determined to take the road of the Bourbonnais. His reason for doing so will presently be seen. All along the road, at Aix, at Lyons, in every town and village, he was received, as at Frejus, with the most rapturous demonstrations of joy. Only those who witnessed his triumphant journey, can form any notion of it; and it required no great discernment to foresee something like the 18th Brumaire.

The provinces, a prey to anarchy and civil war, were continually threatened with foreign invasion. Almost all the south presented the melancholy spectacle of one vast arena of conflicting factions. The nation groaned beneath the yoke of tyrannical laws; despotism was systematically established; the law of hostages struck a blow at personal liberty, and forced loans menaced every man's property. The generality of the citizens had declared themselves against a pentarchy, devoid of power, justice, and morality, and which had become the sport of faction and intrigue. Disorder was general; but, in the provinces, abuses were felt more sensibly than elsewhere. In great cities it was found more easy to elude the hand of despotism and oppression.

A change so earnestly wished for, could not fail to be realized, and to be received with transport. The majority of the French people longed to be relieved from the situation in which they then stood. There were two dangers to cope with—anarchy and the Bourbons. Every one felt the urgent and indispensable necessity of concentrating the power of the government in a single hand; at the same time maintaining those institutions which the spirit of the age demanded, and which France, after having so dearly purchased, was now about to lose. The country looked for a man who was capable of restoring her to tranquillity; but, as yet, no such man had appeared. A soldier of fortune presented himself, covered with glory; he had planted the standard of France on the capitol and on the pyramids. The whole world acknowledged his superior talent; his charac-

ter, his courage, and his victories, had raised him to the very highest rank. His great works, his gallant actions, his speeches, and his proclamations, ever since he had risen to eminence, left no doubt of his wish to secure happiness and freedom to France, his adopted country. At that critical moment, the necessity of a temporary dictatorship, which sometimes secures the safety of a state, banished all reflections on the consequences of such a power, and nobody seemed to think glory incompatible with personal liberty. All eyes were therefore directed on the general, whose past conduct guaranteed his capability of defending the republic abroad, and liberty at home;—on the general, whom his flatterers, and, indeed, some of his sincere friends, styled, "the *hero of liberal ideas*," the title to which he aspired.

Under every point of view, therefore, he was naturally chosen as the chief of a generous nation, confiding to him her destiny, in preference to a troop of mean and fanatical hypocrites, who, under the names of republicanism and liberty, had reduced France to the most abject slavery.

And could it ever have been believed, that after being raised to the first magistracy, Bonaparte would have employed his power only to trample upon the principles which he had so often proclaimed, and to which he owed his elevation? Could it have been foreseen, that he would supersede, by the most absolute forms of despotism, that constitutional liberty, for which France yearned, and the tranquil enjoyment of which she had long sought to secure, even by fatal means? Yet, true it is, that when his ambition was gratified—when he had sacrificed all to obtain his object—he restored and defended those very principles which he had opposed so energetically on the 13th Vendémiaire and the 18th Brumaire. In spite of that eagle glance, which often enabled him to scan, rapidly and accurately, the most complicated things, he did not perceive, in the ascending progress of his power, that if unfortunate chance should ever place him on the declivity, he would not be supported by national feeling, nor aided by the patriotism which he disavowed and deceived. Could he venture to hope, that in the course of the immense enterprises which filled up his life, fate would never frown upon him for a single moment? Did he not see that when a man is in himself *all*, all must fall with him; and that when the destiny of a nation depends on the winning or losing of a battle, it depends on nothing?

Among the schemes which Bonaparte was incessantly revolving in his mind, may undoubtedly be ranked the project of attaining the head of the French government; but it would be a mistake to suppose, that, on his return from Egypt, he had formed any fixed plan. There was something vague in his ambitious aspirations; and he was, if I may so express myself, fond of building those imaginary edifices, called castles in the

air. The current of events was in accordance with his wishes; and it may truly be said, that the whole French nation smoothed, for Bonaparte, the road which led to power. Certainly, the unanimous plaudits and universal joy which accompanied him along a journey of more than two hundred leagues, must have induced him to regard as a national mission that step which was at first prompted merely by his wish of meddling with the affairs of the republic.

This spontaneous burst of popular feeling, unordered and unpaid for, loudly proclaimed the grievances of the people, and their hope that the man of victory would become their deliverer. The general enthusiasm excited by the return of the conqueror of Egypt, delighted him to a degree which I cannot express; and was, as he has often assured me, a powerful stimulus in urging him to the object to which the wishes of France seemed to direct him.

Among people of all classes and all opinions, an 18th Brumaire was desired and expected. Many royalists even believed that a change would prove favourable to the king. So ready are we to persuade ourselves of the reality of what we wish.

In times of disorder, when all powers are confounded, and nothing can establish a counterpoise, the cleverest, the strongest, and the boldest, may easily oppress the rest. Bonaparte's military superiority over his contemporaries, the ascendancy of his good fortune and glory, and the influence of his name, assisted him at this time, as they did throughout two-thirds of his career.

If, when master of the power which was offered to him, he had followed the principles he previously professed, and for which he had heretofore fought and conquered;—if he had defended, with all the influence of his glory, that liberty, which the nation claimed, and which the age demanded;—if he had rendered France as happy and as free, as he rendered her glorious, posterity could not have refused him the very first place among those great men, at whose side he will be ranged. But not having done for the welfare of mankind what he undertook for his own glory, posterity will judge of him by what he has achieved. He will have full credit for his victories, but not for his conquests, which produced no result, and not one of which he preserved. His claim to the title of one of the greatest captains that ever lived, will be undisputed; but he left France less than when she was intrusted to him, and less than she had been left by Louis XIV. His brilliant campaigns in Italy gave Venice to Austria, and the Ionian Isles to England. His Egyptian expedition gave Malta to the English, destroyed our navy, and cost us twenty-two thousand men. The civil code is the only one of Bonaparte's legislative acts which can be sanctioned by philosophy and reason. All his other laws were null, and rested only on his existence. Did he, either in his character of consul or emperor, contribute to the happiness of France?

Posterity will answer in the negative. Indeed, if we weigh, in one scale, all our victories and all our glory, and in the other, Europe in Paris, and the disgraceful treaty of 1815, with its accessaries and consequences, it will be seen on what side the balance will turn.

The causes which rendered a change necessary, and the motives which made it desirable, are obvious. Intrigue, however, crept into the proceedings of the 18th Brumaire; and if, as it cannot be denied, that day saw the extinction of anarchy and disorder, it also witnessed the extinction of liberty.

As soon as it was suspected that Bonaparte would accept the power offered him, an outcry was raised about a conspiracy against the republic, and measures were sought for preserving it. But necessity, and, indeed, it must be confessed, the general feeling of the people, consigned the execution of those measures to him who was to subvert the republic. On his return to Paris, Bonaparte spoke and acted like a man who felt his own power; he cared neither for flattery, dinners, nor balls—his mind took a higher flight.

We arrived in Paris on the 24th Vendémiaire (the 16th of October). As yet he knew nothing of what was going on; for he had seen neither his wife nor his brothers, who were looking for him on the Burgundy road. The news of our landing at Frejus, had reached Paris by a telegraphic despatch. Madame Bonaparte, who was dining with M. Gohier, when that despatch was communicated to him, as president of the Directory, immediately set off to meet her husband, well knowing how important it was that her first interview with him should not be anticipated by his brothers.

The imprudent communications of Junot, at the Fountains of Messoudiah, will be remembered; but, after the first ebullition of jealous rage, all traces of that feeling had apparently disappeared. Bonaparte, however, was still harassed by secret suspicion; and the painful impressions produced by Junot, were either not entirely effaced, or were revived after our arrival in Paris. We reached the capital before Josephine returned. The recollection of the past, the ill-natured reports of his brothers, and the exaggeration of facts, had irritated Napoleon to the very highest pitch, and he received Josephine with studied coldness, and with an air of the most cruel indifference. He had no communication with her for three days, during which time he frequently spoke to me of suspicions, which his imagination converted into certainty; and threats of divorce escaped his lips with no less vehemence than when we were on the confines of Syria. I took upon me the office of conciliator, which I had before discharged with success. I represented to him the dangers to be apprehended from the publicity and scandal of such an affair; and that the moment when his grand views might possibly be realized, was not the fit time to entertain France

and Europe with the details of a charge of adultery. I spoke to him of Hortense and Eugène, to whom he was much attached. Reflection, seconded by his ardent affection for Josephine, brought about a complete reconciliation. After these three days of conjugal misunderstanding, their happiness was never afterwards disturbed by a similar cause.*

* In speaking of the unexpected arrival of Bonaparte from Egypt, and of the meeting between him and Josephine, Madame Junot says—

"On the 19th Vendémiaire, Josephine set off to meet her husband; but without knowing exactly what road he would take. She thought it likely he would come by the way of Burgundy, and therefore Louis and she set off for Lyons.

"Madame Bonaparte was a prey to great and well-founded uneasiness. Whether she were guilty, or only imprudent, she was strongly accused by the Bonaparte family, who were desirous that Napoleon should obtain a divorce. The elder M. de Caulaincourt stated to us his apprehensions on this point; but whenever the subject was introduced, my mother changed the conversation, because, knowing as she did, the sentiments of the Bonaparte family, she could not reply without either committing them, or having recourse to falsehood. She knew, moreover, the truth of many circumstances which M. de Caulaincourt seemed to doubt, and which her situation with respect to Bonaparte, prevented her from communicating to him.

"Madame Bonaparte committed a great fault in neglecting at this juncture to conciliate her mother-in-law, who might have protected her against those who sought her ruin; and, indeed, effected it nine years later; for the divorce in 1809 was brought about by the joint efforts of all the members of the Bonaparte family, aided by some of Napoleon's most confidential servants, whom Josephine, either as Madame Bonaparte, or as Empress, had done nothing to make her friends.

"Bonaparte on his arrival in Paris, found his house deserted; but his mother, sisters, and sisters-in-law, and, in short, every member of his family, except Louis, who had attended Madame Bonaparte to Lyons, came to him immediately. The impression made upon him by the solitude of his home and its desertion by its mistress, was profound and terrible, and nine years afterwards, when the ties between him and Josephine were severed for ever, he showed that it was not effaced. From not finding her with his family, he inferred that she felt herself unworthy of their presence, and feared to meet the man she had wronged. He considered her journey to Lyons as a mere pretence.

"M. de Bourrienne says, that for some days after Josephine's return, Bonaparte treated her with *extreme coldness*. As he was an eye-witness, why does he not state the whole truth, and say that on her return, Bonaparte *refused to see her, and did not see her?* It was to the earnest entreaties of her children that she owed the recovery, not of her husband's love, for that had long ceased, but of that tenderness, acquired by habit, and that intimate intercourse which made her still retain the rank of consort to the greatest man of his age. Bonaparte was, at this period, much attached to Eugène Beauharnais, who, to do him justice, was a charming youth. He knew less of Hortense; but her youth and sweetness of temper, and the protection of which, as his adopted daughter, she besought him not to deprive her, proved powerful advocates, and overcame his resistance.

"In this delicate negotiation, it was good policy not to bring any other person into play, whatever might be their influence with Bonaparte, and Madame Bonaparte did not, therefore, have recourse either to Barras, Bourrienne, or Berthier. It was expedient that they who interceded for her should be able to say any thing without the possibility of a reply. Now, Bonaparte could not with any degree of propriety explain to such children as Eugène or Hortense, the particulars of their mother's conduct. He was therefore constrained to silence, and had no argument to combat the tears of two innocent creatures at his feet, exclaiming, "Do not abandon our mother; she will break her heart! And ought injustice to take from us poor orphans, whose natural protector the scaffold

On the day after his arrival, Bonaparte visited the directors. The interview was cold. On the 24th of October, he said to me, "I dined yesterday at Gohier's; Siéyès was present, and I pretended not to see him. I observed how much he was enraged at this mark of disrespect."—"But are you sure he is against you?" inquired I.—"I know nothing yet; but he is a systemizing man, and I don't like him." Even at that time Bonaparte had thoughts of getting himself elected a member of the Directory, in the room of Siéyès.

has already deprived us of, the support of one whom Providence has sent to replace him!

"The scene, as Bonaparte has since stated, was long and painful, and the two children, at length, introduced their mother, and placed her in his arms. The unhappy woman had awaited his decision at the door of a small back staircase, extended at almost full length upon the stairs, suffering the acutest pangs of mental torture.

"Whatever might be his wife's errors, Bonaparte appeared entirely to forget them, and the reconciliation was complete. Of all the members of the family, Madame Leclerc was most vexed at the pardon which Napoleon had granted to his wife. Bonaparte's mother was also very ill pleased; but she said nothing. Madame Joseph Bonaparte, who was always very amiable, took no part in these family quarrels; therefore, she could easily determine what part to take when fortune smiled on Josephine. As to Madame Bacciochi, she gave free vent to her ill-humour and disdain; the consequence was, that her sister-in-law could never endure her. Christine, who was a beautiful creature, followed the example of Madame Joseph, and Caroline was so young, that her opinion could have no weight in such an affair. As to Bonaparte's brothers, they were at open war with Josephine."—*Editor.*

CHAPTER XXV.

1799.

Moreau and Bernadotte—Bonaparte's opinion of Bernadotte—False report—The crown of Sweden and the constitution of the year III.—Intrigues of Bonaparte's brothers—Angry conversation between Bonaparte and Bernadotte—Bonaparte's version—Josephine's version—An unexpected visit—The Manège Club—Salicetti and Joseph Bonaparte—Bonaparte invites himself to breakfast with Bernadotte—Country excursion—Bernadotte dines with Bonaparte—The plot and conspiracy—Conduct of Lucien—Dinner given to Bonaparte by the council of Five Hundred—Bonaparte's wish to be chosen a member of the Directory—His reconciliation with Siéyès—Offer made by the Directory to Bonaparte—He is falsely accused by Barras.

To throw a clear light on the course of the great events which will presently be developed, it is necessary to state briefly what intrigues had been hatched, what ambitious hopes had risen up, while we were in Egypt; and finally, all those things which we were so eager to learn on our return home. When

in Egypt, Bonaparte was entirely deprived of any means of knowing what was going on in France; and in our rapid journey from Frejus to Paris, we had no opportunity of collecting much information. Yet it was very important that we should know the real state of affairs, and the sentiments of those whom Bonaparte had counted among his rivals in glory, and whom he might now meet among his rivals in ambition. Moreau's military reputation stood very high, and Bernadotte's firmness appeared inflexible. Generally speaking, Bonaparte might have reckoned among his devoted partisans the companions of his glory in Italy, and also those whom he subsequently denominated "his Egyptians." But brave men had distinguished themselves in the army of the Rhine; and if they did not withhold their admiration from the conqueror of Italy, they felt, at least, more personally interested in the admiration which they lavished on him who had repaired the disaster of Scherer. Besides, it must be borne in mind that a republican spirit prevailed, almost without exception, in the army, and that the Directory appeared to be a government invented expressly to afford patronage to intriguers. All this planted difficulties in our way, and rendered it indispensably necessary that we should know our ground. We had, it is true, been greeted by the fullest measure of popular enthusiasm on our arrival; but this was not enough. We wanted suffrages of a more solid kind.

During the campaign of Egypt, Bernadotte, who was a zealous republican, had been war minister, but he had resigned the portfolio to Dubois-Crancé, three weeks before Bonaparte's return to France. Some partisans of the old minister were endeavouring to get him recalled, and it was very important to Bonaparte's interests that he should prevent the success of this design. I recollect that, on the second day of our arrival, Bonaparte said to me, "I have learned many things; but we shall see what will happen. Bernadotte is a singular man. When he was war minister, Augereau, Salicetti, and some others, informed him that the constitution was in danger, and that it was necessary to get rid of Siéyès, Barras, and Fouché, who were at the head of a plot. What did Bernadotte do? Nothing. He asked for proofs. None could be produced. He asked for powers. Who could grant them? Nobody. He should have taken them; but he would not venture on that. He wavered. He said he could not enter into the sehemes which were proposed to him. He only promised to be silent on condition that they were renounced. Bernadotte is not a help; he is an obstacle. I have heard, from good authority, that a great number of influential persons wished to invest him with extensive power for the public good; but he was obstinate, and would listen to nothing."

After a brief interval of silence, during which Bonaparte rubbed his forehead with his right hand, he thus resumed:—

ENGRAVED BY ROBERT VARLEY. FROM A DRAWING IN INDIA INK BY DAVID, OWNED BY MR. BENJAMIN FILLON. EXHIBITED AT THE TROCADERO IN 1878.

ÉDOUARD-LOUIS-ALEXIS DUBOIS DE CRANCÉ, WHO SHARED WITH CARNOT THE WORK OF REORGANIZING THE FRENCH ARMY.

"I believe I shall have Bernadotte and Moreau against me. But I do not fear Moreau. He is devoid of energy. I know he would prefer military to political power. The promise of the command of an army would gain him over. But Bernadotte has Moorish blood in his veins. He is bold and enterprising. He has been to my brothers. He does not like me, and I am almost certain that he will oppose me. If he should become ambitious, he will venture any thing. And, yet, you recollect in what a lukewarm way he acted on the 18th Fructidor, when I sent him to second Augereau. This devil of a fellow is not to be seduced. He is disinterested and clever. But, after all, we have but just arrived, and know not what may happen."

Bernadotte, it was reported, had advised that Bonaparte should be brought to a court-martial, on the twofold charge of having abandoned his army and violated the sanitary laws. This report came to the ears of Bonaparte; but he refused to believe it, and he was right. Bernadotte thought himself bound to the constitution which he had sworn to defend. Hence, the opposition he manifested to the measures of the 18th Brumaire. But he cherished no personal animosity against Bonaparte as long as he was ignorant of his ambitious designs. The extraordinary and complicated nature of subsequent events have rendered his possession of the crown of Sweden no way incompatible with his fidelity to the constitution of the year III.

On our first arrival in Paris, though I was almost constantly with the general, yet, as our routine of occupation was not yet settled, I was enabled, now and then, to snatch an hour or two from business. This leisure time I spent in the society of my family and a few friends, and in collecting information as to what had happened during our absence, for which purpose I consulted old newspapers and pamphlets. I was not surprised to learn that Bonaparte's brothers—that is to say, Joseph and Lucien—had been engaged in many intrigues. I was told that Siéyès had, for a moment, thought of calling the Duke of Brunswick to the head of the government; that Barras would not have been very averse to favouring the return of the Bourbons; and that Moulins, Roger Ducos, and Gohier, alone believed, or affected to believe, in the possibility of preserving the existing form of government. From what I heard at the time, I have good reasons for believing that Joseph and Lucien made all sorts of endeavours to inveigle Bernadotte into their brother's party, and in the hope of accomplishing that object, they had assisted in getting him appointed war minister. However, I cannot vouch for the truth of this. I was told that Bernadotte had at first submitted to the influence of Bonaparte's two brothers; but that their urgent interference in their client's behalf induced him to shake them off, to proceed freely in the

exercise of his duties, and to open the eyes of the Directory on what the republic might have to apprehend from the enterprising character of Bonaparte. It is certain that what I have to relate respecting the conduct of Bernadotte to Bonaparte is calculated to give credit to these assertions.

All the generals who were in Paris, with the exception of Bernadotte, had visited Bonaparte, during the first three days which succeeded his arrival. Bernadotte's absence was the more remarkable, because he had served under Bonaparte in Italy. It was not until a fortnight had elapsed, and then only on the reiterated entreaties of Joseph and Madame Joseph Bonaparte (his sister-in-law), that he determined to go and see his old general-in-chief. I was not present at their interview, being at that moment occupied in the little cabinet of the Rue Chantereine. But I soon discovered that their conversation had been warm; for, as soon as it was ended, Bonaparte entered the cabinet exceedingly agitated, and said to me, "Bourrienne, how do you think Bernadotte has behaved? You travelled with me from Frejus;—you witnessed the enthusiasm which my return excited;—you yourself told me that you saw in that enthusiasm the desire of the French people to be relieved from the disastrous position in which our reverses have placed them. Well! would you believe it? Bernadotte boasts, with ridiculous exaggeration, of the brilliant and victorious situation of France! He talks about the defeat of the Russians, the occupation of Genoa, the innumerable armies that are rising up every where. In short, I know not what nonsense he has got in his head."—"What can all this mean?" said I, "Did he speak about Egypt?"—"Oh! yes. Now you remind me. He actually reproached me for not having brought the army back with me.—'But,' observed I, 'have you not just told me that you are absolutely overrun with troops; that all your frontiers are secure, that immense levies are going on, and that you will have two hundred thousand infantry?—If this be true, what do you want with a few thousand men, who may ensure the preservation of Egypt?' He could make no answer to this. But he is quite elated by the honour of having been war minister; and he told me boldly that he looked upon the army of Egypt as lost. Nay, more. He made insinuations. He spoke of enemies abroad and enemies at home; and as he uttered these last words, he looked significantly at me. I, too, gave him a glance! But stay a little. The pear will soon be ripe! You know Josephine's grace and address. She was present. The scrutinizing glance of Bernadotte did not escape her, and she adroitly turned the conversation. Bernadotte saw from my countenance that I had had enough of it, and he took his leave. But, don't let me interrupt you further. I am going back to speak to Josephine."

I must confess that this strange story made me very impatient

to find myself alone with Madame Bonaparte, for I wished to hear her account of the scene. An opportunity occurred that very evening. I repeated to her what I had heard from the general, and all that she told me tended to confirm its accuracy. She added that Bernadotte seemed to take the utmost pains to exhibit to the general a flattering picture of the prosperity of France; and she reported to me, as follows, that part of the conversation which was peculiarly calculated to irritate Bonaparte: "'I do not despair of the safety of the republic, which, I am certain, will triumph over her enemies, both abroad and at home.' As Bernadotte uttered these last words," continued Josephine, "his glance made me shudder. One word more and Bonaparte could have commanded himself no longer. It is true," added she, "that it was in some degree his own fault, for it was he who turned the conversation on politics; and Bernadotte, in describing the flourishing condition of France, was only replying to the general, who had drawn a very opposite picture of the state of things. You know, my dear Bourrienne, that Bonaparte is not always very prudent. I fear he has said too much to Bernadotte about the necessity of changes in the government." Josephine had not yet recovered from the agitation into which this violent scene had thrown her. After I took leave of her I made notes of what she had told me.

A few days after, when Bonaparte, Josephine, Hortense, Eugène, and I, were together in the drawing-room, Bernadotte unexpectedly entered. His appearance, after what had passed, was calculated to surprise us. He was accompanied by a person whom he requested permission to introduce to Bonaparte. I have forgotten his name, but he was, I think, secretary-general while Bernadotte was in office. Bonaparte, betrayed no appearance of astonishment. He received Bernadotte with perfect ease, and they soon entered into conversation. Bonaparte, who seemed to acquire confidence from the presence of those who were about him, said a great deal about the agitation which prevailed among the republicans, and expressed himself in very decided terms against the Manège Club. I seconded him by observing that M. Moreau de Worms, of my department, who was a member of that club, had himself complained to me of the violence that prevailed in it. "But, general," said Bernadotte, "your brothers were its most active originators. Yet," added he in a tone of firmness, "if you accuse me of having favoured that club, I repel the charge. It cannot be otherwise than false. When I came into office I found every thing in the greatest disorder. I had no leisure to think about any club to which my duties did not call me. You know well that your friend Salicetti, and that your brother, who is in your confidence, are both leading men in the Manège Club. To the instructions of *I know not whom*, is to be attributed the violence of which you complain." At these words, and especially the tone in which Bernadotte uttered *I know not*

whom, Bonaparte could no longer restrain himself. "Well, general," exclaimed he, furiously, "I tell you plainly, I would rather live wild in the woods, than in a state of society which affords no security."—Bernadotte then said, with great dignity of manner—"Heavens! General, what security would you have?" From the warmth evinced by Bonaparte, I saw plainly that the conversation would soon be converted into a dispute, and in a whisper I requested Madame Bonaparte to change the conversation, which she immediately did, by addressing a question to some one present. Bernadotte, observing Madame Bonaparte's design, checked his warmth. The subject of conversation was changed, and it became general. Bernadotte soon took up his hat and departed.

One morning, when I entered Bonaparte's chamber—it was, I believe, three or four days after the second visit of Bernadotte—he said,

"Well, Bourrienne, I wager you will not guess with whom I am going to breakfast this morning?"—"Really, general, I ——" "With Bernadotte; and the best of the joke is, that I have invited myself. You would have seen how it was all brought about if you had been with us at the Theatre Français, yesterday evening. You know we are going to visit Joseph to-day, at Mortfontaine. Well, as we were coming out of the theatre, last night, finding myself side by side with Bernadotte, and not knowing what to talk about, I asked him whether he was to be of our party to-day? He replied in the affirmative; and as we were passing his house in the Rue Cisalpine, I told him, without any ceremony, that I should be happy to come and take a cup of coffee with him this morning. He seemed pleased. What do you think of that, Bourrienne?"—"Why, general, I hope you may have reason, on your part, to be pleased with him."—"Never fear, never fear. I know what I am about. This will compromise him with Gohier. Remember, you must always meet your enemies with a good face, otherwise they think they are feared, and that gives them confidence."

Bonaparte stepped into the carriage with Josephine, who was always ready when she had to go out with him, for he did not like to wait. They proceeded first to Bernadotte's to breakfast, and from thence to Mortfontaine. On his return, Bonaparte told me very little about what had passed during the day, and I could see that he was not in the best of humours. I afterwards learned that Bonaparte had conversed a good deal with Bernadotte, and that he had made every effort to render himself agreeable, which he very well knew how to do, when he chose; but that, in spite of all his conversational talent, and supported as he was by the presence of his three brothers, and Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely, he could not withstand the republican firmness of Bernadotte. However, the number of his partisans daily augmented; for all had not the uncompromising spirit of

Bernadotte; and it will soon be seen, that Moreau himself undertook the guard of the directors who were made prisoners on the 18th Brumaire.

Bernadotte's shrewd penetration made him one of the first to see clearly into Bonaparte's designs. He was well convinced of his determination to overthrow the constitution, and possess himself of power. He saw the Directory divided into two parties; the one, duped by the promises and assurances of Bonaparte, and the other conniving with him for the accomplishment of his plans. In these circumstances, Bernadotte offered his services to all persons connected with the government, who, like himself, were averse to the change which he saw good reason to apprehend. But Bonaparte was not the man to be outdone in cunning or activity; and every moment swelled the ranks of his adherents.

On the 16th Brumaire I dined in the Rue de la Victoire. Bernadotte was present, and, I believe, General Jourdan also. While the grand conspiracy was hastening to its accomplishment, Madame Bonaparte and I had contrived a little plot of a more innocent kind. We let no one into our secret, and our 16th Brumaire was crowned with complete success. We had agreed to be on the alert, to prevent any fresh exchange of angry words. All succeeded to the utmost of our wishes. The conversation was rather dull during dinner; but it was not dulness that we were afraid of. It turned on the subject of war, and in that vast field Bonaparte's superiority over his interlocutors was nde niable.

When we retired to the drawing-room, a great number of evening visiters poured in, and the conversation then became animated, and even gay. Bonaparte was in high spirits. He said to some one, smiling, and pointing to Bernadotte, "You are not aware that the general yonder is a Chouan."—"A Chouan," repeated Bernadotte, also in a tone of pleasantry, "Ah! general, you contradict yourself. Only the other day you taxed me with favouring the violence of the friends of the republic, and now you accuse me of protecting the Chouans. You should, at least, be consistent." A few moments after, availing himself of the confusion occasioned by the throng of visiters, Bernadotte slipped off.

As a mark of respect to Bonaparte, the council of Five Hundred appointed Lucien its president. The event proved how important this nomination was to Napoleon. Up to the 19th Brumaire, and especially on that day, Lucien evinced a degree of activity, intelligence, courage, and presence of mind, which are rarely found united in one individual. I have no hesitation in stating, that, to Lucien's nomination and exertions, must be attributed the success of the 19th Brumaire.

The general had laid down a plan of conduct, from which he never deviated during the twenty-three days which intervened

CHAPTER XXVI.

1799.

Cambacérès and Lebrun—Gohier deceived—My nocturnal visit to Barras—The command of the army given to Bonaparte—The morning of the 18th Brumaire—Meeting of the generals at Bonaparte's house—Bernadotte's firmness Josephine's interest for Madame Gohier—Disappointment of the directors—Review in the gardens of the Tuileries—Bonaparte's harangue—Proclamation of the ancients—Dialogue circulated in Paris—Proclamation to the inhabitants of Paris—Moreau, jailer of the Luxembourg—My conversation with La Vallette—Bonaparte at Saint Cloud.

THE parts in the great drama which was shortly to be enacted, were well distributed. During the three days preceding the 18th Brumaire, every one was at his post. Lucien, with equal activity and intelligence, forwarded the conspiracy in the two councils; Siéyès had the management of the Directory; Real, under the instructions of Fouché, negotiated with the departments, and dexterously managed, without comprising Fouché, to ruin those from whom that minister had received his power. There was no time to lose; and Fouché said to me, on the 14th Brumaire, "Tell your general to be speedy; if he delays, he is lost."

On the 17th, Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely told Bonaparte that the overtures made to Cambacérès and Lebrun had not been received in a very decided way. "I will have no tergiversation," replied Bonaparte, with warmth. "Let them not flatter themselves that I stand in need of them. They must decide to-day; to-morrow will be too late. I feel myself strong enough now to stand alone."

Cambacérès and Lebrun were almost utter strangers to the intrigues which preceded the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte had cast his eyes on the minister of justice to be one of his colleagues, when he should be at liberty to name them, because his previous conduct had pledged him as a partisan of the revolution. To him Bonaparte added Lebrun, to counterbalance the first choice. Lebrun was distinguished for honourable conduct and moderate principles. By selecting these two men, Bonaparte hoped to please every one: besides, neither of them

THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHOT IN THE LOUVRE. ENGRAVED BY PETER

BONAPARTE AT THE COUNCIL OF THE FIVE HUNDRED AT ST. CLOUD, NOVEMBER 10, 1799 (19TH BRUMAIRE)

were able to contend against his fixed determination and ambitious views.

What low intrigues marked the 17th Brumaire! On that day I dined with Bonaparte; and after dinner he said, "I have promised to dine to-morrow with Gohier; but, as you may readily suppose, I do not intend going. However, I am very sorry for his obstinacy. By way of restoring his confidence, Josephine is going to invite him to breakfast with us to-morrow. It will be impossible for him to suspect any thing. I saw Barras this morning, and left him much disturbed. He asked me to return and visit him to-night. I promised to do so, but I shall not go. To-morrow all will be over. There is but little time; he expects me at eleven o'clock to-night. You shall therefore take my carriage, go there, send in my name, and then enter yourself. Tell him that a severe headache confines me to my bed, but that I will be with him without fail to-morrow. Bid him not be alarmed, for all will soon be right again. Elude his questions as much as possible; do not stay long, and come to me on your return."

At precisely eleven o'clock, I reached the residence of Barras, in General Bonaparte's carriage. Solitude and silence prevailed in all the apartments through which I passed to Barras's cabinet. Bonaparte was announced, and when Barras saw me enter instead of him, he manifested the greatest astonishment, and appeared much cast down. It was easy to perceive that he looked on himself as a lost man. I executed my commission, and stayed only a short time. I rose to take my leave, and he said, while showing me out, "I see that Bonaparte is deceiving me: he will not come again. He has settled every thing; yet to me he owes all." I repeated that he would certainly come to-morrow, but he shook his head, in a way which plainly denoted that he did not believe me. When I gave Bonaparte an account of my visit, he appeared much pleased. He told me that Joseph was going to call that evening on Bernadotte, and to ask him to come to-morrow. I replied, that, from all I knew, he would be of no use to him. "I believe so too," said he; "but he can no longer injure me, and that is enough. Well, good night; be here at seven in the morning." It was then one o'clock.

I was with him a little before seven o'clock on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, and on my arrival I found a great number of generals and officers assembled. I entered Bonaparte's chamber and found him already up—a thing rather unusual with him. At this moment he was as calm as on the approach of a battle. In a few moments, Joseph and Bernadotte arrived. Joseph had not found him at home on the preceding evening, and had called for him that morning. I was surprised to see Bernadotte in plain clothes, and I stepped up to him and said, in a low voice, "General, every one here, except you and I, are

in uniform."—"Why should I be in uniform?" said he. As he uttered these words, Bonaparte, struck with the same surprise as myself, stopped short while speaking to several persons around him, and turning quickly towards Bernadotte, said, "How is this? you are not in uniform!"—"I never am on a morning when I am not on duty;" replied Bernadotte. "You will be on duty presently."—"I have not heard a word of it: I should have received my orders sooner."

Bonaparte then led Bernadotte into an adjoining room. Their conversation was not long, for there was not time to spare.

On the other hand, by the influence of the principal conspirators, the removal of the legislative body to St. Cloud was determined on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, and the command of the army was given to Bonaparte.

All this time Barras was, no doubt, waiting for Bonaparte. and Madame Bonaparte was expecting Gohier to breakfast, At Bonaparte's were assembled all the generals who were devoted to him. I never saw so great a number before in the Rue de la Victoire. They were all, except Bernadotte, in full uniform; and there were, besides, half a dozen persons there, initiated in the secrets of the day. The little hotel of the conqueror of Italy was much too small for such an assemblage, and several persons were standing in the courtyard. Bonaparte was acquainted with the decree of the council of Ancients, and only waited for its being brought to him, before he should mount his horse. That decree was adopted in the council of Ancients, by what may be called a false majority, for the members of the council were summoned at different hours, and it was so contrived, that sixty or eighty of them, whom Lucien and his friends had not been able to gain over, should not receive their notices in time.

As soon as the message from the council of Ancients arrived, Bonaparte requested all the officers at his house to follow him. At that announcement, a few, who were in ignorance of what was going on, did not follow—at least, I saw two groups separately leave the hotel. Bernadotte said to me, "I shall stay with you." I perceived there was a good deal of suspicion about him. Bonaparte, before going down the stairs which led from the small round dining-room into the courtyard, returned quickly to bid Bernadotte follow him. He would not, and Bonaparte then said to me, while hurrying off, "Gohier is not come—so much the worse for him," and leaped on his horse. Scarcely was he off, when Bernadotte left me. Josephine and I being now left alone, she acquainted me with her anxiety. I assured her that every thing had been so well prepared, that success was certain. She felt much interest about Gohier, on account of her friendship for his wife. She asked me whether I was well acquainted with Gohier?—"You know, Madame," replied I, "that we have been only twenty days in Paris, and that during that time I have scarcely gone any where. I have

MOREAU.

From an engraving by Elizabeth G. Herhan, after Guérin.

Paris, 1799.

seen M. Gohier several times, when he came to visit the general, and have talked to him about the situation of our affairs in Switzerland, Holland, France, and other political matters, but I never exchanged a word with him as to what is now going on. This is the whole extent of acquaintance with him."

"I am sorry for it," resumed Josephine, "because I should have asked you to write to him, and beg him to make no stir, but imitate Siéyès and Roger, who will voluntarily retire, and not to join Barras, who is probably at this very moment forced to do so. Bonaparte has told me, that if Gohier voluntarily resigns, he will do every thing for him." I believe Josephine communicated directly with the president of the Directory, through a friend of Madame Gohier's.

Gohier and Moulins, no longer depending on Siéyès and Roger-Ducos, waited for their colleague, Barras, in the hall of the Directory, to adopt some measure on the decree for removing the councils to Saint Cloud. But they were disappointed; for Barras, whose eyes had been opened by my visit on the preceding night, did not join them. He had been invisible to his colleagues from the moment that Bruix and M. de Talleyrand had informed him of the reality of what he already suspected, and insisted on his retirement.

On the 18th Brumaire, a great number of military, amounting to about 10,000 men, were assembled in the gardens of the Tuileries, and were reviewed by Bonaparte, accompanied by Generals Bournonville, Moreau, and Macdonald. Bonaparte read the decree of the council of Ancients, by which the legislative body was removed to St. Cloud, and by which he himself was intrusted with the execution of that decree, and appointed to the command of all the military force in Paris.

He then delivered the following address to the troops:

Soldiers,

The extraordinary decree of the council of Ancients, which is conformable to the articles 102 and 103 of the constitution, has appointed me to the command of the city and the army.

I accept that appointment with the view of seconding the measures which the council is about to adopt, and which are entirely favourable to the people.

The republic has been badly governed for two years past. You hoped that my return would put an end to the evil. You have celebrated that return in a way which imposes on me duties which I am ready to perform. You will also perform your duty, and second your general with the energy, firmness, and confidence you have always manifested.

Liberty, victory, and peace, will restore the French republic to the rank it has occupied in Europe, and which it could have lost only by folly and treason.

Whilst Bonaparte was thus haranguing the soldiers, the council of Ancients published an address to the French people, in

which it was declared, that the seat of the legislative body was changed, in order to put down the factions, whose object was to control the national representation.

A dialogue on the affairs of the day was posted up at the doors of the councils, and distributed in great numbers in the reading-rooms. I quote a part of it, for it is curious to know, at the present time, what words were then put into the mouth of Bonaparte.

The Member of the Five Hundred.—Between ourselves, my friend, I am afraid of the interference of Bonaparte in this affair. His reputation, his influence, the just confidence which the soldiers place in his talents, and, above all, his talent itself, may give him a most formidable ascendancy over the destinies of the republic. Shall the fate of liberty depend on him? If he prove a Cæsar! a Cromwell!

The Member of the Ancients.—A Cæsar! a Cromwell! Bad, worn out characters, unworthy of a man of sense, even if they were not unworthy of an honest man. "It would be a sacrilegious thought," said Bonaparte himself, at one time, "to make any attempt against a representative government in the present age of knowledge and liberty. He would be a mere fool," he said, at another time, "who would wantonly stake the republic against European royalty, after having contended for it with so much glory and peril."

On the 18th Brumaire, Bonaparte caused the following proclamation to be printed, and posted about Paris. He was so certain of what the council of Ancients would do, that he had dictated it to me before the decree mentioned in it was passed:

CITIZENS,

The council of Ancients, the depositary of the national wisdom, has just issued the annexed decree, which is authorized by Art. 102 and 103 of the constitution.

I am directed to take measures for the protection of the national representation. Its removal is necessary and urgent. The legislative body is competent to extricate the representative body from the danger into which the disorganization of all departments of the government is hurrying us.

On this important occasion, the union and the confidence of all true patriots is necessary. Rally round the council. That is the only means of establishing the republic on the bases of civil liberty, internal happiness, victory, and peace.

While all this was passing abroad, I was at the general's house in the Rue de la Victoire; which I never left during the whole day. Madame Bonaparte and I were not without anxiety in Bonaparte's absence. I learned from Josephine, that Joseph's wife had received a visit from Adjutant-General Rapatel, who had been sent by Bonaparte and Moreau to bring her husband to the Tuileries. Joseph was from home at the time, and so the message was useless. This circumstance, however, awakened hopes, which we had scarcely dared to entertain. Moreau was

then in accordance with Bonaparte, for Rapatel was sent in the name of both generals. This alliance, so long despaired of, appeared to augur favourably. It was one of Bonaparte's happy strokes. Moreau, who was a slave to military discipline, regarded his successful rival only as a chief nominated by the council of Ancients. He received his orders and obeyed them. Bonaparte appointed him commander of the guard of the Luxembourg, where the directors were under confinement. He accepted the command, and no circumstance could have contributed more effectually to the accomplishment of Bonaparte's views, and to the triumph of his ambition.

At length Bonaparte, whom we had impatiently expected, returned. Almost every thing had gone well with him, for he had had only to do with soldiers. In the evening he said to me, "I am sure that the committee of inspectors of the hall are at this very moment engaged in settling what is to be done at St. Cloud to-morrow. It is better to let them decide the matter, for by that means their vanity is flattered. I will obey orders which I have myself concerted." What Bonaparte was speaking of, had been arranged nearly two or three days previously. The committee of inspectors was under the influence of the principal conspirators.

In the evening of this anxious day, which was destined to be succeeded by a stormy morrow, Bonaparte, pleased with having gained over Moreau, spoke to me of Bernadotte's visit in the morning. "I saw," said he, "that you were as much astonished as I at Bernadotte's behaviour. A general out of uniform! He might as well have come in slippers. Do you know what passed when I took him aside? I told him all; I thought that the best way. I assured him that his Directory was hated, and his constitution worn out; that it was necessary to turn them all off, and give another impulse to the government. 'Go and put on your uniform,' said I: 'I cannot wait for you long. You will find me at the Tuileries, with the rest of our comrades. Do not depend on Moreau, Bournonville, or the generals of your party. When you know them better, you will find that they promise much, but perform little. Do not trust them.' Bernadotte then said, that he would not take part in what he called a rebellion. A rebellion! Bourrienne, only think of that. A set of imbeciles, who from morning to night do nothing but debate in their little clubs! But all was in vain. I could not move Bernadotte. He is a bar of iron. I asked him to give me his word that he would do nothing against me—what do you think was his answer?"—"Something unpleasant, no doubt."—"Unpleasant! that is too mild a word. He said, 'I will remain quiet as a citizen; but if the Directory order me to act, I will march against all disturbers.' But I can laugh at all that now. My measures are taken, and he will have no command. However, I set him at ease as to

what would take place. I flattered him with a picture of private life, the pleasures of the country, and the charms of Malmaison; and I left him with his head full of pastoral dreams. In a word, I am very well satisfied with my day's work. Good night, Bourrienne; we shall see what will turn up to-morrow."

On the 19th I went to St. Cloud with my friend, La Vallette. As we passed the Place Louis XV., now Louis XVI., he asked me what was doing, and what my opinion was as to the coming events? Without entering into any detail, I replied, "My friend, either we shall sleep to-morrow at the Luxembourg, or there will be an end of us." Who could tell which of the two things would happen! Success legalized a bold enterprise, which the slightest accident might have changed into a crime.

The sitting of the Ancients, under the presidency of Lemercier, commenced at one o'clock. A warm discussion took place upon the situation of affairs, the resignation of the members of the Directory, and the immediate election of others. Great heat and agitation prevailed during the debate. Intelligence was every minute carried to Bonaparte of what was going forward, and he determined to enter the hall and take part in the discussion. He entered in a hasty and angry way, which did not give me a favourable foreboding of what he was about to say. We passed through a narrow passage to the centre of the hall; our backs were turned to the door. Bonaparte had the president to his right. He could not see him full in the face. I was close to the general on his right. Berthier was at his left.

All the speeches which have been subsequently passed off as having been delivered by Bonaparte on this occasion, differ from each other; as well they may, for he delivered none, unless his confused answers to the president, which were alike devoid of dignity and sense, are to be called a speech. He talked of his "brothers in arms," and the "frankness of a soldier." The questions of the president followed each other rapidly: they were clear; but it is impossible to conceive any thing more confused or worse delivered than the ambiguous and perplexed replies of Bonaparte. He talked without end of "volcanoes, secret agitations, victories, a violated constitution!" He blamed the proceedings of the 18th Fructidor, of which he was the first promoter, and the most powerful supporter. He pretended to be ignorant of every thing until the council of Ancients had called him to the aid of his country. Then came "Cæsar—Cromwell—tyrant!" and he several times repeated, "I have nothing more to say to you!" though, in fact, he had said nothing. He alleged that he had been called to assume the supreme authority, on his return from Italy, by the desire of the nation, and afterwards by his comrades in arms. Next followed the words "liberty—equality!" though it was evident he had not come to St. Cloud for the sake of either. No sooner

did he utter these words, than a member of the Ancients, named, I think, Linglet, interrupting him, exclaimed, "You forget the constitution!" His countenance immediately lighted up; yet nothing could be distinguished but "The 18th Fructidor—the 30th Prairial—hypocrites—intriguers—I will disclose all!—I will resign my power, when the danger which threatens the republic shall have passed away!"

Bonaparte, believing all his assertions to be admitted as proved, assumed a little confidence, and accused the two directors, Barras and Moulins, "of having proposed to put him at the head of a party whose object was to oppose all men professing liberal ideas."

At these words, the falsehood of which was odious, a great tumult arose in the hall. A general committee was loudly called for, to hear the disclosures. "No, no!" exclaimed others, "no general committee! Conspirators have been denounced: it is right that France should know all!"

Bonaparte was then required to enter into the particulars of his accusation against Barras and Moulins, and of the proposals which had been made to him: "You must no longer conceal any thing."

Embarrassed by these interruptions and interrogatories, Bonaparte believed that he was completely lost. Instead of giving an explanation of what he had said, he began to make fresh accusations; and against whom? The council of Five Hundred, who, he said, wished for "scaffolds, revolutionary committees, and a complete overthrow of every thing."

Violent murmurs arose, and his language became more and more incoherent and inconsequential. He addressed himself at one moment to the representatives of the people, who were quite overcome by astonishment: at another, to the military in the courtyard, who could not hear him. Then, by an unaccountable transition, he spoke of "the thunderbolts of war!" and added, that he was "attended by the God of war and the God of fortune."

The president, with great calmness, told him that he saw nothing, absolutely nothing, upon which the council could deliberate; that there was vagueness in all he had said. "Explain yourself; reveal the plot in which you say you were urged to join."

Bonaparte repeated again the same things. But only those who were present can form any idea of his manner. There was not the slightest connexion in what he stammered out. Bonaparte was no orator. It may well be supposed that he was more accustomed to the din of war than to the discussions of the tribunes. He was more at home before a battery than before a president's chair.

Perceiving the bad effect which this unconnected babbling produced on the assembly, as well as the embarrassment of

Bonaparte, I said, in a low voice, pulling him gently by the skirt of his coat, "Withdraw, general; you know not what you are saying." I made signs to Berthier, who was on his left, to second me in persuading him to leave the hall; and, all at once, after having stammered out a few more words, he turned round, exclaiming, "Let those who love me follow me!" The sentinels at the door offered no opposition to his passing. The person who went before him quietly drew aside the tapestry which concealed the door, and General Bonaparte leaped upon his horse, which stood in the courtyard. It is hard to say what would have happened, if, on seeing the general retire, the president had said, "Grenadiers, let no one pass!" Probably, instead of sleeping next day at the Luxembourg, he might have ended his career on the Place de la Révolution!

CHAPTER XXVII.

1799.

The two councils—Barras's letter—Bonaparte at the council of Five Hundred—False reports—Tumultuous sitting—Lucien's speech—He resigns the presidency of the council of Five Hundred—He is carried out by grenadiers—He harangues the troops—A dramatic scene—Murat and his soldiers drive out the Five Hundred—Council of Thirty—Consular commission—Decree—Return to Paris—Conversation with Bonaparte and Josephine respecting Gohier and Bernadotte—Intercepted letter of the directors Gohier and Moulins to the Ancients.

The scene which occurred at the sitting of the council of the Ancients was very different from that which passed outside. Bonaparte had scarcely reached the courtyard, and mounted his horse, when cries of *Vive Bonaparte!* resounded on all sides. But this was only a sunbeam between two storms. He had yet to brave the council of Five Hundred, which was far more excited than the council of Ancients. Every thing tended to create a dreadful uncertainty; but it was too late to draw back. We had already played deeply. The game was desperate, and every thing was to be ventured. In a few hours all would be determined.

Our apprehensions were not without foundation. In the council of Five Hundred agitation was at its height. The most serious alarm marked its deliberations. It had been determined to announce to the Directory the installation of the councils, and to inquire of the council of Ancients their reasons for resolving on an extraordinary convocation. But the Directory no longer existed. Siéyès and Roger-Ducos had joined Bonaparte's

party. Gohier and Moulins were prisoners in the Luxembourg, and in the custody of General Moreau; and at the very moment when the council of Five Hundred had drawn up a message to the Directory, the council of Ancients transmitted to them the following letter, received from Barras. This letter, which was addressed to the council of Ancients, was immediately read by Lucien Bonaparte, who was president of the council of Five Hundred.

Citizen President,

Having entered into public affairs, solely from my love of liberty, I consented to share the first magistracy of the state, only that I might be able to defend it in danger; to protect against their enemies the patriots, compromised in its cause; and to ensure to the defenders of their country that attention to their interests, which no one was more calculated to feel than a citizen, long the witness of their heroic virtues, and always sensible to their wants.

The glory which accompanies the return of the illustrious warrior to whom I had the honour of opening the path of glory, the striking marks of confidence given him by the legislative body, and the decree of the National Convention, convinces me that, to whatever post he may henceforth be called, the dangers of liberty will be averted, and the interests of the army ensured.

I cheerfully return to the rank of a private citizen: happy, after so many storms, to resign, unimpaired, and even more glorious than ever, the destiny of the republic, which has been, in part, committed to my care.

Barras.

This letter occasioned a great sensation in the council of Five Hundred. A second reading was called for, and a question was started, whether the retirement was legal, or was the result of intrigue, and of the influence of Bonaparte's agents;—whether to believe Barras, who declared the dangers of liberty averted, or the decree for the removal of the legislative corps, which was passed and executed under the pretext of the existence of imminent peril? At that moment, Bonaparte appeared, followed by a party of grenadiers, who remained at the entrance of the hall.

I did not accompany him to the council of Five Hundred. He had directed me to send off an express to ease the apprehensions of Josephine, and to assure her that every thing would go well. It was some time before I joined him again.

However, without speaking as positively as if I had myself been an eyewitness of the scene, I do not hesitate to declare, that all that has been said about assaults and poniards is pure invention. I am bound to rely on what was told me, on the very night, by persons well worthy of credit, and who were witnesses of all that passed.

As to what passed at the sitting, the accounts, given both at the time and since, have varied according to opinions. Some have alleged that unanimous cries of indignation were excited by the appearance of the military. From all parts of the hall

resounded, "The sanctuary of the laws is violated. Down with the tyrant!—down with Cromwell!—down with the Dictator!" Bonaparte stammered out a few words, as he had done before the council of Ancients, but his voice was immediately drowned by cries of "Vive la République!" "Vive la Constitution!" "Outlaw the Dictator!" The grenadiers are then said to have rushed forward, exclaiming, "Let us save our general!" at which, indignation reached its height, and cries, even more violent than ever, were raised;—that Bonaparte falling insensible into the arms of the grenadiers, said, "They mean to assassinate me!" All that regards the exclamations and threats, I believe to be correct; but I rank with the story of the poniards, the assertion of the members of the Five Hundred being provided with fire-arms, and the grenadiers rushing into the hall; because Bonaparte never mentioned a word of any thing of the sort to me, either on the way home, or when I was with him in his chamber. Neither did he say any thing on the subject to his wife, who had been extremely agitated by the different reports which reached her.

After Bonaparte left the council of Five Hundred, the deliberations were continued with great violence. The excitement caused by the appearance of Bonaparte was nothing like subsided when propositions of the most furious nature were made. The president, Lucien, did all in his power to restore tranquillity. As soon as he could make himself heard, he said, "The scene which has just taken place in the council proves what are the sentiments of all;—sentiments which I declare are also mine. It was, however, natural to believe that the general had no other object than to render an account of the situation of affairs, and of something interesting to the public. But I think none of you can suppose him capable of projects hostile to liberty."

Each sentence of Lucien's address was interrupted by cries of "Bonaparte has tarnished his glory! He is a disgrace to the republic!"

Lucien made fresh efforts to be heard, and wished to be allowed to address the assembly as a member of the council, and for that purpose resigned the presidentship to Chasal. He begged that the general might be introduced again, and heard with calmness. But this proposition was furiously opposed. Exclamations of "Outlaw Bonaparte! outlaw him!" rang through the assembly, and were the only reply given to the president. Lucien, who had reassumed the president's chair, left it a second time, that he might not be constrained to put the question of outlawry demanded against his brother. Braving the displeasure of the assembly, he mounted the tribune, resigned the presidentship, renounced his seat as a deputy, and threw aside his robes.

Just as Lucien left the council, I entered. Bonaparte, who was well informed of all that was passing, had sent in soldiers to the assistance of his brother; they carried him off from the

midst of the council, and Bonaparte thought it a matter of no little importance to have with him the president of an assembly, which he treated as rebellious. Lucien was reinstalled in office; but he was now to discharge his duties, not in the president's chair, but on horseback, and at the head of a party of troops ready to undertake any thing. Roused by the danger to which both his brother and himself were exposed, he delivered on horseback the following words, which can never be too often remembered, as showing what a man then dared to say, who never was any thing, except from the reflection of his brother's glory:

CITIZENS, SOLDIERS,

The president of the council of Five Hundred declares to you, that the majority of that council is at this moment held in terror by a few representatives of the people, who are armed with stilettos, and who surround the tribune, threatening their colleagues with death, and maintaining most atrocious discussions.

I declare to you that these brigands, who are doubtless in the pay of England, have risen in rebellion against the council of Ancients, and have dared to talk of outlawing the general, who is charged with the execution of its decree, as if the word "outlaw" was still to be regarded as the death-warrant of persons most beloved by their country.

I declare to you, that these madmen have outlawed themselves, by their attempts upon the liberty of the council. In the name of that people, which for so many years have been the sport of terrorism, I consign to you the charge of rescuing the majority of their representatives; so that, delivered from stilettos by bayonets, they may deliberate on the fate of the republic.

General, and you, soldiers, and you citizens, you will not acknowledge, as legislators of France, any but those who rally round me. As for those who remain in the orangery, let force expel them. They are not the representatives of the people, but the representatives of the poniard. Let that be their title, and let it follow them every where: and whenever they dare show themselves to the people, let every finger point at them, and every tongue designate them by the well-merited title of representatives of the poniard!

Vive la République!

Notwithstanding the cries of *Vive Bonaparte!* which followed this harangue, the troops still hesitated. It was evident that they were not fully prepared to turn their swords against the national representation. Lucien then drew his sword, exclaiming, "I swear that I will stab my own brother to the heart, if he ever attempt any thing against the liberty of Frenchmen." This dramatic action was perfectly successful; hesitation vanished; and at a signal given by Bonaparte, Murat, at the head of his grenadiers, rushed into the hall, and drove out the representatives. Every one yielded to the reasoning of bayonets, and thus terminated the employment of the armed force on that memorable day.

At ten o'clock at night, the palace of St. Cloud, where so

many tumultuous scenes had occurred, was perfectly tranquil. All the deputies were still there, pacing the hall, the corridors, and the courts. Most of them had an air of consternation; others affected to have foreseen the event, and to appear satisfied with it; but all were to return to Paris, which they could not do until a new order revoked the order for the removal of the councils to St. Cloud.

At eleven o'clock, Bonaparte, who had eaten nothing all day, but who was almost insensible to physical wants in moments of great agitation, said to me, "We must go and write, Bourrienne; I intend this very night to address a proclamation to the inhabitants of Paris. To-morrow morning I shall be all the conversation of the capital." He then dictated to me the following proclamation, which proves, no less than some of his reports from Egypt, how much Bonaparte excelled in the art of twisting the truth to his own advantage:

19 Brumaire, 11 o'clock, P.M.

On my return to France, I found division reigning amongst all the authorities. They agreed only on this single point, that the constitution was half destroyed, and was unable to protect liberty!

All parties came to me, confided to me their designs, imparted their secrets, and requested my support. I refused to be the man of a party.

The council of Ancients appealed to me. I answered their appeal. A plan of general restoration had been concerted by men whom the nation has been accustomed to regard as the defenders of liberty, equality, and property. This plan required calm and free deliberation, exempt from all influence, and all fear. The Ancients, therefore, resolved upon the removal of the legislative bodies to St. Cloud. They placed at my disposal the force necessary to secure their independence. I was bound in duty to my fellow-citizens, to the soldiers perishing in our armies, and to the national glory, acquired at the cost of so much blood, to accept the command

The councils assembled at St. Cloud. Republican troops guaranteed their safety from without; but assassins created terror within. Many members of the council of Five Hundred, armed with stilettos and pistols, spread menaces of death around them.

The plans which ought to have been developed were withheld. The majority of the council was rendered inefficient; the boldest orators were disconcerted, and the inutility of submitting any salutary proposition was quite evident.

I proceeded, filled with indignation and grief, to the council of Ancients. I beseeched them to carry their noble designs into execution. I directed their attention to the evils of the nation, which were their motives for conceiving those designs. They concurred in giving me new proofs of their uniform good will.

I presented myself before the council of Five Hundred, alone, unarmed, my head uncovered, just as the Ancients had received and applauded me. My object was to restore to the majority the expression of its will, and to secure to it its power.

The stilettos, which had menaced the deputies, were instantly raised against their deliverer. Twenty assassins rushed upon me,

and aimed at my breast. The grenadiers of the legislative body, whom I had left at the door of the hall, ran forward, and placed themselves between me and the assassins. One of these brave grenadiers (Thome)* had his clothes pierced by a stiletto. They bore me off.

At the same moment, cries of "Outlaw him!" were raised against the defender of the law. It was the horrid cry of assassins against the power destined to repress them.

They crowded round the president, uttering threats. With arms in their hands they commanded him to declare "the outlawry." I was informed of this. I ordered him to be rescued from their fury, and six grenadiers of the legislative body brought him out. Immediately afterwards, some grenadiers of the legislative body charged into the hall, and cleared it.

The factious, intimidated, dispersed and fled. The majority, freed from their assaults, returned freely and peaceably into the hall, listened to the propositions made for the public safety, deliberated, and drew up the salutary resolution which will become the new and provisional law of the republic.

Frenchmen, you doubtless recognise in this conduct the zeal of a soldier of liberty, of a citizen devoted to the republic. Preservative, tutelary, and liberal ideas resumed their authority upon the dispersion of the factious, who domineered in the councils, and who, in rendering themselves the most odious of men, did not cease to be the most contemptible.

The day had been passed in destroying a government—it was necessary to devote the night to framing a new one. Talleyrand, Rœderer, and Siéyès, were at St. Cloud. The council of Ancients assembled, and Lucien set himself about finding some members of the Five Hundred on whom he could reckon. He succeeded in getting together only thirty, who, with their president, represented the numerous assembly of which they formed part. This ghost of representation was important, for Bonaparte, notwithstanding his violation of all law on the preceding day, wished to make it appear that he was acting legally. The council of Ancients had, however, already decided that a provisional executive commission should be appointed, composed of three members, and was about to name the members of the commission—a measure which should have originated with the Five Hundred—when Lucien came to acquaint Bonaparte that his chamber *introuvable*, was assembled.

This chamber, which called itself the council of Five Hundred, though that council had now no more existence than the council of Trent, hastily passed a decree, the first article of which was as follows:

The Directory exists no longer; and the individuals hereafter named are no longer members of the national representation, on account of

* Thome merely had a small part of his coat torn by a deputy, who took him by the collar. This constituted the whole of the attempted assassinations of the 19th Brumaire.

the excesses and illegal acts which they have constantly committed, and more particularly the greatest part of them, in the sitting of this morning.

Then follow the names of sixty-one members.

By other articles of the same decree, the council instituted a provisional commission, similar to that which the ancients had proposed to appoint, resolved that the said commission should consist of three members, who should assume the title of consuls; and nominated as consuls, Siéyès, Roger-Ducos, and Bonaparte. The other provisions of the nocturnal decree of St. Cloud, had for their object merely the carrying into effect those already described. This nocturnal sitting was very calm, and indeed it would have been strange had it been otherwise, for no opposition could be feared from the members of the Five Hundred, who were prepared to concur with Lucien. All knew beforehand what they would have to do. Every thing was concluded by three o'clock in the morning; and the palace of St. Cloud, which had been so agitated since the previous evening, resumed in the morning its wonted stillness, and presented the appearance of a vast solitude.

The number of persons who called upon me, the brief notes which I had to write to many friends, and the conversations in which I was compelled to take part, prevented me from dining before one o'clock in the morning. It was not till then that Bonaparte, having gone to take the oath as consul before the Five Hundred, afforded me an opportunity of taking some refreshment with Admiral Bruix and some other officers.

At three o'clock in the morning I accompanied Bonaparte, in his carriage, to Paris. He was extremely fatigued after so many trials and tribulations. A new future was opened before him. He was completely absorbed in thought, and did not utter a single word during the journey. But when he arrived at his house, in the Rue de la Victoire, he had no sooner entered his chamber, and wished good morning to Josephine, who was in bed, and in a state of the greatest anxiety on account of his absence, than he said, before me, "Bourrienne, I said many ridiculous things."—"Not so very bad, general."—"I like better to speak to soldiers than to lawyers. Those fellows intimidated me. I have not been used to public assemblies: but that will come in time."

We then began, all three, to converse. Madame Bonaparte became calm, and Bonaparte resumed his wonted confidence. The events of the day naturally formed the subject of our conversation. Josephine, who was much attached to the Gohier family, mentioned the name of that director in a tone of kindness. "What would you have, my dear?" said Bonaparte to her. "It is not my fault. He is a respectable man, but a simpleton. He does not understand me!—I ought, perhaps, to have him banished. He wrote against me to the council of

Five Hundred; but I have his letter, and they know nothing about it. Poor man! he expected me to dinner yesterday. And this man thinks himself a statesman!—Speak no more of him."

During our discourse, the name of Bernadotte was also mentioned. "Have you seen him, Bourrienne?" said Bonaparte to me.—"No, general."—"Neither have I. I have not heard him spoken of. Would you imagine it? I had intelligence today of many intrigues in which he is concerned. Would you believe it? he wished nothing less than to be appointed my colleague in authority. He talked of mounting his horse, and marching with the troops that might be placed under his command. He wished, he said, to maintain the constitution: nay, more; I am assured that he had the audacity to add that, if it were necessary to outlaw me, the government might come to him, and he would find soldiers to carry the decree into execution."—"All this, general, should give you an idea how inflexible his principles are."—"Yes, I am well aware of it; there is something in that: he is honest. But for his obstinacy, my brothers would have brought him over. They are related to him. His wife, who is Joseph's sister-in-law, has ascendancy over him. As for me, have I not, I ask you, made sufficient advances to him? You have witnessed them. Moreau, who has a higher military reputation than he, came over to me at once. However, I repent of having cajoled Bernadotte. I am thinking of separating him from all his coteries without any one being able to find fault with the proceeding. I cannot revenge myself in any other manner. Joseph loves him. I should have every body against me. These family considerations are follies! Good night, Bourrienne.—By the way, we will sleep in the Luxembourg to-morrow."

I then left the general, whom, henceforth, I must call the first consul, after having remained with him constantly during nearly twenty-four hours, with the exception of the time when he was at the council of Five Hundred. I retired to my lodging, in the Rue Martel, at five o'clock in the morning.

It is certain that if Gohier had come to breakfast on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, according to Madame Bonaparte's invitation, he would have been one of the members of the government. But Gohier acted the part of the stern republican. He placed himself, according to the common phrase of the time, a-horseback on the constitution of the year III.; and as his steed made a sad stumble, he fell with it. Gohier had, in fact, in conjunction with Moulins, written the following letter to the council of Ancients:

CITIZENS, REPRESENTATIVES,

A great aggression has been committed, which, doubtless, is only the prelude to still greater offences. The directorial palace has been

taken possession of by an armed force. The magistrates of the people, to whom you have confided the executive power, are at this moment guarded from the public view, even by those whom they alone have a right to command.

Their crime consists in having maintained the unshaken resolution of fulfilling the duties which your confidence imposed on them—in having indignantly rejected the proposition to abandon the reins of government, which it was attempted to wrest from their hands—in having refused to give in their resignation.

It is now, representatives of the French people, necessary to proclaim the republic in danger! It is necessary to defend it. Whatever may be the fate which the enemies of the republic reserve for us, we swear fidelity to the constitution of the year III., and to the integrity of the national representation.

May our oaths not prove to be the last cries of expiring liberty.

The two directors, prisoners in their palace.

MOULINS.
GOHIER, Pres.

It was a singular circumstance which prevented Gohier and Moulins from defending their beloved constitution. It was from their respect for the constitution that they allowed it to perish, because they would have been obliged to violate the article which did not allow less than three directors to deliberate.—Thus a king of Castile was burnt to death, because there did not happen to be in his apartment men of such rank as etiquette would permit to touch the person of the monarch.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1799.

Bonaparte's alleged eloquence—General approbation of the 18th Brumaire—Distress of the treasury—M. Collot's generosity—Bonaparte's ingratitude—Gohier set at liberty—Constitution of the year VIII.—The senate, tribunate, and council of state—Notes required on the character of candidates—Bonaparte's love of integrity and talent—Influence of habit over him—His hatred of the tribunate—Provisional concessions—The first consular ministry—Mediocrity of La Place—Proscription lists—Cambacérès's report—M. Moreau de Worms—Character of Siéyès—Bonaparte at the Luxembourg—Distribution of the day and visits—Le Brun's opposition—Bonaparte's singing—His boyish tricks—Resumption of the titles Madame and Monseigneur—The men of the revolution and the partisans of the Bourbons—Bonaparte's fears—Confidential notes on candidates for office and the assemblies.

NOTHING is more difficult than to ensure the triumph of truth, when it is opposed by generally accredited errors. This

difficulty I now experience. Every thing I have stated, respecting the days of the 18th and 19th Brumaire, is the exact truth. But how is this tardy truth to be reconciled with so many erroneous descriptions? How can the latter be driven from the position which they already occupy in history? What singular mania are some writers possessed with! No sooner have they chosen their hero, than they strip him of all the weaknesses of humanity: they endow him, during his power, and after his death, with every virtue, talent, and good quality: like those kind fairies who, according to our worthy ancestors, assisted at the births of princes, and bestowed every perfection upon them. Why insist that a great general was also a great orator? Because he was first in the field of battle, did it follow that he must be first in the tribune? Writers have asserted, and still do assert, that Bonaparte displayed a Ciceronian eloquence before an imposing assembly, which had his fate at its disposal. His fanatical admirers will have it that he appeared in the midst of the deputies, who wished to outlaw him, quite as much at his ease as he did at the head of the legions which he had so often led to victory; and, although his education had been very limited, in every thing that regarded the art of speaking, they pretend that this art was communicated to him, as if by enchantment, at a time when he was a prey to the most poignant anxiety. M. Gourgaud, speaking of the sitting of the council of Ancients, on the 19th Brumaire, says, "There were moments when he spoke like a god; others, when he expressed himself like the most ordinary mortal." Half of this is true; but I was present, and I can affirm that I did not hear the god.

How is it possible that I could now be deceived with respect to the events of which I am speaking? They are not of a description that would long remain buried, without recurring to the memory. What I now relate, I related next morning to many persons. I wrote my relation then, and it is not likely that the paper has altered the statements then inscribed upon it. Since that period, I have often told the same story to all unprejudiced men who wished to be informed of the particulars of the affair of St. Cloud. I certainly am sorry to find myself opposed to every body; but I cannot make up my mind to play the part of a flatterer to a great man, by attributing to him eloquence which he did not possess. The position which he will occupy in history will be sufficiently great, without its being necessary to have recourse to the artifices of adulation. Besides, it must have been observed, and will be observed again, that if I adhere to the plain truth, in cases with respect to which Bonaparte has received unmerited praise, I perform the same duty, and with more satisfaction, when it is necessary to refute the calumnies of which he has been the object. Bonaparte was not guilty of an act of cruelty at Jaffa; but he stammered, and talked non-

sense, before the council of Five Hundred.* What, after all, do his words signify? his actions are known. The eloquence of bayonets was sure to help him more than the finest speech. He was not next morning less the chief of the republic, and afterwards Emperor of the French, for all his bad oratory.

Doubtless the legality of the acts of the 18th Brumaire may be disputed; but who will venture to say that the immediate result of that day ought not to be regarded as a great blessing to France? Whoever denies this, can have no idea of the wretched state of every branch of the administration at that deplorable epoch. Many a fine phrase has been written about the "oppressed representation," the "violated constitution," "military tyranny," "the usurpation of power," and the "upstart soldier;" still it cannot be denied that France hailed, almost with unanimous voice, Bonaparte's accession to the consulship as a blessing of Providence. I do not speak now of the ulterior consequences of that event; I speak only of the fact itself, and its first results, such as the repeal of the law of hostages, and the compulsory loan of a hundred millions. A few persons blamed the 18th Brumaire; but no one regretted the Directory, with the exception, perhaps, of the five directors themselves. But we will say no more of the directorial government. What an administration! In what a state were the finances of France! Would it be believed? on the second day of the consulate, when Bonaparte wished to send a courier to General Championnet, commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, the treasury had not twelve hundred francs disposable, to give to the courier!

It may be supposed, that, in the first moments of a new government, money would be wanted. M. Collot, who had served under Bonaparte in Italy, and whose conduct and administration deserved nothing but praise, was one of the first who came to the consul's assistance. In this instance, M. Collot was as zealous as disinterested. He gave the consul five hundred thousand francs, in gold, for which service he was badly rewarded. Bonaparte afterwards behaved to M. Collot, as though he were anxious to punish him for being rich. This sum, which at the time made so fine an appearance in the consular treasury, was not repaid for a long time after, and then without interest. This was not, indeed, the only instance in which M. Collot had cause to complain of Bonaparte, who was never inclined to acknowledge his important services, nor even to render justice to his conduct.

On the morning of the 20th Brumaire, Bonaparte sent his brother Louis to inform the director Gohier that he was free. This haste in relieving Gohier was not without a reason, for

* Napoleon never acquired the habit of speaking well in public except to soldiers.

Bonaparte was anxious to instal himself in the Luxembourg, and we went there that same evening.

Every thing was to be created. Bonaparte had with him almost the whole of the army, and on the soldiers he could rely. But the military force was no longer sufficient for him. Wishing to possess a great civil power, established by legal forms, he immediately set about the composition of a senate and tribunal; a council of state and a new legislative body; and, finally, a new constitution.*

As Bonaparte had not time to make himself acquainted with the persons by whom he was about to be surrounded, he required from the most distinguished men of the period, well acquainted with France and the revolution, notes respecting the individuals worthy and capable of entering the senate, the tribunal, and the council of state. From the manner in which all these notes were drawn up, it was evident that the writers of them studied to make their recommendation correspond with what they conceived to be Bonaparte's views, and that they imagined he participated in the opinions which were at that time popular. Accordingly they stated, as grounds for preferring particular canditates, their patriotism, their republicanism, and their having had seats in preceding assemblies.

Of all qualities, that which most influenced the choice of the first consul was inflexible integrity; and it is but just to say, that in this particular he was rarely deceived. He sought earnestly for talent; and although he did not like the men of the revolution, he was convinced that he could not do without them. He had conceived an extreme aversion for mediocrity, and generally rejected a man of that character when recommended to him; but if he had known such a man long, he yielded to the influence of habit, dreading nothing so much as change, or, as he was accustomed to say himself, new faces.

Bonaparte then proceeded to organize a complaisant senate, a mute legislative body, and a tribunate which was to have the semblance of being independent, by the aid of some fine speeches, and high-sounding phrases. He easily appointed the senators, but it was different with the tribunate. He hesitated long before he fixed upon the candidates for that body, which inspired him with an anticipatory fear. However, on arriving at power he dared not oppose himself to the exigencies of the moment, and he consented for a time to delude the ambitious

* The constitution of the year VIII. was presented on the 13th of December, 1799 (22 Frimaire, year VIII.), and accepted by the people on the 7th of February, 1800 (18th Pluviose, year VIII). It established a consulary government, composed of Bonaparte, first consul, appointed for ten years; Cambacères, second consul, also for ten years; and Lebrun, third consul, appointed for five years. It established a conservative senate, a legislative body of three hundred members, and a tribunate composed of one hundred members. The establishment of the council of state took place on the 24th of December, 1799. The installation of the new legislative body and the tribunate, was fixed for the 1st of January, 1800.

THE PAINTING BY JEAN-AUGUSTE-DOMINIQUE INGRES IN THE MUSEUM AT LIÈGE, BELGIUM. ENGRAVED BY T. JO

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL.

Presented to the city of Liège by Napoleon in 1806. This is claimed to be one of the few portraits for which Bonaparte posed

This proscription produced a mischievous effect. It bore a character of wanton severity, quite inconsistent with the assurances of mildness and moderation given at St. Cloud, on the 19th Brumaire. Cambacérès afterwards made a report. in which he represented that it was unnecessary for the maintenance of tranquillity, to subject the proscribed to banishment, considering it sufficient to place them under the supervision of the high police. Upon receiving the report, the consuls issued a decree, in which they directed all the individuals included in the proscription to retire respectively into the different communes which should be fixed upon by the minister of justice, and to remain there until further orders.

At the period of the issuing of these decrees, Siéyès was still one of the consuls, conjointly with Bonaparte and Roger-Ducos; and although Bonaparte had, from the first moment, possessed the whole power of the government, a sort of apparent equality was, nevertheless, observed amongst them. It was not until the 25th of December, that Bonaparte assumed the title of first consul, Cambacérès and Lebrun being then joined in the office with him. He had fixed his eyes on them previously to the 18th Brumaire, and he had no cause to reproach them with giving him much embarrassment in his rapid progress towards the imperial throne.

I have stated that I was so fortunate as to rescue M. Moreau de Worms from the list of proscription. Some days after, Siéyès entered Bonaparte's cabinet, and said to him, "Well, this M. Moreau de Worms, whom M. Bourrienne induced you to save from banishment, is acting very finely! I told you how it would be. I have received from Sens, his native place, a letter, which informs me that Moreau is in that town, where he has assembled the people in the market-place, and indulged in the most violent declamations against the 18th Brumaire."—"Can you rely upon your agent?" asked Bonaparte. "Perfectly. I can answer for the truth of his communication." Bonaparte showed me the bulletin of Siéyès's agent, and reproached me bitterly. "What would you say, general," I observed, "if I should present this same M. Moreau de Worms, who is declaiming at Sens against the 18th Brumaire, to you, within an hour?"—"I defy you to do it."—"I have made myself responsible for him, and I know what I am about. He is violent in his politics; but he is a man of honour, incapable of failing in his word."—"Well, we shall see. Go and find him." I was very sure of doing what I had promised, for within an hour before I had seen M. Moreau de Worms. He had been concealed since the 19th Brumaire, and had not quitted Paris. Nothing was easier than to find him, and in three-quarters of an hour he was at the Luxembourg. I presented him to Bonaparte, who conversed with him a long time, concerning the 18th Brumaire. When M. Moreau departed, Bonaparte said to me,

"You are right. That fool Siéyès is as credulous as a Cassandra. This proves that one should not be too ready to believe the reports of the wretches whom we are obliged to employ in the police." Afterwards he added, "Bourrienne, M. Moreau is pretty well; I am satisfied with him; I will do something for him." It was not long before M. Moreau experienced the effect of the consul's good opinion. Some days after, whilst framing the council of prizes, he, at my simple suggestion, appointed M. Moreau one of the members, with a salary of 10,000 francs. On what extraordinary circumstances the fortunes of men frequently depend! As to Siéyès, in the intercourse, not very frequent, certainly, which I had with him, he appeared to be far beneath the reputation which he then enjoyed.* He reposed a blind confidence in a multitude of agents, whom he sent into all parts of France. When it happened, on other occasions, that I proved to him, by evidence, as sufficient as that in the case of M. Moreau, the falseness of the reports he had received, he replied, with a confidence truly ridiculous, "I can rely on my men." Siéyès had written in his countenance, "Give me money." I recollect that I one day alluded to this expression in the anxious face of Siéyès, to the first consul. "You are right," observed he to me, smiling; "when money is in question, Siéyès is quite a matter-of-fact man. He sends his ideology to the right about, and thus becomes easily manageable. He readily abandons his constitutional dreams for a good round sum, and that is very convenient."†

Bonaparte occupied, at the little Luxembourg, the apartments on the ground-floor, which lie to the right on entering from the Rue de Vaugirard. His cabinet was close to a private staircase, which conducted me to the first floor, where Josephine dwelt. My apartment was on the second floor.

After breakfast, which was served at ten o'clock, Bonaparte would converse for a few moments with his usual guests, that is to say, his aides-de-camp, the persons he invited, and myself, who never left him. He was also visited very often by Defermont, Regnault (of the town of Saint Jean d'Angely), Boulay (de la Meurthe), Monge, and Berlier, who were, with his brothers, Joseph and Lucien, those whom he most delighted to see; he conversed familiarly with them. Cambacérès generally came

* M. de Talleyrand, who is so capable of estimating men, and whose admirable sayings well deserve to occupy a place in history, had long entertained a similar opinion of Siéyès. One day, when he was conversing with the second consul concerning Siéyès, Cambacérès said to him, "Siéyès, however, is a very profound man." "Profound?" said Talleyrand. "Yes, he is a cavity, a perfect cavity, as you would say."

† Every body knows, in fact, that Siéyès refused to resign his consular dignities, unless he received in exchange a beautiful farm, situated in the park of Versailles, and worth about 15,000 livres a year. The good abbé consoled himself for no longer forming a third of the republican sovereignty, by making himself at home in the ancient domain of the kings of France.

at mid-day, and stayed some time with him, often a whole hour. Lebrun visited but seldom. Notwithstanding his elevation, his virtue remained unaltered; and Bonaparte considered him too moderate, because he always opposed his ambitious views, and his plans to usurp power. When Bonaparte left the breakfast-table, it was seldom that he did not add, after bidding Josephine and his daughter Hortense good day, "Come, Bourrienne, come, let us to work."

After the morning audiences, I stayed with Bonaparte all the day, either reading to him, or writing to his dictation. Three or four times in the week he would go to the council. In his way to the hall of deliberation he was obliged to cross the courtyard of the little Luxembourg, and ascend the grand staircase. This always vexed him, and the more so as the weather was very bad at the time. This annoyance continued till the 25th of December, and it was with much satisfaction that he saw himself quit of it. After leaving the council, he used to enter his cabinet singing, and God knows how wretchedly he sung! He examined whatever work he had ordered to be done, signed documents, stretched himself in his arm-chair, and read the letters of the preceding day, and the publications of the morning. When there was no council, he remained in his cabinet, conversed with me, always sang, and cut, according to custom, the arm of his chair, giving himself sometimes quite the air of a great boy. Then, all at once starting up, he would describe a plan for the erection of a monument, or dictate some of those extraordinary productions which astonished and dismayed the world. He often became again the same man, who, under the walls of St. Jean d'Acre, had dreamed of an empire worthy his ambition.

At five o'clock dinner was served up. When that was over, the first consul went up stairs to Josephine's apartments, where he commonly received the visits of the ministers. He was always pleased to see among the number the minister for foreign affairs, especially since the portfolio of that department had been intrusted to the hands of M. de Talleyrand. At midnight, and often sooner, he gave the signal for retiring, by saying, in a hasty manner, *Allons nous coucher.*

It was at the Luxembourg, in the saloons of which the adorable Josephine so well performed the honours, that the word *Madame* came again into use. This first return towards the old French politeness was startling to some susceptible republicans; but things were soon carried further at the Tuileries by the introduction of *Votre Altesse*, on occasions of state ceremony, and *Monseigneur*, in the family circle.

If on the one hand Bonaparte did not like the men of the revolution, he dreaded, on the other, still more the partisans of the Bourbons. On the mere mention of the name of those princes, he experienced a kind of inward alarm; and he often

spoke of the necessity of raising a wall of brass between France and them. To this feeling, no doubt, must be attributed certain nominations; and the spirit of some recommendations contained in the notes with which he was supplied on the characters of candidates, and which for ready reference were arranged alphabetically. Some of the notes just mentioned are in the handwriting of Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely, and some in Lucien Bonaparte's. Among them is the following, under the title of General Observations:

In choosing among the men who were members of the constituent assembly, it is necessary to be on guard against the Orleans' party, which is not altogether a chimera, and may prove, one day or other dangerous.

There is no doubt that the partisans of that family are intriguing secretly; and among many other proofs of this fact, the following is a striking one: The journal called the "Aristarque," which undisguisedly supports royalism, is conducted by a man of the name of Voidel, one of the hottest patriots of the revolution. He was for several months president of the committee of inquiry, which caused the Marquis de Ferras to be arrested and hanged, and gave so much uneasiness to the court. There was no one in the constituent assembly, more hateful to the court than Voidel, as much on account of his violence, as for his connexion with the Duke of Orleans, whose advocate and counsel he was.

When the Duke of Orleans was arrested, Voidel, braving the fury of the revolutionary tribunals, had the courage to defend him, and placarded all the walls of Paris with an apology for the duke and his two sons. This man, writing now in favour of royalism, can have no other object than to advance a member of the Orleans family to the throne.

At the commencement of the first consul's administration, though he always consulted the notes he had collected, he yet received with attention the recommendations of persons with whom he was well acquainted; but it was not safe for them to recommend a rogue or a fool. The men whom he most disliked were those whom he called *babblers,* who are continually prating of every thing and on every thing. He often said, "I want more head and less tongue."

On taking the government into his own hands, Bonaparte knew so little of the revolution and of the men engaged in civil employments, that it was indispensably necessary for him to collect information from every quarter respecting men and things. But when the conflicting passions of the moment became more calm, and the spirit of party more prudent, and when order had been, by his severe investigations, introduced where hitherto unbridled confusion had reigned, he became gradually more scrupulous in granting places, whether arising from newly-created offices, or from those changes which the different departments often experienced. He then said to me, "Bourrienne,

I give up your department to you. Name whom you please for the appointments; but, remember, you must be responsible to me."

What a list would that be which should contain the names of all the prefects, sub-prefects, receivers-general, and other civil officers, to whom I gave places! I have kept no memoranda of their names: and, indeed, what advantage would there have been in doing so? It was impossible for me to have a personal knowledge of all the fortunate candidates; but I relied on recommendations in which I had confidence.

I have little to complain of in those I obliged; though it is true that, since my separation from Bonaparte, I have seen many of them generously take the opposite side of the street in which I was walking, and, by that delicate attention, save me the trouble of raising my hat.

CHAPTER XXIX.

1799—1800.

Difficulties of a new government—State of Europe—Bonaparte's wish for peace—M. de Talleyrand, minister for foreign affairs—Negotiations with England and Austria—Their failure—Bonaparte's views on the east—His sacrifices to policy—General Bonaparte denounced to the first consul—Kleber's letter to the Directory—Accounts of the Egyptian expedition published in the Moniteur—Proclamation to the army of the east—Favour and disgrace of certain individuals accounted for.

When a new government rises on the ruins of one that has been overthrown, its best chance of conciliating the favour of the nation, if that nation be at war, is to hold out the prospect of peace; for peace is always dear to a people. Bonaparte was well aware of this; and if, in his heart, he wished for war, he knew how important it was to seem to desire peace. Thus, immediately after his installation at the Luxembourg, he notified to all the foreign powers his accession to the consulate, and, for the same purpose, addressed letters to all the diplomatic agents of the French government abroad.

The day after he got rid of his two first colleagues, Siéyès and Roger-Ducos, he prepared to open negotiations with the cabinet of London. At that time we were at war with almost all Europe. We had lost Italy. The Emperor of Germany was ruled by his ministers, who, in their turn were governed by England, and France had no army in the interior. It was no easy matter to manage equally the organization of the consular government and the no less important affairs abroad; and it was

very important to the interests of the first consul to intimate to foreign powers, while, at the same time, he assured himself against the return of the Bourbons, that the system which he proposed to adopt was a system of order and regeneration, unlike either the demagogic violence of the Convention or the imbecile artifice of the Directory. In fulfilment of this object, Bonaparte directed M. de Talleyrand, the new minister for foreign affairs, to make the first friendly overtures to the English cabinet. A correspondence ensued, which was published at the time, and which showed at once the condescending policy of Bonaparte, and the arrogant policy of England.*

* We give here the whole of this remarkable correspondence, than which there are few documents more characteristic and interesting in the whole range of state papers, of whatever country.—*Editor.*

"French Republic—Sovereignty of the People—Liberty—Equality.

"Bonaparte, First Consul of the Republic, to His Majesty the King of Great Britain and Ireland.

"Called by the wishes of the French nation to occupy the First Magistracy of the Republic, I have thought proper, in commencing the discharge of the duties of this office, to communicate the event directly to your Majesty.

"Must the war, which for eight years has ravaged the four quarters of the world, be eternal? Is there no room for accommodation?

"How can the two most enlightened nations in Europe, stronger and more powerful than is necessary for their safety and independence, sacrifice commercial advantages, internal prosperity, and domestic happiness to vain ideas of grandeur? Whence is it that they do not feel peace to be the first of wants, as well as the first of glories?

"These sentiments cannot be new to the heart of your Majesty, who rules over a free nation with no other view than to render it happy.

"Your Majesty will see in this overture only my sincere desire to contribute effectually, for the second time, to a general pacification, by a prompt step taken in confidence, and freed from those forms, which, however necessary to disguise the apprehensions of feeble states, only serve to discover in those that are powerful a mutual wish to deceive.

"France and England may, by the abuse of their strength, long defer the period of its utter exhaustion, unhappily for all nations. But I will venture to say, that the fate of all civilized nations is concerned in the termination of a war the flames of which are raging throughout the whole world.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"BONAPARTE."

"Lord Grenville in reply to the Minister of Foreign Relations at Paris.

"Downing Street, January 4, 1800.

"Sir,—I have received and laid before the King the two letters which you have transmitted to me; and his Majesty, seeing no reason to depart from those forms which have long been established in Europe for transacting business with Foreign States, has commanded me to return, in his name, the official answer which I send you herewith enclosed.

"I have the honour to be, with high consideration, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

"GRENVILLE"

The exchange of notes which took place was attended by no immediate result. However, the first consul had partly attained

" Note to the Minister of Foreign Relations at Paris.

" The King has given frequent proofs of his sincere desire for the re-establishment of secure and permanent tranquillity in Europe. He neither is nor has been engaged in any contest for a vain and false glory. He has had no other view than that of maintaining, against all aggression, the rights and happiness of his subjects. For these he has contended against an unprovoked attack, and for the same objects he is still obliged to contend: nor can he hope that this necessity could be removed, by entering at the present moment into negotiations with those whom a fresh revolution has so recently placed in the exercise of power in France; since no real advantage can arise from such negotiation to the great and desirable object of general peace, until it shall appear that those causes have ceased to operate, which originally produced the war, and by which it has since been protracted, and in more than one instance renewed. The same system, to the prevalence of which France justly ascribes all her present miseries, is that which has also involved the rest of Europe in a long and destructive warfare, of a nature long since unknown to the practice of civilized nations. For the extension of this system and for the extermination of all established governments, the resources of France have from year to year, and in the midst of the most unparalleled distress, been lavished and exhausted. To this indiscriminate spirit of destruction, the Netherlands, the United Provinces, the Swiss Cantons (his Majesty's ancient friends and allies) have successively been sacrificed. Germany has been ravaged; Italy, though now rescued from its invaders, has been made the scene of unbounded rapine and anarchy. His Majesty has himself been compelled to maintain an arduous and burdensome contest for the independence and existence of his kingdoms. Nor have these calamities been confined to Europe alone; they have been extended to the most distant quarters of the world, and even to countries so remote both in situation and interest from the present contest, that the very existence of such a war was perhaps unknown to those who found themselves suddenly involved in all its horrors. While such a system continues to prevail, and while the blood and treasure of a numerous and powerful nation can be lavished in its support, experience has shown that no defence but that of open and steady hostility can be availing. The most solemn treaties have only prepared the way for fresh aggressions; and it is to a determined resistance alone that is now due whatever remains in Europe of stability for property, for personal liberty, for social order, or for the free exercise of religion. For the security, therefore, of these essential objects, his Majesty cannot place his reliance on the mere renewal of general professions of pacific dispositions. Such professions have been repeatedly held out by all those who have successively directed the resources of France to the destruction of Europe, and whom the present rulers have declared to have been all, from the beginning and uniformly, incapable of maintaining the relations of amity and peace. Greatly, indeed, will his Majesty rejoice, whenever it shall appear that the dangers to which his own dominions and those of his allies have been so long exposed have really ceased; whenever he shall be satisfied that the necessity of resistance is at an end; that after the experience of so many years of crimes and miseries, better principles have ultimately prevailed in France; and that all the gigantic projects of ambition, and all the restless schemes of destruction, which have endangered the existence of civil society, have been finally relinquished; but the conviction of such a change, however agreeable to his Majesty's wishes, can result only from experience and the evidence of facts.

" The best and most natural pledge of its reality and permanence would be the restoration of that line of princes which for so many centuries maintained the French nation in prosperity at home, and in consideration and respect abroad. Such an event would at once have removed, and will at any time remove, all obstacles in the way of negotiation or peace. It would confirm to France the

his object: if the British government would not enter into negotiations for peace, there was, at least, reason to presume that

unmolested enjoyment of its ancient territory; and it would give to all the other nations of Europe, in tranquillity and peace, that security which they are now compelled to seek by other means. But, desirable as such an event must be both to France and to the world, it is not to this mode exclusively that his Majesty limits the possibility of secure and solid pacification. His Majesty makes no claim to prescribe to France what shall be the form of her Government, or in whose hands she shall vest the authority necessary for conducting the affairs of a great and powerful nation. His Majesty looks only to the security of his own dominions and those of his allies, and to the general safety of Europe. Whenever he shall judge that such security can in any manner be attained as resulting either from the internal situation of that country, from whose internal situation the danger has arisen, or from such other circumstances, of whatever nature, as may produce the same end, his Majesty will eagerly embrace the opportunity to concert with his allies the means of immediate and general pacification. Unhappily no such security hitherto exists ; no sufficient evidence of the principles by which the new Government will be directed ; no reasonable ground by which to judge of its stability. In this situation, it can for the present only remain for his Majesty to pursue, in conjunction with other powers, those exertions of just and defensive war, which his regard to the happiness of his subjects will never permit him either to continue beyond the necessity in which they originate, or to terminate on any other grounds than such as may best contribute to the secure enjoyment of their tranquillity, their constitution, and their independence.

" GRENVILLE.

" Downing Street, January 4, 1800."

To this answer the following reply was addressed to the English minister by M. de Talleyrand

" Paris, 28th Nivose, year VIII. (Jan. 28th*, 1800.)

" The official note, bearing date the 14th of Nivose, year VIII., addressed to me by the minister of his Britannic Majesty, having been laid before the First Consul of the French Republic, he remarked with surprise that it was founded upon an incorrect opinion relative to the origin and consequences of the present war. Far from war having been provoked by France, it may be remembered that from the very beginning of the revolution, she solemnly proclaimed her love of peace, her repugnance to make conquests, and her respect for the independence of all other governments: and it is beyond all doubt, that being occupied at that period solely with her internal affairs, she would have avoided interfering with those of Europe, and have remained faithful to her professions.

" But from an opposite feeling, the moment the French revolution burst forth almost the whole of Europe united to destroy France. This aggression existed long before it became public. Internal resistance was excited ; they who opposed the revolution were well received at foreign courts, their armed meetings tolerated, their conspiracies countenanced, and their extravagant declamation encouraged ; the French nation was insulted in the persons of its agents, and England, in particular, set the example, by sending back the French accredited agent. In short, France was attacked, by overt arts, in her independence, her honour, and her security, long before war was declared.

" Thus, France is warranted in imputing the evils which she has herself suffered, and those which have afflicted Europe, to projects of subjugation and dismemberment which have several times been attempted and pursued. Such projects, long without example, as applied to so powerful a nation, could not fail of producing the most fatal consequences.

" The republic having been assailed on all sides, may naturally have been

* *Quere*, the 20th January.

subsequent overtures of the consular government might be listened to. The correspondence had, at all events, afforded Bonaparte the opportunity of declaring his principles, and, above all, it had enabled him to ascertain that the return of the Bourbons to France would not be a *sine quà non* condition for the restoration of peace between the two powers.

expected to carry on all sides its defensive exertions; and it has made use of the means which lay in its own power, and in the courage of its citizens, with no other view than the protection of its own independence. So long as its enemies have shown a determination to deny its rights, it has relied solely upon the energy of its resistance; but whenever they have abandoned their projects of invasion, it has constantly sought the means of reconciliation, always manifested intentions of peace; and if its good wishes have not been realized—if, in the midst of those internal tempests successively produced by revolution and war, the present holders of the executive power in France have not always evinced as much moderation as the people have evinced courage, it must be more particularly attributed to the fatal rage with which the resources of England have been applied to effect the ruin of France.

"But if the wishes of his Britannic Majesty are, as he asserts, in unison with those of the French Republic, with regard to the conclusion of a peace, why, instead of attempting to justify the war, does he not try to put an end to it? What obstacle is there to prevent a reconciliation of mutual and acknowledged utility, more particularly when the First Consul of the French Republic has personally afforded so many proofs of his eagerness to put an end to the calamities of war, and of his desire to observe, in the most rigorous manner, existing treaties.

"The First Consul of the French Republic can have no doubt that his Britannic Majesty recognises the right of nations to choose their own form of government, since it is to the very exercise of such right that he owes his own crown; and he cannot conceive how, in the most direct opposition to this fundamental principle, upon which the actual existence of political societies rests, his Britannic Majesty's minister could throw out hints tending to interfere with the internal affairs of the Republic—hints which are not less offensive to the French people and their government, than an attempt would be offensive to England and his Majesty, which should tend to produce in that country the republican form of government adopted there in the middle of the last century, or an exhortation to recall to the throne of Great Britain that family whom birth had seated upon it, but who were precipitated from it by a revolution.

"If, at no very distant period, when the constitutive system of the Republic offered neither the strength nor the solidity which it now displays, his Britannic Majesty thought himself warranted in making overtures of reconciliation, and demanding conferences to treat of peace, how happens it that he now feels repugnance in renewing negotiations to which the present and reciprocal state of affairs promises a more speedy progress? The voices of nations join on all sides with that of humanity in imploring the termination of a war already marked by disasters of great magnitude, and a prolongation of which threatens Europe with a general convulsion—with the prospect of irremediable evils. It is to arrest the course of such calamities, or at least to confine their direful effects to those persons alone who have caused them, that the First Consul of the French Republic proposes an immediate termination of hostilities by a suspension of arms, and the appointing forthwith of plenipotentiaries on both sides, to meet at Dunkirk, or in any other town offering equal advantages for rapidity of communication, there to proceed, without delay, in the re-establishment of peace and amity between the French Republic and England.

"The First Consul offers to give the necessary passports for this object.

"CH. MAURICE TALLEYRAND."

Since M. de Talleyrand had been minister for foreign affairs, the business of that department had proceeded with great activity. It was an important advantage to Bonaparte to find a nobleman of the old regime among the republicans. The choice of M. de Talleyrand was, in some sort, an act of courtesy to the foreign courts. It was a delicate attention to the diplomacy of Europe to introduce to its members, for the purpose of treating with them, a man whose rank was at least equal to their own, and who was universally distinguished for a polished elegance of manner combined with solid good qualities and real talents.

It was not only with England that Bonaparte and his minister endeavoured to open negotiations; the consular cabinet also offered peace to the house of Austria; but not at the same time. The object of this offer was to sow discord between the two powers. Speaking to me, one day, of his earnest wish to obtain peace, Bonaparte said, "You see, Bourrienne, I have two great enemies to cope with. I will conclude peace with the one I find most easy to deal with. That will enable me immediately to assail the other. I frankly confess that I should like best to be at peace with England. Nothing would then be more easy than to crush Austria. She has no money, except what she gets through England.

For a long time all negotiations proved abortive. None of the European powers would acknowledge the new government, of which Bonaparte was the head; and the peace of Amiens was brought about only by the battle of Marengo.

Though the affairs of the new government afforded abundant occupation to Bonaparte, he yet found leisure to direct attention to the east—to that land of despotism, whence, judging from his subsequent conduct, it might be presumed he derived his first principles of government. On becoming the head of the state, he wished to turn Egypt, which he had conquered as a general, to the advantage of his policy as consul. If Bonaparte triumphed over a feeling of dislike in consigning the command of the army to Kleber, it was because he knew Kleber to be more capable than any other of executing the plans he had formed; and Bonaparte was not the man to sacrifice the interests of policy to personal resentment.

With respect to all whom he had left in Egypt, Bonaparte stood in a very singular situation. On becoming chief of the government, he was not only the depositary of all communications made to the Directory; but letters sent to one address were delivered to another, and the first consul received the complaints made against the general who had so abruptly quitted Egypt. In almost all the letters that were delivered to us, he was the object of serious accusation. According to some, he had not avowed his departure until the very day of his embarkation; and he had deceived every body by means of false and dissembling proclamations. Others canvassed his conduct while in

Egypt: the army which had triumphed under his command, he had abandoned when reduced to two-thirds of its original force, and a prey to all the horrors of sickness and want. It must be confessed that these complaints and accusations were but too well founded, and one can never cease wondering at the chain of fortunate circumstances which so rapidly raised Bonaparte to the consular seat. In the natural order of things, and in fulfilment of the design which he himself had formed, he should have disembarked at Toulon, where the sanitary laws would, no doubt, have been observed; instead of which, the fear of the English, and the uncertainty of the pilots, caused him to go to Frejus, where the sanitary laws were violated by the very persons most interested in respecting them. Let us suppose that Bonaparte had been forced to perform quarantine at Toulon. What would have ensued? The charges against him would have fallen into the hands of the Directory, and he would probably have been suspended, and put upon his trial. Of this, little doubt can be entertained, after a perusal of the following letter from Kleber, which Bonaparte presented to me, after having read it himself:

LETTER FROM GENERAL KLEBER TO THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY OF FRANCE.

Head-quarters at Cairo, 4th Vendémiaire, year VIII.
(September 26, 1799.)

Citizens Directors,

The general-in-chief, Bonaparte, set off for France on the morning of the 6th Fructidor, without having informed any one of his intention. He had appointed to meet me at Rosetta on the 7th, but on my arrival there I found only his despatches. In my uncertainty as to whether the general has had the good fortune to reach France, I think it my duty to send you a copy of the letter by which he consigned to me the command of the army, and also the copy of a letter which he addressed to the grand vizier at Constantinople, though he perfectly well knew that that pasha had already arrived at Damascus.

My first object has been to obtain correct information of the present condition of the army.

You, Citizens Directors, know what was the amount of our force on its arrival in Egypt. It is now reduced one-half, and we are in possession of all the principal points of the triangle of the cataracts to El-Arish, from El-Arish to Alexandria, and from Alexandria to the cataracts.

Our opponents are not, as formerly, confined to a few hordes of miserable Mamelukes; we have now to resist the combined efforts of three great powers, the Porte, England, and Russia.

The want of arms, ammunition, cast-iron, and lead, present a picture as alarming as the great and sudden diminution of our troops. Our founderies have failed; the powder-manufactory at Ruonda has not been, and probably never will be, attended with the result that was hoped for; finally, the repair of fire-arms proceeds tardily, and the

support of all these establishments requires funds and means which we do not possess.

The troops are in want of clothing, a circumstance which is the more distressing, since it is ascertained to be one of the most active causes of dysentery and ophthalmia, the prevailing diseases in this country. Dysentery has this year had a fatal effect on constitutions already debilitated by privation and fatigue. Notwithstanding the considerable diminution of the army, it appears from the reports of the medical officers, that we have now a far greater number of sick than at the same period last year.

General Bonaparte had, indeed, before his departure, given orders for clothing the troops ; but, as in many other instances, the business ended with the order ; and want of money must doubtless have forced him to postpone the execution of that useful measure.

On the want of money, I must make a few observations. General Bonaparte exhausted all extraordinary resources during the first few months of our arrival. He then levied as many war contributions as the country could supply. To have recourse to those means now, when the country is surrounded by enemies, would be to prepare an insurrection on the first favourable opportunity. However, Bonaparte has not left a sou in the army chest, nor any object equivalent. He has, on the contrary, left an arrear of nearly twelve millions, which is more than a year's revenue in present circumstances. The mere arrears of pay for the army amount to four millions.

The inundation renders impracticable, at the present moment, the recovery of what is due from last year, and which would scarcely suffice to defray the expenses of a month. The collections cannot be resumed until the month of Frimaire, and then it is pretty certain that the business cannot be attended to, for we shall be obliged to fight.

The insufficiency of the inundations this year has occasioned a failure in the produce of several provinces ; and they, consequently, have a fair claim to indulgence.

All that I here state, Citizens Directors, I am prepared to prove, by minutes, and certified estimates, drawn up in the different departments of the service.

Though Egypt is tranquil in appearance, yet it is far from being subjugated. The people are dissatisfied ; and, do what we will, they look upon us as having come to rob them. They live in the hope of a favourable change.

The Mamelukes are dispersed, but not destroyed. Murad-Bey is still in Upper Egypt, with a sufficient force to occupy incessantly a portion of our army. If we were to leave him a moment's respite, his force would rapidly increase, and he would, doubtless, come and harass us in the capital, whence, in spite of our utmost vigilance, he has continued, up to this day, to obtain supplies of money and arms.

Ibrahim is at Gaza, with about two thousand Mamelukes ; and I am informed, that thirty thousand men of the army of the grand vizier and Djezzar Pasha are already arrived there.

The grand vizier set out for Damascus about twenty days ago. He is at present encamped near Acre.

Such, Citizens Directors, are the circumstances under which General Bonaparte has transferred to me the enormous charge of the

army of the east. He saw the fatal crisis approaching, and your orders did not, doubtless, enable him to surmount it. That that crisis exists, his letters, his instructions, and the negotiation he opened, bear evidence: it is notoriously public, and our enemies seem to be as fully aware of it, as the French who are in Egypt.

"If," says General Bonaparte, in his instructions to me, "in spite of every precaution, the plague should rage this year in Egypt, and you should lose more than fifteen hundred men—a considerable loss, since it would exceed that which the events of the war might daily occasion—you must not, in that case, venture to maintain the ensuing campaign; and you will be authorized to conclude peace with the Ottoman Porte, even though the evacuation of Egypt should be the first condition."

I call your attention, Citizens Directors, to this passage of my instructions, because it is characteristic in more than one respect; and, above all, because it shows the critical situation in which I stand.

What are fifteen hundred men, more or less, in the vast extent of country which I have to defend, and being, as we are, daily engaged with the enemy?

The general adds, that Alexandria and El-Arish are the two keys of Egypt.

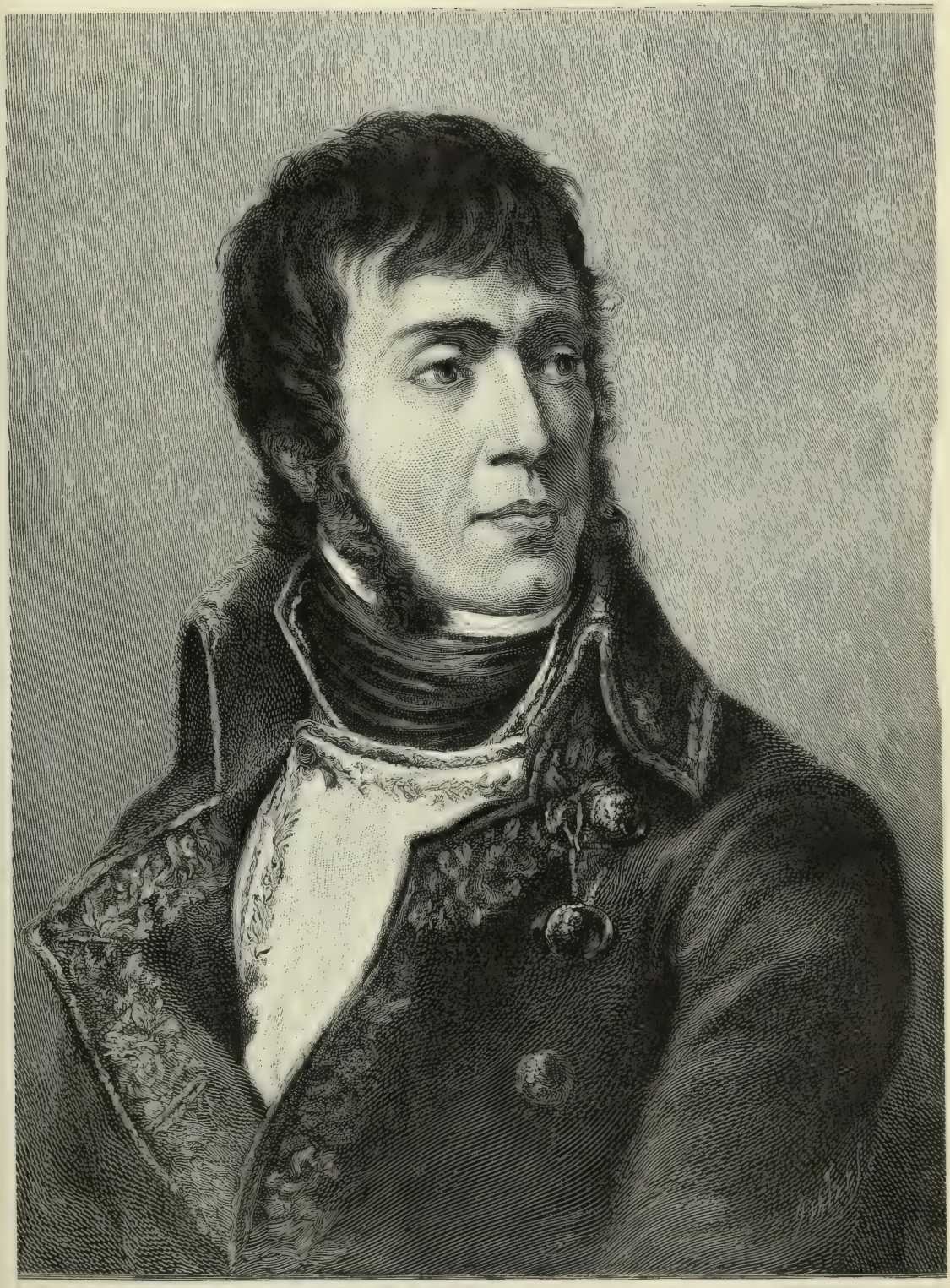
El-Arish is a wretched fort, situated at four days' march in the desert. Owing to the great difficulty of supplying it with provisions, it cannot be garrisoned with more than two hundred and fifty men. Six hundred Mamelukes may, if they choose, cut off its communication with Quattyyeh; and as, on the departure of Bonaparte, that garrison was only supplied with provisions a fortnight in advance, the lapse of that time is all that is necessary to oblige it to surrender, without a gun being fired.

The Arabs alone are enabled to conduct regular convoys in the burning deserts; but they have been so often deceived, that, far from offering to serve us, they fly from us, and conceal themselves; and the arrival of the grand vizier, who flatters their fanaticism, and bribes them with his gifts, is another cause why they have abandoned us.

Alexandria is not a fortress; it is a vast intrenched camp. It was, indeed, defended well enough by our numerous siege-artillery; but since we lost that artillery, in the disastrous campaign of Syria, and since General Bonaparte withdrew all the naval guns, to complete the arming of the two frigates with which he set off, Alexandria can offer but a feeble resistance.

General Bonaparte has flattered himself, with respect to the effect produced by his success at the gates of Aboukir. He, indeed, destroyed all the Turkish force which had landed. But what is such a loss to a great nation, bereft of the finest portion of her possessions, and who is prompted by religion, honour, and interest, to revenge herself, and to reconquer what has been taken from her? Thus, the victory of Aboukir has not, for a single moment, retarded either the preparations or the march of the grand vizier.

In this state of things, what can I, what should I, do? I am of opinion, Citizens Directors that I ought to continue the negotiations which were opened by Bonaparte. If they should have no other result than that of enabling me to gain time, I shall have reason to be



THE PAINTING BY ANTOINE-JEAN GROS, IN THE POSSESSION OF MOREAU CHASLON. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE

MARSHAL ANDRÉ MASSÉNA, DUKE OF RIVOLI, PRINCE OF ESSLING.

for service; but in spite of that, I will try my fortune, if I do not succeed in gaining time by negotiations. Djezzar has withdrawn his troops from Gaza and ordered them back to Acre.

(Signed) KLEBER.

The other letters from Egypt were not less accusatory than Kleber's; and it cannot be doubted, that charges of so precise a nature, brought by the general who had now become commander-in-chief, against his predecessor, would have had great weight, especially, backed as they were by similar complaints from other quarters. A trial would have been inevitable; and then, no 18th Brumaire, no consulate, no empire, no conquest of Europe—but also, it must be added, no St. Helena. None of these events would have ensued, had not the English squadron, when it appeared off Corsica, obliged the Muiron to scud about at hazard, and to touch at the first land she could reach.

The Egyptian expedition filled too important a place in the life of Bonaparte, for him to neglect frequently reviving in the public mind the recollection of his conquests in the east. It was not to be forgotten that the head of the republic was the first of her generals. While Moreau received the command of the armies of the Rhine—while Massena, as a reward for the victory of Zurich, was made commander-in-chief of Italy, and while Brune was at the head of the army of Batavia, Bonaparte consoled himself for his temporary inactivity by a retrospective glance on his past triumphs. He was unwilling that Fame should for a moment cease to blazon his name. Accordingly, as soon as he was established at the head of the government, he caused accounts of his Egyptian expedition to be from time to time published in the Moniteur. He frequently expressed his satisfaction that the accusatory correspondence, and above all, Kleber's letter, had fallen into his own hands. Such was Bonaparte's perfect self-command, that immediately after perusing that letter he dictated to me the following proclamation, addressed to the army of the east:

SOLDIERS,

The consuls of the French republic frequently direct their attention to the army of the east.

France acknowledges all the influence of your conquests on the restoration of her trade and the civilization of the world.

The eyes of all Europe are upon you, and in thought I am often with you.

In whatever situation the chances of war may place you, prove yourselves still the soldiers of Rivoli and Aboukir—you will be invincible.

Place in Kleber the boundless confidence which you reposed in me. He deserves it.

Soldiers, think of the day when you will return victorious to the

sacred territory of France. That will be a glorious day for the whole nation.

Nothing can more forcibly show the character of Bonaparte, than the above allusion to Kleber, after he had seen the way in which Kleber spoke of him to the Directory. Could it ever have been imagined that the correspondence of the army, to whom he addressed this proclamation, teemed with accusations against him? Though the majority of these accusations were strictly just, yet it is but fair to state that the letters from Egypt contained some calumnies. In answer to the well-founded portion of the charges, Bonaparte said little; but he seemed to feel deeply the falsehoods that were stated against him, one of which was, that he had carried away millions from Egypt. I cannot conceive what could have given rise to this false and impudent assertion. So far from having touched the army chest, Bonaparte had not even received all his own pay. Before he constituted himself the government, the government was his debtor.

Though he knew well all that was to be expected from the Egyptian expedition, yet those who lauded that affair were regarded with a favourable eye by Bonaparte. The correspondence which had fallen into his hands was to him of the highest importance in enabling him to ascertain the opinions which particular individuals entertained of him. It was the source of favours and disgraces which those who were not in the secret could not account for. It serves to explain why many men of mediocrity were elevated to the highest dignities and honours, while other men of real merit fell into disgrace, or were utterly neglected.

CHAPTER XXX.

1800.

Great and common men—Portrait of Bonaparte—The varied expression of his countenance—His convulsive shrug—Presentiment of his corpulency—Partiality for bathing—His temperance—His alleged capability of dispensing with sleep—Good and bad news—Shaving, and reading the journals—Morning business—Breakfast—Coffee and snuff—Bonaparte's idea of his own situation—His ill opinion of mankind—His dislike of a *tête-à-tête*—His hatred of the revolutionists—His fits of ill-humour—Ringing of bells—Gardens of Malmaison—Ladies in white—Anecdotes—Bonaparte's tokens of kindness, and his droll compliments—His opinion of medicine—His memory—His poetic insensibility—His want of gallantry—Cards and conversation—The dress-coat and black cravat—Bonaparte's payments—His religious ideas—His obstinacy.

In perusing the history of the distinguished characters of past ages, how often do we regret that the historian should have portrayed the hero rather than the man! We wish to know even the most trivial habits of those whom great talents and vast reputation have elevated above their fellow-creatures. Is this the effect of mere curiosity, or rather is it not an involuntary feeling of vanity which prompts us to console ourselves for the superiority of great men by reflecting on their faults, their weaknesses, their absurdities; in short, all the points of resemblance between them and common men? For the satisfaction of those who are curious in details of this sort, I will here endeavour to paint Bonaparte, as I saw him, in person and in mind, to describe what were his tastes and habits, and even his whims and caprices.

The person of Bonaparte has served as a model for the most skilful painters and sculptors; many able French artists have successfully delineated his features, and yet it may be said that no perfectly faithful portrait of him exists. His finely-shaped head, his superb forehead, his pale countenance, and his usual meditative look, have been transferred to the canvass; but the versatility of his expression was beyond the reach of imitation. All the various workings of his mind were instantaneously depicted in his countenance; and his glance changed from mild to severe, and from angry to good-humoured, almost with the rapidity of lightning. It may truly be said, that he had a particular look for every thought that arose in his mind.

Bonaparte had beautiful hands, and he was very proud of them; while conversing he would often look at them with an air of self-complacency. He also fancied he had fine teeth, but his pretension to that advantage was not so well founded as his vanity on the score of his hands.

When walking, either alone or in company with any one, in his apartments, or in his gardens, he had the habit of stooping a little, and crossing his hands behind his back. He frequently gave an involuntary shrug of his right shoulder, which was accompanied by a movement of his mouth from left to right. This habit was always most remarkable when his mind was absorbed in the consideration of any profound subject. It was often while walking, that he dictated to me his most important notes. He could endure great fatigue, not only on horseback, but on foot; he would sometimes walk for five or six hours in succession, without being aware of it.

When walking with any person whom he treated with familiarity, he would link his arm into that of his companion, and lean on it.

He used often to say to me, "You see, Bourrienne, how temperate, and how thin I am; but, in spite of that, I cannot help thinking that at forty I shall become a great eater, and get very fat. I foresee that my constitution will undergo a change. I take a great deal of exercise; but yet I feel assured that my presentiment will be fulfilled." This idea gave him great uneasiness, and as I observed nothing which seemed to warrant his apprehensions, I omitted no opportunity of assuring him that they were groundless. But he would not listen to me, and all the time I was about him, he was haunted by this presentiment, which, in the end, was but too well verified.

His partiality for the bath, he mistook for a necessity. He would usually remain in the bath two hours, during which time I used to read to him extracts from the journals and pamphlets of the day, for he was anxious to hear and know all that was going on. While in the bath, he was continually turning on the warm water, to raise the temperature, so that I was sometimes enveloped in such a dense vapour that I could not see to read, and was obliged to open the door.*

Bonaparte was exceedingly temperate, and averse to all excess. He knew the absurd stories that were circulated about him, and he was sometimes vexed at them. It has been repeated, over and over again, that he was subject to attacks of epilepsy; but during the eleven years that I was almost constantly with him, I never observed any symptom which in the

* At St. Helena, he is said to have continued in the bath three hours at a time. Is it not possible that his immoderate use of baths of very high temperature may have contributed to produce the premature corpulency which he so greatly dreaded? I recollect having several times hinted such a possibility to him.

least degree denoted that malady. His health was good, and his constitution sound. If his enemies, by way of reproach, have attributed to him a serious periodical disease, his flatterers, probably under the idea that sleep is incompatible with greatness, have evinced an equal disregard of truth, in speaking of his night-watching. Bonaparte made others watch, but he himself slept, and slept well. His orders were, that I should call him every morning at seven. I was, therefore, the first to enter his chamber; but very frequently when I awoke him, he would turn himself, and say, "Ah, Bourrienne! let me lie a little longer." When there was no very pressing business, I did not disturb him again, till eight o'clock. He in general slept seven hours out of the twenty-four, besides taking a short nap in the afternoon.

Among the private instructions which Bonaparte gave me, one was very curious:—"During the night," said he, "enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate: with that there is no hurry. But when you bring bad news, rouse me instantly; for then there is not a moment to be lost."

This was a wise regulation, and Bonaparte found his advantage in it.

As soon as he rose, his valet-de-chambre shaved him and dressed his hair. While he was being shaved, I read to him the newspapers, beginning always with the Moniteur. He paid little attention to any but the German and English papers. "Pass over all that," he would say, while I was perusing the French papers; I know it already. They say only what they think will please me." I was often surprised that his valet did not cut him while I was reading; for whenever he heard any thing interesting, he turned quickly round towards me.*

When Bonaparte had finished his toilet, which he did with great attention, for he was scrupulously neat in his person, we went down to his cabinet. There he signed the orders on important petitions, which had been analyzed by me on the preceding evening. On reception and parade days, he was par-

* It was Constant's task to shave Bonaparte, and he thus speaks of the difficulties he experienced in the discharge of this duty:

"While I was shaving him he would often converse, read the journals, move restlessly in his chair, or turn round suddenly, so that I was obliged to observe the utmost caution in order to avoid cutting him. Luckily that misfortune never occurred to me. When by chance he was not engaged in conversation or reading, he would sit as motionless as a statue, and I could not get him to raise, lower, or incline his head, to facilitate my operation. He had a singular whim of having only one side of his face soaped and shaved at once; and he would not allow me to proceed to the other side until the first was finished."—*Mémoires de Constant.*

Constant adds, that Bonaparte could not shave himself until he instructed him in the mode of holding and applying the razor; but that, owing to his natural impatience and hastiness of manner, he never attempted the operation without severely cutting himself.—*Editor.*

ticularly exact in signing these orders, because I used to remind him, that he would be likely to see most of the petitioners, and that they would ask him for answers. To spare him this annoyance, I used often to acquaint them beforehand of what had been granted or refused. He next perused the letters which I had opened and laid on his table, ranging them according to their importance. He directed me to answer them in his name; he occasionally wrote the answers himself but not often.

At ten o'clock, the maître d'hôtel entered, and announced breakfast, saying, "The general's table is served."* We went to breakfast, and the repast was exceedingly simple. He eat, almost every morning some chicken, dressed with oil and onions. This dish was then, I believe, called *poulet à la Provençale*; but our restaurateurs have since conferred upon it the more ambitious name of *poulet à la Marengo.*

Bonaparte drank little wine, always either claret or Burgundy, and the latter in preference to the former. After breakfast, as well as after dinner, he took a cup of strong coffee.† I never saw him take any between his meals, and I cannot imagine what could have given rise to the assertion of his being particularly fond of coffee. When he sat up late at night, he never ordered coffee, but chocolate, of which he made me take a cup with him. But this only happened when our business was prolonged till two or three in the morning.

All that has been said about Bonaparte's immoderate use of snuff, has no more foundation in truth, than his pretended partiality for coffee. It is true, that at an early period of his life, he began to take snuff, but it was very sparingly, and always out of a box; and if he bore any resemblance to Frederick the Great, it was not by filling his waistcoat-pockets with snuff; for, I must again observe, he carried his notions of personal neatness to a fastidious degree.‡

* This, of course, refers to the time when we were at the Luxembourg.

† M. Brillat de Savarin, whose memory is dear to all gourmands, had established as a gastronomic principle, that, "he who does not take coffee after each meal, is assuredly not a man of taste."

‡ "It has been alleged that his majesty took an inordinate deal of snuff, and that in order to take it with the greater facility, he carried it in his waistcoat-pockets, which for that purpose were lined with leather. This is altogether untrue. The fact is, the emperor never took snuff except from a snuff-box, and though he used a great deal, he actually took but very little. He would frequently hold the snuff-box to his nose, merely to smell the snuff; at other times he would take a pinch, and after smelling it for a moment, he would throw it away. Thus it frequently happened that the spot where he was sitting or standing was strewed with snuff; but his handkerchiefs, which were of the finest cambric, were scarcely ever soiled. He had a great collection of snuff-boxes; but those which he preferred were of dark tortoiseshell, lined with gold, and ornamented with cameos or antique medals in gold or silver. Their form was a narrow oval, with hinged lids. He did not like round boxes, because it was necessary to employ both hands to open them, and in this operation he not unfrequently let the box or the lid fall. His snuff was generally very coarse rappee; but he sometimes liked to have several kinds of snuff mixed together."—*Mémoires de Constant.* (*Editor.*)

Bonaparte had two ruling passions, glory and war. He was never more gay than in the camp, and never more morose than in the inactivity of peace. Plans for the construction of public monuments also pleased his imagination, and filled up the void caused by the want of active occupation. He was aware that monuments form part of the history of nations, of whose civilization they bear evidence for ages after those who created them have disappeared from the earth, and that they likewise often bear false witness to remote posterity of the reality of merely fabulous conquests. Bonaparte was, however, mistaken as to the mode of accomplishing the object he had in view. His ciphers, his trophies, and subsequently his eagles, splendidly adorned the monuments of his reign. But why did he wish to stamp false initials on things with which neither he nor his reign had any connexion; as, for example the old Louvre? Did he imagine that the letter "N," which every where obtruded itself on the eye, had in it a charm to controvert the records of history, or alter the course of time?* Be this as it may, Bonaparte well knew that the fine arts entail lasting glory on great actions, and consecrate the memory of princes who protect and encourage them. He oftener than once said to me, "A great reputation is a great noise; the more there is made, the further off it is heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations, all fall; but the noise continues and resounds in after ages." This was one of his favourite ideas. "My power," he would say at other times, "depends on my glory, and my glory on my victories. My power would fall were I not to support it by new glory and new victories. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest alone can maintain me." This was then, and probably always continued to be, his predominant idea, and that which prompted him continually to scatter the seeds of war through Europe. He thought that if he remained stationary he would fall, and he was tormented with the desire of continually advancing. Not to do something great and decided was, in his opinion, to do nothing. "A newly-born government," said he to me, "must dazzle and astonish. When it ceases to do that, it falls." It was vain to look for rest from a man who was restlessness itself.

His sentiments towards France now differed widely from what I had known them to be in his youth. He long indignantly cherished the recollection of the conquest of Corsica, which he was once content to regard as his country. But that recol-

* When Louis XVIII. returned to the Tuileries in 1814, he found that Bonaparte had been an excellent tenant, and that he had left every thing in very good condition. Some one having called his attention to the profusion of N's which were conspicuous in every part of the palace, the monarch appropriately quoted the following lines of La Fontaine:

"Il aura volontiers écrit sur son chapeau,
C'est moi qui suis Guillot, berger de ce troupeau."

lection was effaced, and it might be said that he now ardently loved France. His imagination was fired by the very thought of seeing her great, happy, and powerful; and as the first nation in the world, dictating laws to the rest. He fancied his name inseparably connected with France, and resounding in the ears of posterity. In all his actions he lost sight of the present moment, and thought only of futurity; so, in all places where he led the way to glory, the opinion of France was ever present in his thoughts. As Alexander at Arbela prided himself less in having conquered Darius, than in having gained the suffrage of the Athenians, so Bonaparte at Marengo was haunted by the idea of what would be said in France.

Before he fought a battle, Bonaparte thought little about what he should do in case of success, but a great deal about what he should do in case of a reverse of fortune. I mention this as a fact of which I have often been a witness, and I leave to his brothers in arms to decide whether his calculations were always correct. He had it in his power to do much, for he risked every thing and spared nothing. His inordinate ambition goaded him on to the attainment of power; and power when possessed served only to augment his ambition. Bonaparte was thoroughly convinced of the truth, that trifles often decide the greatest events: therefore he watched rather than provoked opportunity, and when the right moment approached, he suddenly took advantage of it. It is curious that, amidst all the anxieties of war and government, the fear of the Bourbons incessantly pursued him, and the Faubourg Saint Germain was to him always a threatening phantom.*

He did not esteem mankind, whom indeed he despised more and more in proportion as he became acquainted with them. In him this unfavourable opinion of human nature was justified by many glaring examples of baseness, and he used frequently to repeat, "There are two levers for moving men; interest and fear." What respect, indeed, could Bonaparte entertain for the applicants to the treasury of the opera? Into this treasury the gaming-houses paid a considerable sum, part of which went to cover the expenses of that magnificent theatre. The rest was distributed in gratuities, which were paid on orders signed by Duroc. Individuals of very different characters were often seen entering the little door in the Rue Rameau. The lady who was for a while the favourite of the general-in-chief in Egypt, and whose husband was maliciously sent back by the English, was a frequent visiter to the treasury. On one occasion would be seen assembled there, a distinguished scholar and an actor, a celebrated orator and a musician: on another, the

* I have been informed on good authority, that after I quitted France, orders were given for intercepting even notes of invitation to dinners, &c. The object of this measure was, either to prevent the assembling of parties of any kind, or to render them less numerous, and to ascertain the names of the guests and visiters.

treasurer would have payments to make to a priest, a courtesan, and a cardinal.

One of Bonaparte s greatest misfortunes was, that he neither believed in friendship, nor felt the necessity of loving. How often have I heard him say, "Friendship is but a name; I love nobody. I do not even love my brothers. Perhaps Joseph, a little, from habit and because he is my elder; and Duroc, I love him, too. But why? Because his character pleases me. He is stern and resolute; and I really believe the fellow never shed a tear.* For my part, I know very well that I have no true friends. As long as I continue what I am, I may have as as many pretended friends as I please. Leave sensibility to women; it is their business. But men should be firm in heart and in purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war or government."

In his social relations, Bonaparte's temper was bad; but his fits of ill-humour passed away like a cloud, and spent themselves in words. His violent language and bitter imprecations were frequently premeditated. When he was going to reprimand any one, he liked to have a witness present. He would then say the harshest things, and level blows, against which few could bear up. But he never gave way to those violent ebullitions of rage, until he acquired undoubted proofs of the misconduct of those against whom they were directed. In scenes of this sort, I have frequently observed, that the presence of a third person seemed to give him confidence. Consequently, in a *tête-à-tête* interview, any one who knew his character, and who could maintain sufficient coolness and firmness, was sure to get the better of him. He told his friends at St. Helena, that he admitted a third person on such occasions, only that the blow might resound the further. That was not his real motive, or the better way would have been to perform the scene in public. He had other reasons. I observed that he did not like a *tête-à-tête;* and when he expected any one, he would say to me beforehand, "Bourrienne, you may remain;" and when any one was announced whom he did not expect, as a minister or a general, if I rose to retire, he would say, in a half-whisper, "Stay where you are." Certainly this was not done with the design of getting what he said reported abroad; for it belonged neither to my character nor my duty to gossip about what I had heard. Besides, it may be presumed, that the few who were admitted as witnesses to the conferences of Napoleon, were aware of the consequences attending indiscreet disclosures, under a government which was made acquainted with all that was said and done.

Bonaparte entertained a profound dislike of the sanguinary

* Duroc must not be judged of from what Bonaparte said, under the idea that he was complimenting him. Duroc's manners, it is true, were reserved and somewhat cold; but there were few better or kinder men.

men of the revolution, and especially of the regicides. He felt, as a painful burden, the obligation of dissembling towards them. He spoke to me in terms of horror, of those whom he called the assassins of Louis XVI., and he was annoyed at the necessity of employing them, and treating them with apparent respect. How many times has he not said to Cambacérès, pinching him by the ear, to soften, by that habitual familiarity, the bitterness of the remark, "My dear fellow, your case is clear; if ever the Bourbons come back, you will be hanged." A forced smile would then relax the livid countenance of Cambacérès, and was usually the only reply of the second consul, who, however, on one occasion, said, in my hearing, "Come, come, have done with this joking."

One thing which gave Bonaparte great pleasure, when in the country, was to see a tall, slender woman, dressed in white, walking beneath an alley of shaded trees. He detested coloured dresses, and especially dark ones. To fat women he had an invincible antipathy, and he could not endure the sight of a pregnant woman; it therefore rarely happened that a female in that situation was invited to his parties. He possessed every requisite for being what is called in society an agreeable man, except the will to be so. His manner was imposing rather than pleasing, and those who did not know him well, experienced in his presence an involuntary feeling of awe. In the drawing-room, where Josephine did the honours with so much grace and affability, all was gaiety and ease, and no one felt the presence of a superior; but, on Bonaparte's entrance, all was changed, and every eye was directed towards him, to read his humour in his countenance, whether he intended to be silent or talkative, dull or cheerful.

He often talked a great deal, and sometimes a little too much; but no one could tell a story in a more agreeable and interesting way. His conversation rarely turned on gay or humorous subjects, and never on trivial matters. He was so fond of argument, that in the warmth of discussion it was easy to draw from him secrets which he was most anxious to conceal. Sometimes, in a small circle, he would amuse himself by relating stories of presentiments and apparitions. For this he always chose the twilight of evening, and he would prepare his hearers for what was coming by some solemn remark. On one occasion of this kind, he said, in a very grave tone of voice, "When death strikes a person whom we love, and who is distant from us, a foreboding almost always denotes the event, and the dying person appears to us at the moment of his dissolution." He then immediately related the following anecdote: "A gentleman of the court of Louis XIV. was in the gallery of Versailles at the time that the king was reading to his courtiers the bulletin of the battle of Friedlingen, gained by Villars. Suddenly the gentleman saw, at the further end of the gallery, the ghost

of his son, who served under Villars. He exclaimed, 'My son is no more!' and next moment, the king named him among the dead."

When travelling, Bonaparte was particularly talkative. In the warmth of his conversation, which was always characterized by original and interesting ideas, he sometimes dropped hints of his future views, or, at least, he said things which were calculated to disclose what he wished to conceal. I took the liberty of mentioning to him this indiscretion, and, far from being offended, he acknowledged his mistake, adding, that he was not aware he had gone so far. He frankly avowed this want of caution when at St. Helena.

When in good humour, his usual tokens of kindness consisted in a little rap on the head or a slight pinch of the ear. In his most friendly conversations with those whom he admitted into his intimacy, he would say, "You are a fool"—"a simpleton"—"a ninny"—"a blockhead." These, and a few other words of like import, enabled him to vary his catalogue of compliments; but he never employed them angrily, and the tone in which they were uttered sufficiently indicated that they were meant in kindness.

Bonaparte had many singular habits and tastes. Whenever he experienced any vexation, or when any unpleasant thought occupied his mind, he would hum something which was far from resembling a tune, for his voice was very unmusical.* He would, at the same time, seat himself before the writing-table, and swing back in his chair so far, that I have often been fearful of his falling.

He would then vent his ill-humour on the right arm of his chair, mutilating it with his penknife, which he seemed to keep for no other purpose. I always took care to keep good pens ready for him; for, as it was my business to decipher his writing, I had a strong interest in doing what I could to make it legible.

The ringing of bells always produced in Bonaparte pleasurable sensations, which I could never account for. When we were at Malmaison, and walking in the alley, leading to the plain of Ruel, how many times has the bell of the village church interrupted our most serious conversations! He would stop, lest the noise of our footsteps should drown any portion of the delightful

* "Bonaparte could not sing, because nature had given him the most untunable voice imaginable. He was, however, very fond of humming any airs or fragments of musical compositions which pleased him, and which he happened to recollect. These little reminiscences usually came across his mind in the morning, while I was dressing him. The air which he most frequently hummed, though in a very imperfect way, was the "Marseillaise Hymn." The emperor used also to whistle tunes occasionally; and whenever he whistled the air of "Marlbrook," I knew it to be a sure prognostic of his approaching departure for the army. I recollect that he never whistled so much, nor appeared so cheerful, as when on the eve of departing for the Russian campaign."—*Mémoires de Constant.* (*Editor.*)

sound. He was almost angry with me, because I did not experience the impressions he did. So powerful was the effect produced upon him by the sound of these bells, that his voice would falter, as he said, "Ah! that reminds me of the first years I spent at Brienne! I was then happy!" When the bells ceased, he would resume the course of his speculations, carry himself into futurity, place a crown on his head, and dethrone kings.

Nowhere, except on the field of battle, did I ever see Bonaparte more happy than in the gardens of Malmaison.* At the commencement of the consulate, we used to go there every Saturday evening, and stay the whole of Sunday, and sometimes Monday. Bonaparte used to spend a considerable part of his time in walking and superintending the improvements which he had ordered. At first, he used to make excursions about the neighbourhood; but the reports of the police disturbed his natural confidence, and gave him reason to fear the attempts of concealed royalist partisans.

During the first four or five days that Bonaparte spent at Malmaison, he amused himself, after breakfast, with calculating the revenue of that domain. According to his estimates, it amounted to eight thousand francs. "That is not bad!" said he; "but to live here, would require an income of thirty thousand livres." I could not help smiling, to see him seriously engaged in such a calculation.

Bonaparte had no faith in medicine. He spoke of it as an art entirely conjectural, and his opinion on this subject was fixed and incontrovertible. His vigorous mind rejected all but demonstrated proofs.

He had little memory for proper names; but he had a wonderful recollection of facts and places. I recollect that, on going from Paris to Toulon, he pointed out to me ten places calculated for great battles, and he never forgot them. They were memoranda of his first youthful journeys.

Bonaparte was insensible to the charms of poetic harmony. He had not even sufficient ear to feel the rhythm of poetry, and he never could recite a verse without violating the metre: yet the grand ideas of poetry charmed him. He absolutely worshipped Corneille; and, one day, after having witnessed a performance of Cinna, he said to me, "If a man like Corneille were living in my time, I would make him my prime minister. It is not

* As Bonaparte was one day walking in these gardens with Madame de Clermont-Tonnere, now Madame de Talaru, in whose agreeable conversation he took much delight, he suddenly addressed her thus: "Madame de Clermont-Tonnere, what do you think of me?" This abrupt and unexpected question rendered the answer delicate and difficult: "Why, general," said the lady, after a moment's hesitation, "I think you are like a skilful architect, who never allows his structure to be seen until it is quite finished. You are building behind a scaffolding which you will throw down when your work is completed." "Just so, Madame, you are right, quite right," said Bonaparte hastily. "I never look forward less than two years."

ΓING BY PIERRE-PAUL PRUD'HON, IN THE LOUVRE. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHN

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE IN THE PARK OF MALMAISON.

his poetry that I most admire; it is his powerful understanding, his vast knowledge of the human heart, and his profound policy." At St. Helena, he said that he would have made Corneille a prince; but at the time he spoke to me of Corneille he had no thought of making either princes or kings.

Gallantry to women was by no means a trait in Bonaparte's character. He seldom said any thing agreeable to females, and he frequently addressed to them the rudest and most extraordinary remarks. To one he would say, "Heavens, how red your elbows are!"—To another, "What an ugly head-dress you have got!" At another time he would say, "Your dress is none of the cleanest. . . . . Do you never change your gown? I have seen you in that twenty times!" * He showed no mercy to any who displeased him on these points. He often gave Josephine directions about her toilet, and the exquisite taste for which she was distinguished might have helped to make him fastidious about the costume of other ladies. At first, he looked to elegance above all things: at a later period, he admired luxury and splendour; but he always required modesty. He frequently expressed his disapproval of the low-necked dresses which were so much in fashion at the beginning of the consulate.

Bonaparte did not love cards, and this was very fortunate for those who were invited to his parties; for when he was seated at a card-table, as he sometimes thought himself obliged to be, nothing could exceed the dulness of the drawing-room, either at the Luxembourg or the Tuileries. When, on the contrary, he walked about among the company, all were pleased, for he usually spoke to every body, though he preferred the conversation of men of science, especially those who had been with him in Egypt; as, for example, Monge and Berthollet. He also liked to talk with Chaptal and Lacépède, and with Lemercier, the author of "Agamemnon."

Bonaparte was seen to less advantage in a drawing-room than at the head of his troops. His military uniform became him much better than the handsomest dress of any other kind. His first trials of dress-coats were unfortunate. I have been informed that the first time he wore one, he kept on his black cravat. This incongruity was remarked to him, and he replied, "So much the better: it leaves me something of a military air, and there is no harm in that." For my own part, I neither saw the black cravat, nor heard this reply.†

* Bonaparte, after he became emperor, said one day to the beautiful Duchess de Chevereuse, in the presence of all the circle at the Tuileries: "Ah! that's droll enough; your hair is red.?"—"Perhaps it is, Sire," replied the lady; "but this is the first time a man ever told me so." Madame de Chevereuse, whose hair was, on the contrary, a beautiful blond, was shortly after exiled to Tours, for having declined the office of maid of honour to the Queen of Spain.

† On the subject of Bonaparte's dress Constant gives the following details:

The first consul paid his own private bills very punctually; but he was always tardy in settling the accounts of the contractors who bargained with ministers for supplies for the public service. He put off these payments by all sorts of excuses and shufflings. Hence arose immense arrears in the expenditure, and the necessity of appointing a committee of liquidation. In his opinion, the terms *contractor* and *rogue* were synonymous. All that he avoided paying them, he regarded as a just restitution to himself; and all the sums which were struck off from their accounts, he regarded as so much deducted from a theft. The less a minister paid out of his budget, the more Bonaparte was pleased with him; and this ruinous system of economy can alone explain the credit which Decrès so long enjoyed at the expense of the French navy.

On the subject of religion, Bonaparte's ideas were very vague. "My reason," said he, "makes me incredulous respecting many things; but the impressions of my childhood and early youth throw me into uncertainty." He was very fond of talking of religion. In Italy, in Egypt, and on board the Orient and the Muiron, I have known him to take part in very animated conversations on this subject. He readily yielded up all that was proved against religion as the work of men and time: but he would not hear of materialism. I recollect that, one fine night, when he was on deck with some persons who were arguing in favour of materialism, Bonaparte raised his hand to heaven, and, pointing to the stars, said, "You may talk as long as you please, gentlemen, but who made all that?" The perpetuity of a name in the memory of man was to him the immortality of the soul. He was perfectly tolerant towards every variety of religious faith.*

Among Bonaparte's singular habits, was that of seating him-

"His majesty's waistcoats and smallclothes were always of white cassimir. He changed them every morning, and never wore them after they had been washed three or four times. He never wore any but white silk stockings. His shoes, which were very light and lined with silk, were ornamented with gold buckles of an oval form, either plain or wrought. He also occasionally wore gold knee-buckles. During the empire, I never saw him wear pantaloons. The emperor never wore jewels. In his pockets he carried neither purse nor money, but merely his handkerchief, snuff-box, and *bonbonnière* (or sweetmeat-box). He usually wore only two decorations, viz., the cross of the Legion of Honour, and that of the Iron Crown. Across his waistcoat, and under his uniform coat, he wore a *cordon rouge*, the two ends of which were scarcely perceptible. When he received company at the Tuileries, or attended a review, he wore the grand *cordon* on the outside of his coat. His hat, which it is almost superfluous to describe, as long as portraits of his majesty are extant, was of an extremely fine and light kind of beaver. The inside was wadded and lined with silk. It was unadorned with either cord, tassel, or feather, its only ornament being a silk loop, fastening a small tri-coloured cockade."—*Editor.*

* Policy induced Bonaparte to re-establish religious worship in France, which he thought would be a powerful aid to the consolidation of his power; but he would never consent to the persecution of other religions. He wished to influence mankind in positive and temporal things, but not in points of belief.

self on any table which happened to be of a suitable height for him. He would often sit on mine, resting his left arm on my right shoulder, and swinging his left leg, which did not reach the ground; and while he dictated to me, he would jolt the table so that I could scarcely write.

Bonaparte had a great dislike to reconsider any decision, even when it was acknowledged to be unjust. In little, as well as in great things, he evinced his repugnance to retrograde. An instance of this occurred in the affair of General Latour-Foissac. The first consul felt how much he had wronged that general; but he wished some time to elapse before he repaired his error. His heart and his conduct were at variance: but his feelings were overcome by what he conceived to be political necessity. Bonaparte was never known to say "I have done wrong:" his usual observation was, "I begin to think there is something wrong."

In spite of this sort of feeling, which was more worthy of an ill-humoured philosopher than the head of a government, Bonaparte was neither malignant nor vindictive. I cannot certainly defend him against all the reproaches which he incurred through the imperious law of war and cruel necessity, but I may say that he has often been unjustly accused. None but those who are blinded by fury will call him a Nero or Caligula. I think I have avowed his faults with sufficient candour to entitle me to credit when I speak in his commendation and I declare that, out of the field of battle, Bonaparte had a kind and feeling heart. He was very fond of children, a trait which seldom distinguishes a bad man. In the relations of private life, to call him amiable would not be using too strong a word, and he was very indulgent to the weakness of human nature. The contrary opinion is too firmly fixed in some minds for me to hope to root it out. I shall, I fear, have contradictors, but I address myself to those who look for truth. To judge impartially we must take into account the influence which time and circumstances exercise on men; and distinguish between the different characters of the collegian, the general, the consul, and the emperor.

CHAPTER XXXI.

1800.

Bonaparte's laws—Suppression of the festival of the 21st of January—Official visits—The Temple—Louis XVI. and Sir Sydney Smith—Peculation during the Directory—Loan raised—Modest budget—The consul and the member of the Institute—The figure of the republic—Duroc's missions—The King of Prussia—The Emperor Alexander—General Latour-Foissac—Arbitrary decree—Company of players for Egypt—Singular ideas respecting literary property—The preparatory consulate—The journals—Sabres and muskets of honour—The first consul and his comrade—The bust of Brutus—Statues in the gallery of the Tuileries—Sections of the council of state—Costumes of public functionaries—Masquerades—The opera-balls—Recal of the exiles.

It is not my purpose to say much about the laws, decrees, and senatus-consulta, which the first consul either passed or caused to be passed, after his accession to power. What were they all, with the exception of the civil code? The legislative reveries of the different men who have from time to time ruled France, form an immense labyrinth, in which chicanery bewilders reason and common sense; and they would long since have been buried in oblivion, had they not occasionally served to authorize injustice. I cannot, however, pass over unnoticed the happy effect produced in Paris, and throughout the whole of France, by some of the first decisions of the consuls. Perhaps, none but those who witnessed the state of society during the reign of terror can fully appreciate the satisfaction which the first steps towards the restoration of social order produced in the breasts of all honest men. The Directory, more base, and not less perverse, than the Convention, had retained the horrible 21st of January among the festivals of the republic. One of Bonaparte's first ideas, on attaining the possession of power, was to abolish this; but such was the ascendancy of the abettors of the fearful event, that he could not venture on a straightforward course. He and his two colleagues, who were Siéyès and Roger-Ducos, signed, on the 5th Nivose, a decree, setting forth that in future the only festivals to be celebrated by the republic were the 1st Vendémiaire and the 14th of July, intending by this means to consecrate provisionally the recollection of the foundation of the republic and of liberty.

All was calculation with Bonaparte. To produce effect was

FROM THE PAINTING BY LOUIS-CHARLES-AUGUSTE COUDER, IN THE VERSAILLES MUSEUM.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

INSTALLATION OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE (BONAPARTE, CAMBACÉRÈS, AND LEBRUN) AT THE PALACE OF THE LITTLE LUXEMBOURG, DECEMBER 25, 1799.

his highest gratification. Thus he let slip no opportunity of saying or doing things which were calculated to dazzle the multitude. While at the Luxembourg, he went sometimes, accompanied by his aides-de-camp, and sometimes by a minister, to pay certain official visits. I did not accompany him on these occasions; but almost always either on his return, after dinner, or in the evening, he related to me what he had done and said. He congratulated himself on having paid a visit to Daubenton, at the Jardin des Plantes, and talked with great self-complacency of the distinguished way in which he had treated the contemporary of Buffon.

On the 24th Brumaire he visited the prisons. He liked to make these visits unexpectedly, and to take the governors of the different public establishments by surprise: so that having no time to make their preparations, he might see things as they really were. I was in his closet when he returned, for I had a great deal of business to go through in his absence. As he entered, he exclaimed, "What animals these directors are! To what a state they have brought our public establishments! But, stay a little! I will put all in order. The prisons are in a shocking unwholesome state, and the prisoners miserably fed. I questioned them, and I questioned the jailers, for nothing is to be learned from the superiors. They, of course, always speak well of their own work. When I was in the Temple, I could not help thinking of the unfortunate Louis XVI. He was an excellent man, but too amiable, too gentle. He knew not how to deal with mankind. And Sir Sydney Smith! I made them show me his apartment. If the fools had not let him escape, I should have taken St. Jean d'Acre! There are too many painful recollections connected with that prison. I will certainly have it pulled down some day or other! Know you what I did at the Temple? I ordered the jailers' books to be brought me, and finding that some hostages were in confinement, I liberated them. 'An unjust law,' said I, 'has deprived you of liberty; my first duty is to restore it you.' Was not this well done, Bourrienne?" As I was, no less than Bonaparte himself, an enemy to the revolutionary laws, I congratulated him sincerely; and he was very sensible to my approbation, for I was not accustomed to greet him with "well; very well," on all occasions. It is true, knowing his character as I did, I avoided saying any thing that was calculated to offend him; but when I said nothing, he knew very well how to construe my silence. Had I flattered him I should have continued longer in favour.

Bonaparte always spoke angrily of the directors he had turned off. Their incapacity disgusted and astonished him. "What simpletons! what a government!" he would frequently exclaim, when he looked into the measures of the Directory. "Bourrienne," said he, "can you imagine any thing more pitiable than their system of finance? Can it for a moment be doubted

that the principal agents of authority daily committed the most fraudulent peculations? What venality! what disorder! what wastefulness! every thing put up for sale: places, provisions, clothing, and military, all were disposed of. Have they not actually consumed seventy-five millions in advance? And then, think of all the scandalous fortunes accumulated, all the malversations! But are there no means of making them refund? We shall see."

In these first moments of poverty, it was found necessary to raise a loan, and twelve millions were advanced by the different bankers of Paris, who, I believe, were paid by bills of the receivers-general, the discount of which then amounted to about thirty-three per cent. The salaries of the first offices were not very considerable, and did not amount to any thing like the exorbitant stipends of the empire. The following table shows the modest budget of the consular governments for the year VIII.:

	Francs.
Legislative Body	2,400,000
Tribunat	1,312,000
Archives	75,000
The three Consuls, including 750,000 fr. of secret service money	1,800,000
Council of State	675,000
Secretaries to the Councils and to the Counsellors of State	112,500
The six Ministers	360,000
The Minister for Foreign Affairs	90,000
Total	6,854,500

Bonaparte's salary was fixed at five hundred thousand francs. What a contrast to the three hundred millions in gold, which were reported to have been concealed in 1811 in the cellars of the Tuileries!

In mentioning Bonaparte's nomination to the Institute, and his affectation in putting at the head of his proclamation his title of member of that learned body, before that of general-in-chief, I omitted to state what value he really attached to that title. The truth is that, when young and ambitious, he was pleased with the proffered title, which he thought would raise him in public estimation. How often have we laughed together, when he weighed the value of his scientific titles! Bonaparte, to be sure, knew something of mathematics, a good deal of history, and, I need not add, possessed extraordinary military talent; but he was nevertheless, a useless member of the Institute.

On his return from Egypt, he began to grow weary of a title which gave him so many colleagues. "Do you not think," said he one day to me, "that there is something mean and humiliating in the words, *I have the honour to be, my dear Colleague?*" Generally speaking, all phrases which indicated

equality displeased him. It will be recollected how gratified he was that I did not address him in the second person singular, on our meeting at Leoben, and also what befel M. de Cominges at Bâle, because he did not observe the same precaution.

The figure of the republic seated, and holding a spear in her hand, which, at the commencement of the consulate, was stamped on official letters, was speedily abolished. Happy would it have been, if Liberty herself had not suffered the same treatment as her emblem! The title of first consul made him despise that of member of the Institute. He no longer entertained the least predilection for that learned body, and subsequently he regarded it with much suspicion. It was a *body* an *authorized assembly*; these were reasons sufficient for him to take umbrage at it, and he never concealed his dislike of all bodies possessing the privilege of meeting and deliberating.

While we were at the Luxembourg, Bonaparte despatched Duroc on a special mission to the King of Prussia. This happened, I think, at the very beginning of the year 1800. He selected Duroc because he was a man of good education and agreeable manners, and one who could express himself with elegance and reserve, qualities not often met with at that period. Duroc had been with us in Italy, in Egypt, and on board the Muiron, and the consul easily guessed that the King of Prussia would be delighted to hear from an eyewitness the events of Bonaparte's campaigns, especially the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, and the scenes which took place during the months of March and May at Jaffa. Besides, the first consul considered it indispensable that such circumstantial details should be given in a way to leave no doubt of their correctness. His intentions were fully realized; for Duroc told me, on his return, that nearly the whole of the conversation he had with the king turned upon St. Jean d'Acre and Jaffa. He staid nearly two whole hours with his majesty, who, the day after, gave him an invitation to dinner. When this intelligence arrived at the Luxembourg, I could perceive that the chief of the republic was exceedingly flattered that one of his aides-de-camp should have sat at table with a king, who, some years after, was doomed to wait for him in his antechamber at Tilsit.

Duroc never spoke on politics to the King of Prussia, which was very fortunate, for considering his age, and the exclusively military life he had led, he could scarcely have been expected to avoid blunders. Some time after, that is to say, after the death of Paul I., he was sent to congratulate Alexander on his accession to the throne. Bonaparte's design in thus making choice of Duroc, was to introduce to the courts of Europe, by confidential missions, a young man to whom he was much attached, and also to bring him forward in France. Duroc went on his third mission to Berlin, after the war broke out

with Austria. He often wrote to me, and his letters convinced me how much he had improved himself within a short time.

Another circumstance which happened at the commencement of the consulate, affords an example of Bonaparte's inflexibility, when he had once formed a determination. In the spring of 1799, when we were in Egypt, the Directory gave to General Latour-Foissac, a highly distinguished officer, the command of Mantua, the taking of which had so powerfully contributed to the glory of the conqueror of Italy. Shortly after Latour's appointment to this important post, the Austrians besieged Mantua. It was well known that the garrison was supplied with provisions and ammunition for a long resistance; yet, in the month of July it surrendered to the Austrians. The act of capitulation contained a curious article, viz., "General Latour-Foissac and his staff shall be conducted, as prisoners, to Austria; the garrison shall be allowed to return to France." This distinction between the general and the troops intrusted to his command, and, at the same time, the prompt surrender of Mantua, were circumstances which, it must be confessed, were calculated to excite suspicions of Latour-Foissac. The consequence was, when Bernadotte was made war minister, he ordered an inquiry into the general's conduct by a court-martial. Latour-Foissac had no sooner returned to France, than he published a justificatory memorial, in which he showed the impossibility of his having made a longer defence, when he was in want of many objects of the first necessity.

Such was the state of the affair on Bonaparte's elevation to the consular power. The loss of Mantua, the possession of which had cost him so many sacrifices, roused his indignation to so high a pitch, that whenever the subject was mentioned, he could find no words to express his rage. He stopped the investigation of the court-martial, and issued a violent decree against Latour-Foissac, even before his culpability had been proved. This proceeding occasioned much discussion, and was very dissatisfactory to many general officers, who, by this arbitrary decision, found themselves in danger of forfeiting the privilege of being tried by their natural judges, whenever they happened to displease the first consul. For my own part, I must say, that this decree against Latour-Foissac was one which I saw issued with considerable regret. I was alarmed for the consequences. After the lapse of a few days, I ventured to point out to him the undue severity of the step he had taken; I reminded him of all that had been said in Latour-Foissac's favour, and tried to convince him how much more just it would be to allow the trial to come to a conclusion. "In a country," said I, "like France, where the point of honour stands above every thing, it is impossible Foissac can escape condemnation, if he be culpable."—"Perhaps you are right, Bourrienne," rejoined he; "but the blow is struck; the decree is issued. I

have given the same explanation to every one; but I cannot so suddenly retrace my steps. To retrograde is to be lost. I cannot acknowledge myself in the wrong. By and by we shall see what can be done. Time will bring lenity and pardon. At present it would be premature." Such, word for word, was Bonaparte's reply. If with this be compared what he said on the subject at St. Helena, it will be found that his ideas continued nearly unchanged; the only difference is, that instead of the impetuosity of 1800, he expressed himself with the calmness which time and adversity naturally produce.*

Bonaparte, as I have before observed, loved contrasts; and I remember at the very time he was acting so violently against Latour-Foissac, he condescended to busy himself about a company of players, which he wished to send to Egypt, or rather that he pretended to wish to send there, because the announcement of such a project conveyed an impression of the prosperous condition of our oriental colony. The consuls gravely appointed the minister of the interior to execute this business, and the minister, in his turn, delegated his powers to Florence, the actor. In their instructions to the minister, the consuls observed that it would be advisable to include some female dancers in the company; a suggestion which corresponds with Bonaparte's note, in which were specified all that he considered necessary for the Egyptian expedition.

The first consul entertained singular notions respecting literary property. On his hearing that a piece, entitled "Misanthropie et Repentir," had been brought out at the Odeon, he said to me, "Bourrienne, you have been robbed."—"I, general? how?"—"You have been robbed, I tell you, and they are now acting your piece." I have already mentioned, that during my stay at Warsaw, I amused myself with translating a celebrated play of Kotzebue. While we were in Italy, I lent Bonaparte my translation to read, and he expressed himself much pleased with it. He greatly admired the piece, and often went to see it acted at the Odeon. On his return, he invariably gave me fresh reasons for my claiming what he was pleased to call my property. I represented to him, that the translation of a foreign work belonged to any one who chose to execute it. He would not, however, give up his point, and I was obliged to assure him that my occupations in his service left me no time to engage in a literary lawsuit. He then exacted a promise from me to translate Goëthe's "Werther." I told him it was already done,

* "It was," says the 'Memorial' of St. Helena, "an illegal and tyrannical act, but still it was a necessary evil. It was the fault of the law. He was a hundred, nay, a thousand fold guilty, and yet it was doubtful whether he would be condemned. We therefore assailed him with the shafts of honour and public opinion. Yet, I repeat it was a tyrannical act, and one of those violent measures which are at times necessary in great nations and in extraordinary circumstances."

though indifferently, and that I could not possibly devote to the subject the time it merited. I read over to him one of the letters I had translated into French, and which he seemed to approve.

That interval of the consular government, during which Bonaparte remained at the Luxembourg, may be called the preparatory consulate. Then were sown the seeds of the great events which he meditated, and of those institutions with which he wished to mark his possession of power. He was then, if I may use the expression, two individuals in one: the republican general, who was obliged to appear the advocate of liberty and the principles of the revolution; and the votary of ambition, secretly plotting the downfal of that liberty and those principles.

I often wondered at the consummate address with which he contrived to deceive those who were likely to see through his designs. This hypocrisy, which some, perhaps, may call profound policy, was indispensable to the accomplishment of his projects; and sometimes, as if to keep himself in practice, he would do it in matters of secondary importance. For example, his opinion of the insatiable avarice of Siéyès is well known; yet, when he proposed, in his message to the council of Ancients, to give his colleague, under the title of national recompence, the price of his obedient secession, it was, in the words of the message, a recompence worthily bestowed on his *disinterested virtues.*

While at the Luxembourg, Bonaparte showed, by a consular act, his hatred of the liberty of the press, above all liberties, for he loved none.

The 27th Nivose, the consuls, or rather the first consul, published a decree, the real object of which was evidently contrary to its implied object.

This decree stated, that

> The consuls of the republic, considering that some of the journals printed at Paris are instruments *in the hands of the enemies of the republic*, over the safety of which the government is specially intrusted by the people of France to watch, decree—
>
> That the minister of police shall, during the continuation of the war, allow only the following journals to be printed and published, viz.—Le Moniteur-Universel; Le Journal des Débats et Décrets; Le Journal de Paris; Le Bien-Informé; Le Publiciste; L'Ami des Lois; La Clef des Cabinets; Le Citoyen François; La Gazette de France; Le Journal des Hommes Libres; Le Journal du Soir, by the brothers Chaigneau; Le Journal des Défenseurs de la Patrie; La Décade Philosophique, and those papers which are exclusively devoted to science, art, literature, commerce, and advertisements.

Surely this decree may well be considered as preparatory; and the fragment I have quoted may serve as a standard for measuring the greater part of those acts, by which Bonaparte sought to gain, for the consolidation of his power, what he seemed to be seeking solely for the interest of the friends of the

republic. The limitation to the period of the continuance of the war had also a certain provisional air which afforded hope for the future. But every thing provisional is, in its nature, very elastic; and Bonaparte knew how to draw it out *ad infinitum*. The decree, moreover, enacted, that if any of the uncondemned journals should insert articles *against the sovereignty of the people*, they would be immediately suppressed. In truth, great indulgence was shown on this point, even after the emperor's coronation.

The presentation of sabres and muskets of honour, also originated at the Luxembourg; and this practice was, without doubt, a preparatory step to the foundation of the Legion of Honour. A grenadier sergeant, named Leon Aune, who had been included in the first distribution, easily obtained permission to write to the first consul to thank him. Bonaparte, wishing to answer him in his own name, dictated to me the following letter for Aune:

I have received your letter, my brave comrade. You needed not to have told me of your exploits, for you are the bravest grenadier in the whole army, since the death of Benezete. You received one of the hundred sabres I distributed to the army, and all agreed you most deserved it.

I wish very much to see you. The war minister sends you an order to come to Paris.

This wheedling wonderfully favoured Bonaparte's designs. His letter to Aune could not fail to be circulated through the army. A sergeant called *my brave comrade*, by the First Consul —the First Genoral of France! Who but a thorough republican, the stanch friend of equality, would have done this? This was enough to wind up the enthusiasm of the army. At the same time, it must be confessed, that Bonaparte began to find the Luxembourg too little for him, and preparations were set on foot at the Tuileries.

Still this great step towards the re-establishment of the monarchy was to be cautiously prepared. It was important to do away with the idea that none but a king could occupy the palace of our ancient kings. What was to be done? A very fine bust of Brutus had been brought from Italy. Brutus was the destroyer of tyrants! This was the very thing; and David was commissioned to place it in a gallery of the Tuileries. Could there be a greater proof of the consul's horror of tyranny?

To sleep at the Tuileries, in the bedchamber of the kings of France, was all that Bonaparte wanted; the rest would follow, in due course. He was willing to be satisfied with establishing a principle, the consequences of which were to be afterwards deduced. Hence the affectation of never inserting in official acts the name of the Tuileries, but designating that place as the palace of the government. The first preparations were modest,

for it did not become a good republican to be fond of pomp. Accordingly, Lecomte, who was at that time architect of the Tuileries, merely received orders to *clean* the palace, an expression which might bear more than one meaning, after the meetings which had been there. For this purpose, the sum of five hundred thousand francs was sufficient. Bonaparte's drift was to conceal, as far as possible, the importance he attached to the change of his consular domicile. But little expense was requisite for fitting up apartments for the first consul. Simple ornaments, such as marbles and statues, were to decorate the palace of the government.

Nothing escaped Bonaparte's consideration. Thus, it was not merely at hazard, that he selected the statues of great men to adorn the gallery of the Tuileries. Among the Greeks, he made choice of Demosthenes and Alexander, thus rendering homage, at once, to the genius of eloquence and the genius of victory. The statue of Hannibal was intended to recal the memory of Rome's most formidable enemy; and Rome herself was represented in the consular palace by the statues of Scipio, Cicero, Cato, Brutus and Cæsar—the victor and the immolator being placed side by side. Among the great men of modern times, he gave the first place to Gustavus Adolphus, and the next to Turenne and the great Condé—to Turenne, in honour of his military talent; and to Condé, to prove that there was nothing fearful in the recollection of a Bourbon. The remembrance of the glorious days of the French navy was revived by the statue of Duguai Trouin. Marlborough and Prince Eugène had also their places in the gallery, as if to attest the disasters which marked the close of the great reign; and Marshal Saxe, to show that Louis the Fifteenth's reign was not without its glory The statues of Frederic and Washington were emblematic of false philosophy on a throne, and true wisdom founding a free state. Finally, the names of Dugommier, Dampierre and Joubert, were intended to bear evidence of the high esteem which Bonaparte cherished for his old comrades; those illustrious victims to a cause which had now ceased to be his.

The reader has already been informed of the attempts made by Bonaparte to induce England and Austria to negotiate with the consular government, which the King of Prussia was the first of the sovereigns of Europe to recognise. These attempts having proved unavailing, it became necessary to carry on the war with renewed vigour, and also to explain why the peace, which had been promised at the beginning of the consulate, was still nothing but a promise. In fulfilment of these two objects, Bonaparte addressed an energetic proclamation to the armies, which was remarkable for not being followed by the usual sacred words, "Vive la République!"

At the same time Bonaparte completed the formation of the council of State, and divided it into five sections:—1st. The

Interior; 2d. Finance; 3d. Marine; 4th. The War Department; 5th. Legislation. He fixed the salaries of the councillors of the state at twenty-five thousand francs, and that of the presidents of sections at thirty thousand. He settled the costume of the consuls, the ministers, and the different bodies of the state. This led to the reintroduction of velvet, which had been banished with the old regime, and the encouragement of the manufactures of Lyons was the reason alleged for employing this un-republican article in the different dresses, as those of the consuls and ministers. It was Bonaparte's constant aim to efface the republic, even in the utmost trifles, and to prepare matters so well that the customs and habits of monarchy being restored, there should only then remain a word to be changed.

I never remember to have seen Bonaparte in the consular dress, which he detested, and which he wore only because duty required him to do so at public ceremonies. The only dress he was fond of, and in which he felt at ease, was that in which he subjugated the ancient Eridanus and the Nile, namely, the uniform of the Guides, to which corps Bonaparte was always sincerely attached.

The masquerade of official dresses was not the only one which Bonaparte summoned to the aid of his policy. At that period of the year VIII., which corresponded with the carnival of 1800, masques began to be resumed at Paris. Disguises were all the fashion, and Bonaparte favoured the revival of old amusements; first, because they were old, and next, because they were the means of diverting the attention of the people: for, as he had established the principle that on the field of battle it is necessary to divide the enemy in order to beat him, he conceived it no less advisable to divert the people, in order to enslave them. Bonaparte did not say *panem et circenses*, for I believe his knowledge of Latin did not extend even to that well-known phrase of Juvenal, but he put the maxim in practice. He accordingly authorized the revival of balls at the opera, which they who lived during that period of the consulate know was an important event in Paris. Some gladly viewed it as a little conquest in favour of the old regime; and others, who for that very reason disapproved it, were too shallow to understand the influence of little over great things. The women and the young men did not bestow a thought on the subject, but yielded willingly to the attractions of pleasure. Bonaparte, who was delighted at having provided a diversion for the gossiping of the Parisian saloons, said to me one day, "While they are chatting about all this, they do not babble upon politics, and that is what I want. Let them dance and amuse themselves, as long as they do not thrust their noses into the councils of the government; besides, Bourrienne," added he, "I have other reasons for encouraging this, I see other advantages in it. Trade is languishing; Fouché tells me that there are great complaints. This will set a little

money in circulation; besides, I am on my guard about the jacobins. Every thing is not bad, because it is not new. I prefer the opera-balls to the saturnalia of the Goddess of Reason. I was never so enthusiastically applauded as at the last parade."

A consular decision of a different and more important nature had, shortly before, namely, at the commencement of Nivose, brought happiness to many families. Bonaparte, as every one knows, had prepared the events of the 18th Fructidor, that he might have some plausible reasons for overthrowing the Directory. The Directory being overthrown, he was now anxious, at least, in part, to undo what he had done on the 18th Fructidor. He therefore ordered a report on the persons exiled to be presented to him by the minister of the police. In consequence of this report, he authorized forty of them to return to France, placing them under the observation of the minister, and assigning them their place of residence. However, they did not long remain under these restrictions, and many of them were soon called to fill high places in the government. It was indeed natural that Bonaparte, still wishing, at least in appearance, to found his government on those principles of moderate republicanism which had caused their exile, should invite them to second his views.

Barrère wrote a justificatory letter to the first consul, who, however, took no notice of it, for he could not get so far as to favour Barrère. Thus did Bonaparte receive into the councils of the consulate the men who had been exiled by the Directory, just as he afterwards appointed the emigrants and those exiles of the revolution to high offices under the empire. The time and the men alone differed; the intention in both cases was the same.

CHAPTER XXXII.

1800.

Bonaparte and Paul I.—Lord Whitworth—Baron Sprengporten's arrival at Paris—Paul's admiration of Bonaparte—Their close connexion and correspondence—The royal challenge—General Mack—The road to Malmaison—Attempts at assassination—Death of Washington—National mourning—Ambitious calculation—M. de Fontanes, the skilful orator—Fête at the Temple of Mars.

The first relations between Bonaparte and Paul I. commenced a short time after the accession to the consulate. Affairs then began to look a little less unfavourable: already vague reports from Switzerland and the banks of the Rhine indicated

a coldness existing between the Russians and the Austrians; and, at the same time, symptoms of a misunderstanding between the courts of London and St. Petersburg began to be perceptible. The first consul having, in the mean time, discovered the chivalrous and somewhat eccentric character of Paul I., thought the moment a propitious one to attempt breaking the bonds which united Russia and England. He was not the man to allow so fine an opportunity to pass, and he took advantage of it with his ordinary sagacity. The English had some time before refused to comprehend in a cartel for the exchange of prisoners seven thousand Russians taken in Holland. Bonaparte ordered them all to be armed, and clothed in new uniforms appropriate to the corps to which they had belonged, and sent them back to Russia, without ransom, without exchange, or any condition whatever. This judicious munificence was not thrown away. Paul showed himself deeply sensible of it, and, closely allied as he had lately been with England, he now, all at once, declared himself her enemy. This triumph of policy delighted the first consul.

Thenceforth the consul and the czar became the best friends possible. They strove to outdo each other in professions of friendship; and it may be believed that Bonaparte did not fail to turn this contest of politeness to his own advantage. He so well worked upon the mind of Paul, that he succeeded in obtaining a direct influence over the cabinet of St. Petersburg.

Lord Whitworth, at that time the English ambassador in Russia, was ordered to quit the capital without delay, and to retire to Riga, which then became the focus of the intrigues of the north, which ended in the death of Paul. The English ships were seized in all the ports, and, at the pressing instance of the czar, a Prussian army menaced Hanover. Bonaparte lost no time, and, profiting by the friendship manifested towards him by the inheritor of Catherine's power, determined to make that friendship subservient to the execution of the vast plan which he had long conceived: he meant to undertake an expedition by land against the English colonies in the East Indies.

The arrival of Baron Sprengporten at Paris caused great satisfaction among the partisans of the consular government, that is to say, almost every one in Paris. M. Sprengporten was a native of Swedish Finland. He had been appointed, by Catherine, chamberlain and lieutenant-general of her forces, and he was not less in favour with Paul, who treated him in the most distinguished manner. He came on an extraordinary mission, being ostensibly clothed with the title of plenipotentiary, and at the same time, appointed confidential minister to the consul. Bonaparte was extremely satisfied with the ambassador whom Paul had selected, and with the manner in which he described the emperor's gratitude for the generous conduct

of the first consul. M. Sprengporten did not conceal the extent of Paul's dissatisfaction with his allies. The bad issue, he said, of the war with France, had already disposed the emperor to connect himself with that power, when the return of his troops at once determined him.

We could easily perceive that Paul placed great confidence in M. Sprengporten. As he had satisfactorily discharged the mission with which he had been intrusted, Paul expressed pleasure at his conduct in several friendly and flattering letters, which Sprengporten always allowed us to read. No one could be fonder of France than he was, and he ardently desired that his first negotiations might lead to a long alliance between the Russian and French governments. The autograph and very frequent correspondence between Bonaparte and Paul passed through his hands. I read all Paul's letters, which were remarkable for the frankness with which his affection for Bonaparte was expressed. His admiration of the first consul was so great, that no courtier could have written in a more flattering manner.

This admiration was not feigned on the part of the Emperor of Russia: it was no less sincere than ardent, and of this he soon gave proofs. The violent hatred he had conceived towards the English government, induced him to defy to single combat every king who would not declare war against England, and shut his ports against English ships. He inserted a challenge to the King of Denmark in the St. Petersburg Court Gazette; but not choosing to apply officially to the senate of Hamburg to order its insertion in the Correspondent, conducted by M. Storer, he sent the article, through Count Pahlen, to M. Schramm, a Hamburg merchant. The count told M. Schramm that the emperor would be much pleased to see the article of the St. Petersburg Court Gazette copied into the Correspondent; and that if it should be inserted, he wished to have a dozen copies of the paper printed on vellum, and sent to him by an extraordinary courier. It was Paul's intention to send a copy to every sovereign in Europe; but this piece of folly, after the manner of Charles XII., led to no further results.

Bonaparte never felt greater satisfaction in the whole course of his life, than he experienced from Paul's enthusiasm for him. The friendship of a sovereign seemed to him a step, by which he was to become a sovereign himself. On the other hand, the affairs of La Vendée began to assume a better aspect, and he hoped soon to effect that pacification in the interior, which he so ardently desired.*

* This account agrees precisely with the following, dictated by Napoleon himself at St. Helena:

'The Emperor Paul had succeeded the Empress Catherine. Half frantic with his hostility to the French revolution, he had performed what his mother had contented herself with promising; and engaged in the second coalition.

It was during the first consul's residence at the Luxembourg that the first report on the civil code was made to the legislative

General Suwarrow, at the head of 60,000 Russians, advanced in Italy, whilst another Russian army entered Switzerland, and a corps of 15,000 men was placed by the czar at the disposal of the Duke of York, for the purpose of conquering Holland. These were all the disposable forces the Russian empire had. Suwarrow, although victorious at the battles of Cassano, the Trebbia, and Novi, had lost half his army in the Saint-Gothard, and the different valleys of Switzerland, after the battle of Zurich, in which Korsakow had been taken. Paul then became sensible of all the imprudence of his conduct; and in 1800, Suwarrow returned to Russia with scarcely a fourth of his army. The Emperor Paul complained bitterly of having lost the flower of his troops, who had neither been seconded by the Austrians nor by the English. He reproached the cabinet of Vienna with having refused, after the conquest of Piedmont, to replace the King of Sardinia upon his throne; with being destitute of grand and generous ideas, and wholly governed by calculation and interested views. He also complained that the English, when they took Malta, instead of reinstating the order of St. John of Jerusalem, and restoring that island to the knights, had appropriated it to themselves. The first consul did all in his power to cherish these seeds of discontent, and to make them productive. A little after the battle of Marengo, he found means to flatter the lively and impetuous imagination of the czar, by sending him the sword which Pope Leo X. had given to l'Ile Adam, as a memorial of his satisfaction, for having defended Rhodes against the infidels. From eight to ten thousand Russian soldiers had been made prisoners in Italy, at Zurich, and in Holland: the first consul proposed their exchange to the English and Austrians, both refused; the Austrians, because there were still many of their people prisoners in France; and the English, although they had a great number of French prisoners, because, as they said, this proposal was contrary to their principles. 'What!' it was said to the cabinet of St. James's, 'do you refuse to exchange even the Russians, who were taken in Holland, fighting in your own ranks under the Duke of York?' And to the cabinet of Vienna it was observed, 'How! do you refuse to restore to their country those men of the north to whom you are indebted for the victories of the Trebbia, and Novi, and for your conquests in Italy, and who have left in your hands a multitude of French prisoners taken by them? Such injustice excites my indignation,' said the first consul. 'Well! I will restore them to the czar without exchange; he shall see how I esteem brave men.' The Russian officers, who were prisoners, immediately received their swords, and the troops of that nation were assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle, where they were soon completely new clothed, and furnished with good arms of French manufacture. A Russian general was instructed to organize them in battalions and regiments. This blow struck at once at London and St. Petersburg. Paul, attacked in so many different directions, gave way to his enthusiastic temper, and attached himself to France with all the ardour of his character. He despatched a letter to the first consul, in which he said, 'Citizen, First Consul, I do not write to you to discuss the rights of men or citizens; every country governs itself as it pleases. Wherever I see at the head of a nation a man who knows how to rule and how to fight, my heart is attracted towards him. I write to acquaint you of my dissatisfaction with England, who violates every article of the law of nations, and has no guide but her egotism and interest. I wish to unite with you to put an end to the unjust proceedings of that government.'

"In the beginning of December, 1800, General Sprengporten, a Finlander, who had entered the Russian service, and who in his heart was attached to France, arrived at Paris. He brought letters from the Emperor Paul, and was instructed to take the command of the Russian prisoners, and to conduct them to their country. All the officers of that nation, who returned to Russia, constantly spoke in the highest terms of the kind treatment and attention they had met with in France, particularly after the arrival of the first consul. The corre-

body. It was then, also, that the regulations for the management of the bank of France were adopted, and that establishment, so necessary to France, was founded.*

There was at this time in Paris a man who has acquired an unfortunate celebrity, the most unlucky of modern generals—in a word, General Mack. I should not notice that person here, were it not for the prophetic judgmeut which Bonaparte then pronounced on him. Mack had been obliged to deliver himself up at Championnet, some time before our landing at Frejus. He was received as a prisoner of war, and the town of Dijon had been appointed his place of residence, and there he remained until after the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte, now consul, permitted him to come to Paris, and to reside there on his parole. He applied for leave to go to Vienna, pledging himself to return again a prisoner to France, if the Emperor Francis would not consent to exchange him for Generals Perignon and Grouchy, then prisoners in Austria. His request was not granted, but his proposition was forwarded to Vienna. The court of Vienna refused to accede to it, not placing perhaps so much importance on the deliverance of Mack, as he had flattered himself it would.*

Bonaparte speaking to me of him one day, said, "Mack is a man of the lowest mediocrity I ever saw in my life; he is full of self-sufficiency and conceit, and believes himself equal to any thing. He has no talent. I should like to see him opposed some day to one of our good generals; we should then see fine work. He is a boaster, and that is all. He is really one of the most silly men existing; and, besides all that, he is unlucky." Was not this opinion of Bonaparte, formed on the past, fully verified by the future?

It was at Malmaison that Bonaparte thus spoke of General Mack. That place was then far from resembling what it afterwards became, and the road to it was neither pleasant nor sure.

spondence between the emperor and Napoleon soon became daily; they treated directly on the most important interests, and on the means of humbling the English power. General Sprengporten was not instructed to make peace; he had no powers for that purpose; neither was he an ambassador; peace did not exist. It was, therefore, an extraordinary mission, which allowed of this general's being treated with every distinction calculated to gratify the sovereign who had sent him, without the possibility of the occurrence of any inconvenience from such attentions."—*Napoleon's Memoirs.* (*Editor.*)

* Mack escaped from Paris in the month of April, 1800. He afterwards contrived to excuse the faults which had been imputed to him, and insinuated himself into the good graces of the Emperor of Austria. By means of boasting, intriguing, and plotting, he at last succeeded in obtaining employment. He constantly railed against France, and spoke of nothing but his desire to revenge his captivity at Paris. His deeds, however, did not correspond with his threats. Every one knows how he revenged himself at Ulm, in the commencement of the campaign of 1805. He would infallibly have paid the forfeit of his head for surrendering that town, had not Bonaparte, then the Emperor Napoleon, stipulated for his life in one of the articles of the treaty of Presburg.

There was not a house on the road; and in the evening, during the season when we were there, it was not frequented all the way from Saint-Germain. Those numerous vehicles, which the demands of luxury and an increasing population have created, did not then, as now, pass along the roads in the environs of Paris. Every where the road was sad, solitary, and dangerous; and I learned with certainty that many schemes were laid for carrying off the first consul during one of his evening journeys.* They were unsuccessful, and orders were given to enclose the quarries, which were too near to the road. On Saturday evening Bonaparte left the Luxembourg, and afterwards the Tuileries, to go to Malmaison, and I cannot better express the joy he then appeared to experience, than by comparing it to the delight of a schoolboy on getting a holiday.

Before removing from the Luxembourg to the Tuileries, Bonaparte determined to dazzle the eyes of the Parisians by a splendid ceremony. He had appointed it to take place on the decade, Pluviose 12, that is to say, ten days before his final departure from the old directorial palace. These kinds of fêtes did not resemble what they afterwards became; their attraction consisted in the splendour of military dress: and Bonaparte was always sure that whenever he mounted his horse, surrounded by a brilliant staff, from which he was to be distinguished by the simplicity of his costume, his path would be crowded, and himself greeted with acclamations by the people of Paris. The object of this fête was at first only to present to the Hôtel des Invalides, then called the Temple of Mars, seventy-two flags taken from the Turks in the battle of Aboukir, and brought from Egypt to Paris; but intelligence of Washington's death, who expired on the 14th of December, 1799, having reached Bonaparte, he eagerly took advantage of that event to produce more effect, and mixed the mourning cypress with the laurels he had collected in Egypt. He made the most of this piece of news, and dictated to me the following note, addressed to the consular guard and the army:

Washington is dead! that great man, who fought against tyranny, and consolidated his country's freedom. His memory will be always

* Among the various attempts on the life of Bonaparte, which are said to have been made at this period, the following is mentioned by Constant:

"Some repairs and embellishments were required in the fire-places of the first consul's apartments, at Malmaison. Among the workmen who were sent to execute these repairs, there were some fellows of suspicious appearance and manner, who, it was conjectured, were bribed by conspirators. This supposition proved but too well founded. When the apartments were ready for the reception of the first consul, there was found on his desk a snuff-box, precisely resembling one of those which he was in the habit of using. It was at first supposed that the box had been accidentally left there by one of the valets; but, the suspicions excited by the equivocal appearance of some of the workmen having acquired additional confirmation, it was deemed advisable to analyze the snuff. It was discovered to be poisoned."—*Editor.*

dear to Frenchmen, and to all freemen in both worlds; but especially to the French soldiers, who, like him, and the American soldiers, have contended for liberty and equality. The first consul therefore orders, that for ten days black crape shall be suspended from all the flags and standards of the republic.

Bonaparte did not feel much concerned at the death of Washington, that noble founder of national freedom in the new world; but it afforded him an opportunity to mask his ambitious projects under the appearance of a love of liberty. In thus rendering honour to the memory of Washington, every body would suppose that Bonaparte intended to imitate his example, and that their two names would pass in conjunction from mouth to mouth. A clever orator might be employed, who, while pronouncing an eulogium on the dead, would contrive to bestow some praise on the living; and when the people were applauding his love of liberty, he would find himself one step nearer the throne, on which his eyes were constantly fixed. When the proper time arrived, he would not fail to seize the crown; and would still cry, if necessary, *Vive la Liberté!* while placing it on his imperial head.

The skilful orator was found. M. de Fontanes was commissioned to pronounce the funeral eulogium on Washington, and the flowers of eloquence which he scattered about did not all fall on the hero of America.

Lannes was intrusted by Bonaparte with the presentation of the flags; and on the 20th Pluviose, he proceeded, accompanied by strong detachments of the cavalry, then in Paris, to the council-hall of the Invalides, where he was met by the minister of war, who received the colours. All the ministers, the councillors of state, and generals, were summoned to the presentation. Lannes pronounced a discourse, to which Berthier replied, and M. de Fontanes added his well-managed eloquence to the plain military oratory of the two generals. In the interior of this military temple, a statue of Mars sleeping had been placed, and from the pillars and roof were suspended the trophies of Denain, Fontenoy, and the campaign of Italy, which would still have decorated that edifice, had not the demon of conquest possessed Bonaparte. Two invalids, each a hundred years old, stood beside the minister of war; and the bust of the emancipator of America was placed under the trophy composed of the flags of Aboukir. In a word, recourse was had to every sort of charlatanism usual on such occasions. In the evening, there was a numerous assembly at the Luxembourg, and Bonaparte took much credit to himself for the effect produced on this remarkable day. He had only to wait ten days for his removal to the Tuileries, and precisely on that day the national mourning for Washington was to cease, for which a general mourning for freedom might well have been substituted.

I have said very little about Murat in the course of these memoirs, except mentioning the brilliant part he performed in several battles. Having now arrived at the period of his marriage with one of the first consul's sisters, I take the opportunity of returning to the interesting events which preceded that alliance.

His fine and well-proportioned form, his great physical strength, and somewhat refined elegance of manner, the fire of his eye, and his fierce courage in battle, gave to Murat rather the character of one of those preux chevaliers, so well described by Ariosto and Tasso, than that of a republican soldier. The nobleness of his look soon made the lowness of his birth be forgotten. He was affable, polished, gallant; and in the field of battle, twenty men, headed by Murat, were worth a whole regiment. Once, only, he showed himself under the influence of fear,* and the reader shall see in what circumstance it was, that he ceased to be himself.

When Bonaparte, in his first Italian campaign, had forced Würmser to retreat into Mantua, with twenty-eight thousand men, he directed Miollis, with only four thousand men, to oppose any sortie that might be attempted by the Austrian general. In one these sorties, Murat, who was at the head of a very weak detachment, was ordered to charge Würmser. He was afraid, neglected to execute the order, and, in a moment of confusion, said that he was wounded. Murat immediately fell into disgrace with the general-in-chief, whose aide-de-camp he was.

Murat had been previously sent to Paris, to present to the Directory, the first colours taken by the French army of Italy, in the actions of Dego and Mondovi, and it was on this occasion that he got acquainted with Madame Tallien, and his general's lady. But he already knew the beautiful Caroline Bonaparte, whom he had seen at Rome, in the residence of her brother Joseph, who was then discharging the functions of ambassador of the republic. It appears that Caroline was not even indifferent to him, and that he was the successful rival of the Princess Santa Cruce's son, who eagerly sought the honour of her hand. Madame Tallien and Madame Bonaparte received with great kindness the first aide-de-camp, and as they possessed much influence with the Directory, they solicited, and easily obtained for him, the rank of brigadier-general. It was somewhat remarkable at that time, for Murat, notwithstanding his newly-acquired rank, to remain Bonaparte's aide-de-camp, the regulations not allowing a general-in-chief

* Marshal Lannes, so brave and brilliant in war, and so well able to appreciate courage, one day sharply rebuked a colonel, for having punished a young officer just arrived from Fontainbleau, because he gave evidence of fear in his first engagement. "Know, Colonel," said he, "none but a poltroon (the term was even more strong) will boast that he never was afraid."

an aide-de-camp of higher rank than chief of brigade, which was equal to that of colonel. This insignificant act was, therefore, rather a hasty anticipation of the prerogatives every where reserved to princes and kings.

It was after having discharged this commission, that Murat, on his return to Italy, fell into disfavour with the general-in-chief. He indeed looked upon him with a sort of hostile feeling, and placed him in Reille's division, and afterwards Baraguay d'Hilliers's; consequently, when we went to Paris, after the treaty of Campo-Formio, Murat was not of the party. But as the ladies, with whom he was a great favourite, were not devoid of influence with the minister of war, Murat was, by their interest, attached to the engineer corps, in the expedition to Egypt. On board the Orient, he remained in the most complete disgrace. Bonaparte did not address a word to him during the passage; and in Egypt, the general-in-chief always treated him with coldness, and often sent him from the head-quarters on disagreeable services. However, the general-in-chief having opposed him to Murad Bey, Murat performed such prodigies of valour, in every perilous encounter, that he effaced the transitory stain, which a momentary hesitation under the walls of Mantua, had left on his character. Finally, Murat so powerfully contributed to the success of the day at Aboukir, that Bonaparte, glad to be able to carry another laurel, plucked in Egypt, to France, forgot the fault which had made so unfavourable an impression, and was inclined to efface from his memory other things that he had heard to the disadvantage of Murat; for I have good reasons for believing, though Bonaparte never told me so, that Murat's name, as well as that of Charles, escaped from the lips of Junot, when he made his indiscreet communication to Bonaparte at the walls of Messoudiah. The charge of grenadiers, commanded by Murat, on the 19th Brumaire, in the hall of the Five Hundred, dissipated all the remaining traces of dislike; and in those moments, when Bonaparte's political views subdued every other sentiment of his mind, the rival of the Prince de Santa Cruce received the command of the consular guard.

It may reasonably be supposed that Madame Bonaparte, in endeavouring to win the friendship of Murat, by aiding his promotion, had in view to gain one partisan more to oppose to the family and brothers of Bonaparte; and of this kind of support she had much need. Their jealous hatred was displayed on every occasion; and the amiable Josephine, whose only fault was being too much of the woman, was continually tormented by sad presentiments. Carried away by the easiness of her character, she did not perceive that the coquetry which enlisted for her so many defenders, also supplied her implacable enemies with weapons to use against her.

In this state of things, Josephine, who was well convinced

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

From an engraving by Dean after an original miniature

London, 1831

that she had attached Murat to herself, by the bonds of friendship and gratitude, and ardently desiring to see him united to Bonaparte by a family connexion, favoured with all her influence his marriage with Caroline. She was not ignorant that a close intimacy had sprung up, at Milan, between Caroline and Murat, and she was the first to propose a marriage. Murat hesitated, and went to consult M. Collot, who was a good adviser in all things, and whose intimacy with Bonaparte had initiated him into all the secrets of the family. M. Collot advised Murat to lose no time, but to go to the first consul, and formally demand the hand of his sister. Murat followed his advice. Did he do well? It was to this step that he owed the throne of Naples. If he had abstained, he would not have been shot at the Pizzo. *Sed ipsi Dei fata rumpere non possunt!*

However that might be, the first consul received, more in the manner of a sovereign than a brother in arms, the proposal of Murat. He heard him with unmoved gravity, said that he would consider the matter, but gave no positive answer.

This affair was, as may be supposed, the subject of conversation, in the evening, in the saloon of the Luxembourg. Madame Bonaparte employed all her powers of persuasion to obtain the first consul's consent, and her efforts were seconded by Hortense, Eugène, and myself. "Murat," said he, among other things, "Murat is an innkeeper's son. In the elevated rank where glory and fortune have placed me, I never can mix his blood with mine? Besides, there is no hurry: I shall see by and by." We forcibly described to him the reciprocal affection of the two young people, and did not fail to bring to his observation Murat's devoted attachment to his person, his splendid courage and noble conduct in Egypt. "Yes," said he, with warmth, "I agree with you; Murat was superb at Aboukir." We did not allow so favourable a moment to pass by. We redoubled our entreaties, and at last he consented. When we were together in his cabinet in the evening, "Well, Bourrienne," said he to me, "you ought to be satisfied, and so am I, too, every thing considered. Murat is suited to my sister, and then no one can say that I am proud, or seek grand alliances. If I had given my sister to a noble, all your jacobins would have raised a cry of counter-revolution. Besides, I am very glad that my wife is interested in this marriage, and you may easily suppose the cause. Since it is determined on, I will hasten it forward; we have no time to lose. If I go to Italy, I will take Murat with me. I must strike a decisive blow there. Adieu."

When I entered the first consul's chamber at seven o'clock the next day, he appeared even more satisfied than on the preceding evening, with the resolution he had taken. I easily perceived that in spite of all his cunning, he had failed to discover the real motive which had induced Josephine to take

so lively an interest respecting Murat's marriage with Caroline. Still Bonaparte's satisfaction plainly showed that his wife's eagerness for the marriage had removed all doubt in his mind of the falsity of the calumnious reports which had prevailed respecting her intimacy with Murat.

The marriage of Murat and Caroline was celebrated at the Luxembourg, but with great modesty. The first consul did not yet think that his family affairs were affairs of state. But previously to the celebration, a little comedy was enacted, in which I was obliged to take a part, and I will relate how.

At the time of the marriage of Murat, Bonaparte had not much money, and therefore only gave his sister a dowry of thirty thousand francs. Still, thinking it necessary to make her a marriage present, and not possessing the means to purchase a suitable one, he took a diamond necklace, which belonged to his wife, and gave it to the bride. Josephine was not at all pleased with this robbery, and taxed her wits to discover some means of replacing her necklace.

Josephine was aware that the celebrated jeweller, Foncier, possessed a magnificent collection of fine pearls, which had belonged, as he said, to the queen, Marie Antoinette. Having ordered them to be brought to her, to examine them, she thought there was sufficient to make a very fine necklace. But to make the purchase two hundred and fifty thousand francs were required, and how to get them was the difficulty. Madame Bonaparte had recourse to Berthier, who was then minister of war. Berthier, after biting his nails, according to his usual habit, set about the liquidation of the debts due for the hospital service in Italy, with as much speed as possible; and as, in those days, the contractors whose claims were admitted overflowed with gratitude towards their patrons, through whom they obtained payment, the pearls soon passed from Foncier's shop to the casket of Madame Bonaparte.

The pearls being thus obtained, there was still another difficulty, which Madame Bonaparte did not at first think of. How was she to wear a necklace purchased without her husband's knowledge? Indeed it was the more difficult for her to do so, as the first consul knew very well that his wife had no money, and being, if I may be allowed the expression, something of the busybody, he knew, or believed he knew, all Josephine's jewels. The pearls were therefore condemned to remain more than a fortnight in Madame Bonaparte's casket, without her daring to use them. What a punishment for a woman! At length her vanity overcame her prudence, and being unable to conceal the jewels any longer, she one day said to me, "Bourrienne, there is to be a large party here to-morrow, and I absolutely must wear my pearls. But you know he will grumble if he notices them. I beg, Bourrienne, that you will keep near me. If he ask where I got my pearls, I must tell him, without hesitation, that have had them a long time."

Every thing happened as Josephine feared and hoped. Bonaparte, on seeing the pearls, did not fail to say to Madame, "What is it you have got there? How fine you are to-day! Where did you get these pearls? I think I never saw them before."—"Oh! *mon Dieu!* you have seen them a dozen times! It is the necklace which the Cisalpine republic gave me, and which I now wear in my hair."—"But I think——"—"Stay: ask Bourrienne, he will tell you."—"Well, Bourrienne, what do you say to it? Do you recollect the necklace?"—"Yes, general, I recollect very well seeing it before." This was not untrue, for Madame Bonaparte had previously shown me the pearls. Besides, she had received a pearl necklace from the Cisalpine republic; but of incomparably less value than that purchased from Foncier. Josephine performed her part with charming dexterity, and I did not act amiss the character of accomplice assigned me in this little comedy. Bonaparte had no suspicions. When I saw the easy confidence with which Madame Bonaparte got through this scene, I could not help recollecting Suzanne's reflection on the readiness with which wellbred ladies can tell falsehoods without seeming to do so.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

1800.

Police on police—False information—Dexterity of Fouché—Police agents deceived—Money ill applied—Inutility of political police—Bonaparte's opinion—General considerations—My appointment to the prefecture of police.

Before taking up his quarters in the Tuileries, the first consul organized his secret police, which was intended, at the same time, to be the counter of Fouché's police. Duroc and De Moncey were at first the directors of this police: afterwards, Davoust and Junot. Madame Bonaparte called this business a vile system of espionage. My remarks on the inutility of the measure were made in vain. Bonaparte had the weakness at once to fear Fouché and to think him necessary. Fouché, whose talents at this trade are too well known to need my approbation, soon discovered this secret institution, and the names of all the subaltern agents employed by the great agents. It is difficult to form an idea of the nonsense, absurdity, and falsehoods contained in the bulletins drawn up by the noble and ignoble agents of the police. I do not mean to enter into details on this nauseating subject; and I shall only trespass on the reader's patience by relating, though it be in anticipation, one

fact which concerns myself, and which will prove that spies and their wretched reports cannot be too much distrusted.

During the second year of the consulate, we were established at Malmaison. Junot had a very large sum at his disposal for the secret police of the capital. He gave three thousand francs of it to a wretched manufacturer of bulletins; the remainder was expended on the police of his stable and his table. In reading one of these daily bulletins, I saw the following lines: "M. de Bourrienne went last night to Paris. He entered a hotel of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, Rue de Varenne, and there, in the course of a very animated discussion, he gave it to be understood that the first consul wished to make himself king." Now I never had opened my mouth, either respecting what Bonaparte had said to me before we went to Egypt, or respecting his other frequent conversations with me of the same nature, during this period of his consulship.

I may here observe, too, that I never quitted, nor ever could quit, Malmaison for a moment. At any time, by night or day, I was subject to be called for by the first consul, and, as very often was the case, it so happened that on the night in question he had dictated to me notes aud instructions until three o'clock in the morning.

Junot came every day to Malmaison, at eleven o'clock in the morning. I called him one day into my cabinet, when I happened to be alone. "Have you not read your bulletin?" said I.—"Yes, I have."—"Nay, that is impossible."—"Why?"—"Because, if you had, you would have suppressed an absurd story which relates to me."—"Ah!" he replied, "I am sorry on your account, but I can depend on my agent, and I will not alter a word of his report." I then told him all that had taken place on that night; but he was obstinate, and went away unconvinced. Every morning I placed all the papers which the first consul had to read, on his table, and among the first was Junot's report. The first consul entered and read it; on coming to the passage concerning me, he began to smile. "Have you read this bulletin?"—"Yes, general."—"What an ass that Junot is!"—"It is a long time since I have known that."—"How he allows himself to be entrapped! Is he still here?"—"I believe so. I have just seen him, and made observations to him, all in good part, but he would hear nothing."—"Tell him to come here." When Junot appeared, Bonaparte began—"Imbecile that you are! how could you send me such reports as these? Do you not read them? How shall I be sure that you will not compromise other persons equally unjustly? I want positive facts, not inventions. It is some time since your agent displeased me; dismiss him directly." Junot wanted to justify himself, but Bonaparte cut him short—"Enough!—begone!"

I related what had passed to Fouché, who told me that, wishing to amuse himself at Junot's expense, whose police agents

only picked up what they heard related in coffee-houses, gaming-houses, and the exchange, he had given currency to this absurd story, which Junot had credited and reported, as he did many other foolish tales. Fouché often caught the police of the palace in the snares he laid for them, and thus increased his own credit.

This circumstance, and others of the same nature, induced the first consul to attach less importance than at first he had to his secret police, which seldom reported any thing but false and silly stories. That wretched police! During the time I was with him it imbittered his life, and often exasperated him against his wife, his relations, and friends. The police possessed no foresight or faculty of prevention. Every silly thing that transpired was reported either from malice or stupidity. What was heard was misunderstood, or distorted in the recital; so that the only result of the plan was mischief and confusion.

The police, as a political engine, is a dangerous thing. It foments and encourages more false conspiracies than it discovers or defeats real ones. Napoleon has related "that M. de la Rochefoucauld formed at Paris a conspiracy in favour of the king, then at Mittau, the first act of which was to be the death of the chief of the government. The plot being discovered, a trusty person belonging to the police was ordered to join it, and become one of the most active agents. He brought letters of recommendation from an old gentleman in Lorraine, who had held a distinguished rank in the army of Condé." After this, what more can be wanted? A hundred examples could not better show the vileness of such a system. Napoleon, when fallen, himself thus disclosed the scandalous means employed by his government.

Napoleon on one occasion, in the isle of Elba, said to an officer who was conversing with him about France, "You believe, then, that the police-agents foresee every thing, and know every thing. They invent more than they discover. Mine, I believe, was better than that they have got now, and yet it was often only by mere chance, the imprudence of the parties implicated, or the treachery of some of them, that something was discovered after a week or fortnight's exertion." Napoleon, in directing this officer to transmit letters to him under the cover of a commercial correspondence, to quiet his apprehensions that the correspondence might be discovered, said, "Do you think, then, that all letters are opened at the post-office? They would never be able to do so. I have often endeavoured to discover what the correspondence was that passed under mercantile forms, but I never succeeded. The post-office, like the police, catches only fools."

Since I am on the subject of political police, that leprosy of modern society, perhaps I may be allowed to overstep the order of time, and advert to its state even in the present day.

The minister of police, to give his prince a favourable idea of his activity, contrives great conspiracies, which he is pretty sure to discover in time, because he is their originator. The inferior agents, to find favour in the eyes of the minister, contrive small plots. It would be difficult to mention a conspiracy which has been discovered, except when the police agents took part in it, or were its promoters. It is difficult to conceive how those agents can feed a little intrigue, the result at first, perhaps, of some petty ill-humour and discontent, which, thanks to their skill, soon becomes a great affair. How many conspiracies have escaped the boasted activity and vigilance of the police, when none of its agents were parties. I may instance Babeuf's conspiracy, the attempt at the camp at Grenelle, the 18th Brumaire, the infernal machine, Mallet, the 20th of March, the affair of Grenoble, and many others.

The political police, the result of the troubles of the revolution, has survived them. The civil police, for the security of property, health, and order, is only made a secondary object, and has been, therefore, neglected. There are times in which it is thought of more consequence to discover whether a citizen goes to mass or confession, than to defeat the designs of a band of robbers. Such a state of things is unfortunate for a country; and the money expended on a system of superintendence over persons alleged to be suspected, in domestic inquisitions, in the corruption of the friends, relations, and servants of the man marked out for destruction, might be much better employed. The police of opinions, created, as I have said, by the revolutionary troubles, is suspicious, restless, officious, inquisitorial, vexatious, and tyrannical. Indifferent to crimes, and real offences, it is totally absorbed in the inquisition of thoughts. Who has not heard it said, in company to some one speaking warmly, "Be moderate, M.——— is supposed to belong to the police." This police inthralled Bonaparte himself in its snares, and held him a long time under the influence of its power.

What renders a political police so dangerous, is the practice of obtaining information through spies. Informers are the most pernicious of men; they are the natural enemies of society. If a man would, from public motives, bring an accusation against another, let him not do it secretly to the government, which very likely may be prejudiced, but openly before a magistrate, who acts according to rules, only formidable to calumniators. The Emperor Constantius used to say, "I cannot have any suspicion of a man who has no accuser, though he does not want enemies."

The most fatal periods in the history of a nation, are those in which informers may be found holding elevated rank in society. It is not I who am to blame for making this observation, but those are, who embark in that odious business. In these times, when religious and political offences are so various, and of so

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ORDERLIES.

changeable a nature, the employment of informers is infamous. There is scarcely a person, in such periods, who may not have an opinion somehow differing from the ruling one, which may in a day be superseded by another. Where is the man so cautious and calculating as not to be at the mercy, some time or other, of a concealed enemy, a bribed domestic, or a son, whose affections are estranged by political or religious scruples? for religion has latterly been a great instrument of the police. Every one is liable to be ruined by the misinterpretation of a word. How can a man parry a blow struck in the dark by a secret and treacherous hand?

Can it then be true, that all nations, after arriving at a certain degree of civilization, are destined to suffer under similar political scourges? Do we not learn, from the pages of the immortal historian of the last age of Rome, that the same evils and the same complaints then existed? (Vide *Taciti Agric.*) Juvenal, too, says—

> ——— Post hunc magni delator amici,
> Et cito rapturus de nobilitate comesa
> Quod superest: quem Massa timet: quem munere palpat
> Carus; et a trepido Thymele summissa Latino.

At the court of Constantine the police agents were called the "eyes of the prince." Such agents should be employed with extreme caution and reserve, and only for affairs of the greatest importance, a knowledge of which might be necessary for the well-being of the state, and ignorance of which would compromise its safety. But away with all those hateful investigations of the domestic privacy of the citizen, the object of which is to discover not only what he does and what he says, but even what he thinks, in order that the despicable caprice of a powerful man may be gratified, or an innocent man ruined in the opinion of the sovereign. Nothing can stop a spy. As for feelings of affection, they only enable him the better to extract a secret. Truth is readily sacrificed, for the spy must earn his wages. Hunger is a powerful stimulant, and when he cannot discover he will invent.

I have taken the liberty thus to speak of a scourge of society, of which I have been a victim. What I here state may be relied on. I shall not speak of the week during which I had to discharge the functions of prefect of police, namely, from the 13th to the 20th of March, 1815. It may well be supposed, that though I had not held in abhorrence the infamous system which I have described, the important nature of the circumstances, and the short period of my administration, must have prevented me from making complete use of the means placed at my disposal. The dictates of discretion, which I consider myself bound to obey, forbid me giving proofs of what I advance. What it was necessary to do, I accomplished without employing

violent or vexatious means; and I can take on myself to assert, that no one has cause to complain of me. Were I to publish the list of the persons I had orders to arrest, those of them who are yet living would be astonished, that the only knowledge they had of my being the prefect of police was from the Moniteur. I obtained by mild measures, by persuasion, and reasoning, what I could never have got by violence. I am not divulging any secrets of office, but I believe I am rendering a service to the public in pointing out what I have often observed, while an unwilling confident, in the shameful manœuvres of that political institution.*

The word *ideologue* was often in Bonaparte's mouth; and in using it he endeavoured to throw ridicule on those men whom he fancied to have a tendency towards the doctrine of indefinite perfectibility. He esteemed them for their morality, yet he looked on them as dreamers, seeking for the type of a universal constitution, and considering the character of man in the abstract only. The *ideologues*, according to him, looked for power in institutions; and that he called metaphysics. He had no idea of power, except in direct force. All benevolent men, who speculate on the amelioration of human society, were regarded by Bonaparte as dangerous, because their maxims and principles were diametrically opposed to the harsh and arbitrary system he had adopted. He said that their hearts were better than their heads, and far from wandering with them in abstractions, he always said that men were only to be governed by fear and interest. The free expression of opinion through the press has been always regarded, by those who are not led away by interest or power, as useful to society. But Bonaparte held the liberty of the press in the greatest horror; and so violent was his passion, when any thing was urged in its favour, that he seemed to labour under a nervous attack. Great man as he was, he was sorely afraid of little paragraphs.

* Since this passage was written, a change in the administration took place in 1827. The secret funds of the police are less considerable, and therefore corruption will be more restrained and less easily practised. The tribunals, which are entitled to our highest respect and gratitude, are becoming more strict towards accusers, and more indulgent to their victims. May the time come when such odious means will be rejected, and the sacred laws of morality be no longer violated, even to arrive at an advantageous result.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

1800.

Successful management of parties—Precautions—Removal from the Luxembourg to the Tuileries—Hackney-coaches and the consul's white horses—Royal custom and an inscription—The review—Bonaparte's homage to the standards—Talleyrand in Bonaparte's cabinet—Bonaparte's aversion to the cap of liberty even in painting—The state bed—Our cabinet.

Of the three consuls to whom the 18th Brumaire gave birth, Bonaparte speedily declared himself the eldest, and hastened to assume all the rights of primogeniture. He soon arrogated to himself the whole power. The project he had formed, when he favoured the revolution of the 18th Fructidor, was now about to be realized. It was, then, an indispensable part of his plan, that the Directory should violate the constitution, in order to justify a subsequent subversion of the Directory. The expressions which escaped him, from time to time, plainly showed that his ambition was not yet satisfied, and that the consulship was only a state of probation, preliminary to the complete establishment of monarchy. The Luxembourg was then discovered to be too small for the chief of the government, and it was resolved that Bonaparte should inhabit the Tuileries. Still great prudence was necessary to avoid the quicksands which surrounded him! He therefore employed great precaution in dealing with the irritable republicans, taking care to inure them gradually to the temperature of absolute power. But this mode of treatment was not sufficient: for such was Bonaparte's situation, between the jacobins and the royalists, that he could not strike a blow at one party, without strengthening the other. He however contrived to resolve this difficult problem, and weakened both parties by alternately frightening each. "You see, royalists," he seemed to say, "if you do not attach yourselves to my government, the jacobins will again rise, and bring back the reign of terror and its scaffold." To the men of the revolution he, on the other hand, said, "See, the counter-revolution appears, threatening reprisals and vengeance. It is ready to overwhelm you; my buckler can alone protect you from its attacks."

Thus both parties were induced, from their mutual fear of each other, to attach themselves to Bonaparte; and while they fancied they were only placing themselves under the protection of the chief of the government, they were making themselves dependent on an ambitious man, who, gradually bending them to his will, guided them as he chose in his political career. He advanced with a firm step; but he never neglected any artifice to conceal, as long as possible, his designs.

I saw Bonaparte put in motion all his concealed springs; and I could not help admiring his wonderful address. But what most astonished me was, the control he possessed over himself, in repressing any premature manifestation of his intentions, which might prejudice his projects. Thus, for instance, he never spoke of the Tuileries, but under the name of the palace of the government, and he determined not to inhabit, at first, the ancient palace of the kings of France alone. He contented himself with selecting the royal apartments, and proposed that the third consul should also reside in the Tuileries, and, in consequence, he occupied the Pavilion of Flora. This skilful arrangement was perfectly in accordance with the designation of "Palace of the Government," given to the Tuileries, and was calculated to deceive, for a time, the most clear-sighted.

The moment for leaving the Luxembourg having arrived, Bonaparte still used many crafty precautions. The day for the translation of the seat of government was fixed for the 30th Pluviose, the previous day having been selected for publishing the account of the votes taken for the acceptance of the new constitution. He had, besides, caused the insertion in the Moniteur of the eulogy on Washington, pronounced by M. de Fontanes, the decade preceding, to be delayed for ten days. He thought that the day when he was about to take so large a step towards monarchy, would be well chosen for entertaining the people of Paris with grand ideas of his notions of liberty, and for coupling his own name with that of the founder of the free government of the United States.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 30th Pluviose, I entered, as usual, the chamber of the first consul. He was in a profound sleep, and this was one of the days on which I had been desired to allow him to sleep a little longer than usual. I have often observed that General Bonaparte appeared much less moved when on the point of executing any great design than during the time of projecting it; so accustomed was he to think that what he had resolved on in his mind, was already done.

When I returned to Bonaparte, he said to me, with a marked air of satisfaction, "Well, Bourrienne, to-day, at last, we shall take up our abode in the Tuileries. You are better off than I: you are not obliged to make a spectacle of yourself, but may go your own road there. I must, however, go in procession: that disgusts me; but it is necessary to speak to the eyes. That has

THE CONSULS (BONAPARTE, CAMBACÉRÈS, AND LEBRUN) TAKE POSSESSION OF THE TUILERIES.

a good effect on the people. The Directory was too simple, and therefore never enjoyed any consideration. In the army, simplicity is in its proper place; but in a great city, in a palace, the chief of the government must attract attention in every possible way, yet still with prudence. Josephine is going to look over Lebrun's apartments; go with her, if you like; but go to the cabinet as soon as you see me alight from my horse."

I did not go to the review, but proceeded to the Tuileries, to arrange in the cabinet the papers which it was my duty to take care of, and to prepare every thing for the first consul's arrival. It was not until the evening that I learned, from the conversation in the saloon, where there was a numerous party, what had taken place in the course of the day.

At one o'clock precisely Bonaparte left the Luxembourg. The procession was, doubtless, far from approaching the magnificent parade of the empire: but as much pomp was introduced as the state of things in France permitted. The only realsplendour of that period consisted in fine troops. Three thousand picked men, among whom was the superb regiment of the Guides, had been ordered out for the occasion: all marched in the greatest order, with music at the head of each corps. The generals and their staffs were on horseback, the ministers in carriages, which were somewhat remarkable, as they were almost the only private carriages then in Paris; for hackney-coaches had been hired to convey the council of state, and no trouble had been taken to alter them, except by pasting over the number a piece of paper, of the same colour as the body of the vehicle. The consul's carriage was drawn by six white horses. With the sight of those horses was associated the recollection of days of glory and of peace, for they had been presented to the general-in-chief of the army of Italy by the Emperor of Germany, after the treaty of Campo-Formio. Bonaparte also wore the magnificent sabre given him by the Emperor Francis. With Cambacérès on his left, and Lebrun in the front of the carriage, the first consul traversed a part of Paris, taking the road to Thionville, and the Quay Voltaire to the Pont Royale. Every where he was greeted by acclamations of joy, which at that time were voluntary, and needed not to be commanded by the police.

From the wicket of the Carousel to the gate of the Tuileries, the troops of the consular guard were formed in two lines, through which the procession passed—a royal custom, which made a singular contrast with an inscription in front of which Bonaparte passed on entering the courtyard. Two guardhouses had been built, one on the right and another on the left of the centre gate. On the one to the right were written these words:

"The Tenth of August, 1792.—Royalty in France is Abolished; and shall never again be Established!"

It was already established.

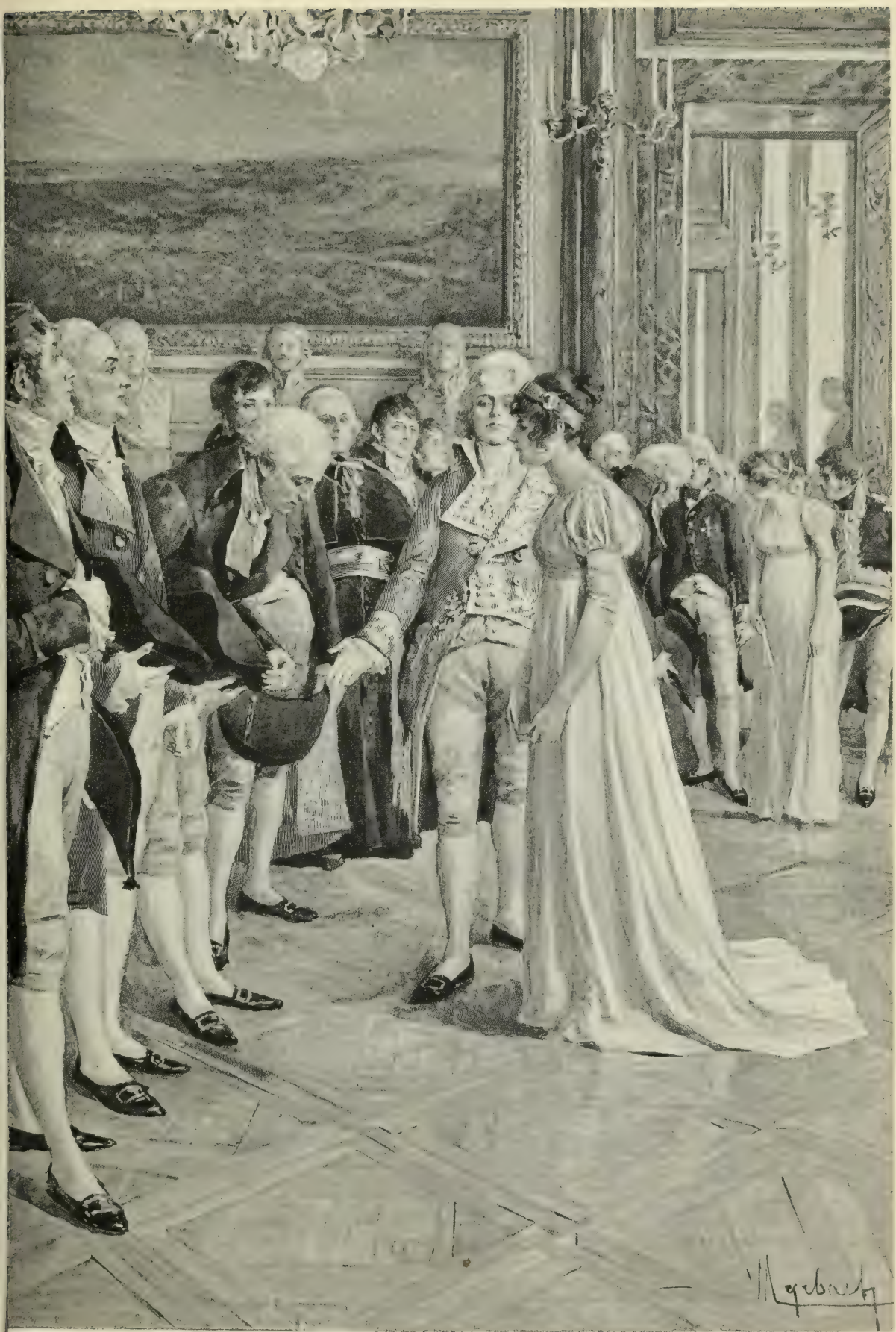
In the mean time, the troops had been drawn up in line in the

courtyard. As soon as the consul's carriage stopped, Bonaparte immediately alighted, and mounted, or, to speak more properly, leaped on his horse, and reviewed his troops, while the other consuls proceeded to the state apartments of the Tuileries, where they waited for the council of state and the ministers. A great many ladies, elegantly dressed in Greek costume, which was then the fashion, were seated with Madame Bonaparte, at the windows of the third consul's apartments, in the Pavilion of Flora. It is impossible to give an idea of the immense crowds which flowed in from all quarters. The windows looking to the Carousel were let for very large sums; and every where arose, as if from one voice, shouts of "Long live the first consul!" Who could help being intoxicated by so much enthusiasm?

The first consul prolonged the review for some time, passed down all the ranks, and addressed the commanders of corps in terms of approbation and praise. He then took his station at the gate of the Tuileries, with Murat on his right, and Lannes on his left, and behind him a numerous staff of young warriors, whose complexions had been browned by the sun of Egypt and Italy, and who had been engaged in more battles than they numbered years. When the colours of the 96th, 43d, and 30th demi-brigades, or rather their flagstaffs, surmounted by some shreds, riddled by balls, and blackened by powder, passed before him, he raised his hat and inclined his head, in token of respect. Every homage thus paid by a great captain to standards which had been mutilated on the field of battle, was saluted by a thousand acclamations. When the troops had finished defiling before him, the first consul, with a firm step, ascended the stairs of the Tuileries.

The general's part being finished for the day, that of the chief of the state began; and, indeed, it might already be said that the first consul was the whole consulate. At the risk of interrupting my narrative of what occurred on our arrival at the Tuileries by a digression, which may be thought out of place, I will relate a fact, which had no little weight in hastening Bonaparte's determination to assume a superiority over his colleagues. It may be remembered, that when Roger-Ducos and Siéyès bore the title of consuls, the three members of the consular commission were equal, if not in fact, at least in right. But when Cambacérès and Lebrun took their places, Talleyrand, who had, at the same time, been appointed to succeed M. Reinhart, as minister of foreign affairs, obtained a private audience of the first consul, in his cabinet, to which I was admitted. The observations of Talleyrand on this occasion, were highly agreeable to Bonaparte, and they made too deep an impression on my mind to allow me to forget them.

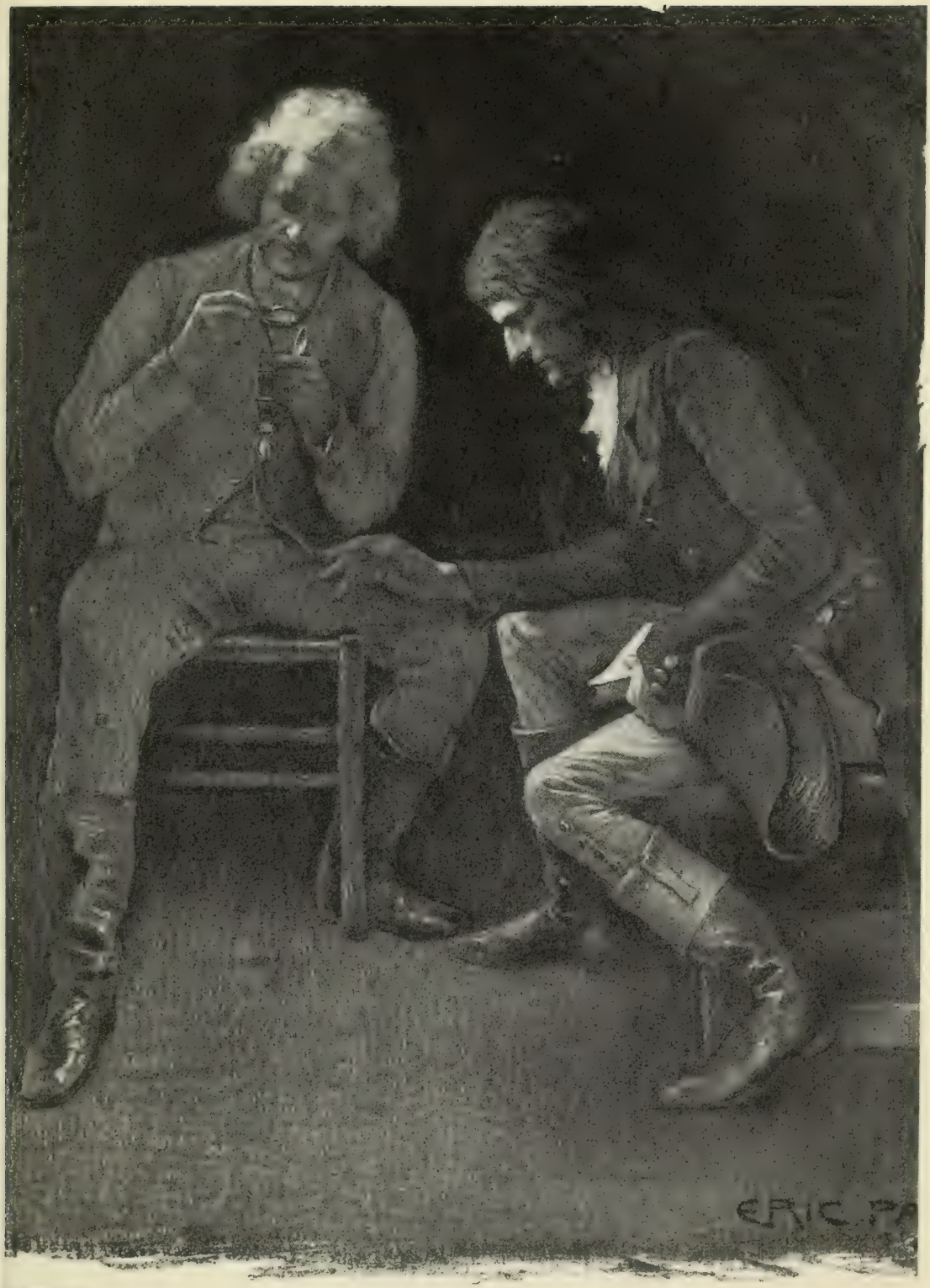
"Citizen Consul," said he to him, "you have confided to me the office of minister for foreign affairs, and I will justify your confidence; but I must declare to you that, from this moment,



DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

MME. BONAPARTE RECEIVING THE AMBASSADORS AT THE TUILERIES.

Sulkowski.
Dreyer (Denmark).
Azara (Spain).
Schimmelpenninck (Holland).
Lucchesini (Prussia).
Cardinal Caprara.
Talleyrand.
Caffarelli.
Mme de Luçay.
Marcolini (Saxony).
Cobenzl (Austria).



BY ERIC PAPE.

BONAPARTE PAWNING HIS WATCH.

(AN INCIDENT RELATED BY BOURRIENNE.)

TALLEYRAND.

From an engraving by Le Vachex.

Paris. 1804.

I will not transact business with any but yourself. This determination does not proceed from any vain pride on my part, but is induced by a desire to serve France. In order that France may be well governed; in order that there may be a unity of action in the government, you must be first consul, and the first consul must have the control over all that relates directly to politics; that is to say, over the ministry of the interior, and the ministry of police, for internal affairs, and over my department, for foreign affairs; and, lastly, over the two great means of execution, the military and naval forces. It will therefore be most convenient that the ministers of those five departments should transact business with you. The administration of justice, and the right ordering of the finances, are objects certainly connected with state politics by numerous links, which, however, are not ot so intimate a nature as those of the other departments. If you will allow me, general, I should advise, that the control over the administration of justice be given to the first consul, who is well versed in jurisprudence; and to the third consul, who is equally well acquainted with finance, the control over that department.* That will occupy and amuse them, and you, general, having at your disposal all the vital parts of the government, will be able to reach the end you aim at, the regeneration of France."

Bonaparte did not hear these remarkable words with indifference. They were too much in accordance with his own secret wishes to be listened to without pleasure; and he said to me, as soon as Talleyrand had taken leave, "Do you know, Bourrienne, I think Talleyrand gives good advice. He is a man of great understanding."—"Such is the opinion," I replied, "of all who know him."—"He is perfectly right." Afterwards he added, smiling, "Talleyrand is evidently a shrewd man. He has penetrated my designs. What he advises, you know I am anxious to do. But, again, I say, he is right; one gets on quicker by oneself. Lebrun is a worthy man, but he has no policy in his head; he is a book-maker. Cambacérès carries with him too many traditions of the revolution. My government must be an entirely new one."

Talleyrand's advice had been so punctually followed, that even on the occasion of the installation of the consular government, while Bonaparte was receiving all the great civil and military officers of the state, in the hall of presentation, Cambacérès and Lebrun stood by, more like spectators of the scene, than two colleagues of the first consul. The minister of the interior presented the civil authorities of Paris; the minister of war, the staff of the 17th military division; the minister of marine, several naval officers; and the staff of the consular guard was presented

* Here may be recognised the first germ of the arch-chancellorship and arch-treasuryship of the empire.

by Murat. As our consular republicans were not exactly Spartans, the ceremony of the presentations was followed by grand dinner-parties. The first consul entertained, at his table, the two other consuls, the ministers, and the presidents of the great bodies of the state. Murat treated the heads of the army; and the members of the council of state, being again seated in their hackney-coaches with covered numbers, drove off to dine with Lucien.

Before taking possession of the Tuileries, we had frequently gone there to see that the repairs, or rather the plastering, which Bonaparte had directed to be done, was executed. On our first visit, seeing a number of red caps of liberty painted on the walls, he said to M. Lecomte, at that time the architect of the Tuileries, "Brush all these things out; I do not like to see such rubbish."

The first consul gave directions himself for what little alterations he wanted in his own apartments. A state bed—not that of Louis XVI.—was placed in the chamber next his cabinet, on the south side, towards the grand staircase of the Pavilion of Flora. I may as well mention here, that he very seldom occupied that bed, for Bonaparte was very simple in his manner of living in private, and was not fond of state, except as a means of imposing on mankind. At the Luxembourg, at Malmaison, and during the first period that he occupied the Tuileries, Bonaparte, if I may speak in the language of common life, always slept with his wife. He went every evening down to Josephine, by a small staircase, leading from a wardrobe attached to his cabinet, and which had formerly been the chapel of Marie de Medici. I never went to Bonaparte's bedchamber but by this staircase; and when he came to our cabinet, it was always by the wardrobe which I have mentioned. The door opened opposite the only window of our room, and it commanded a view of the garden.

As for our cabinet, where so many great, and also small events, were prepared, and where I passed so many hours of my life, I can, even now, give the most minute description of it, to those who like such details.

There were two tables. The best, which was the first consul's, stood in the middle of the room, and his arm-chair was turned with its back to the fireplace, having the window on the right. To the right of this again was a little closet, where Duroc sat, through which we could communicate with the porter of the office, and the grand apartments of the court. When the first consul was seated at his table, in his chair, the arms of which he frequently mutilated with his penknife, he had a large bookcase opposite to him. A little to the right, on one side of the bookcase, was another door, opening into the cabinet, which led directly to the state bedchamber, which I have mentioned. Thence we passed into the grand Presentation Saloon, on the ceiling of which, Lebrun had painted a likeness of Louis XIV.

A tri-coloured cockade, placed on the forehead of the great king, still bore witness of the imbecile turpitude of the convention. Lastly came the Hall of the Guards, in front of the grand staircase of the Pavilion of Flora.

My writing-table, which was extremely plain, stood near the window, and, in summer, I had a view of the thick foliage of the chestnut-trees; but in order to see the promenaders in the garden, I was obliged to raise myself from my seat. My back was turned to the general's side, so that it required only a slight movement of the head to speak to each other. Duroc was seldom in his little cabinet, and that was the place where I gave some audiences. The Consular Cabinet, which afterwards became the imperial, has left many impressions on my mind; and I hope the reader, in going through these volumes, will not think that they have been of a slight description.

CHAPTER XXXV.

1800.

The Tuileries—Royalty in perspective—Remarkable observation—Presentations—Assumption of the prerogative of mercy—M. Defeu—M. de Frotte—Georges Cadoudal's audience of Bonaparte—Rapp's precaution and Bonaparte's confidence—The dignity of France—Napper Tandy and Blackwell delivered up by the senate of Hamburg—Contribution in the Egyptian style—Valueless bill—Fifteen thousand francs in the drawer of a secrétaire—Josephine's debts—Evening walks with Bonaparte.

We were now, at last, in the Tuileries! The morning after that ardently wished-for day on which we took possession of the palace of the kings of France, I observed to Bonaparte, on entering his chamber, "Well, general, you have got here without much difficulty, and with the applause of the people! Do you remember what you said to me in the Rue St. Anne nearly two years ago?"—"Ay, true enough, I recollect. You see what it is to have the mind set on a thing. Only two years have gone by! Don't you think we have not worked badly since that time? Upon the whole I am very well content. Yesterday passed off well. Do you imagine that all those who came to flatter me were sincere? No, certainly not: but the joy of the people was real. They know what is right. Besides, consult the grand thermometer of opinion, the price of the funds: on the 17th Brumaire at eleven francs, on the 20th at sixteen, and to-day at twenty-one. In such a state of things, I may let the jacobins prate as they like. But let them not talk too loudly neither!"

As soon as he was dressed, we went to look through the Gallery of Diana and examine the statues which had been placed there by his orders. We ended our morning's work by taking complete possession of the new residence. I recollect Bonaparte saying to me, among other things, "To be at the Tuileries, Bourrienne, is not all. We must stay here. Who, in Heaven's name, has not already inhabited this palace? Ruffians, conventionalists! But hold! there is your brother's house! Was it not from those windows I saw the Tuileries besieged, and the good Louis XVI. carried off? But be assured they will not come here again!"

The ambassadors and other foreign ministers then at Paris were presented to the first consul at a solemn audience. On this occasion, all the ancient ceremonials belonging to the French court were raked up, and in place of chamberlains and a grand master of ceremonies, a counsellor of state, M. Benezech, who was once minister for foreign affairs, officiated.

When the ambassadors had all arrived, M. Benezech conducted them into the cabinet, in which were the three consuls, the ministers, and the council of state. The ambassadors presented their credentials to the first consul, who handed them to the minister for foreign affairs. These presentations were followed by others; for example, the Tribunal of Cassation, over which the old advocate, Target, who refused the defence of Louis XVI., then presided. All this passed in view of the three consuls: but the circumstance which distinguished the first consul from his colleagues was, that the official personages, on leaving the audience-chamber, were conducted to Madame Bonaparte's apartments, in imitation of the old practice of waiting on the queen, after presentation to the king.*

* The details of this scene, as described by Constant, are curious:

"At eight in the evening, the apartments of Madame Bonaparte, which were situated on the ground floor, overlooking the gardens, were crowded with company. There was a dazzling display of splendid dresses, feathers, diamonds, &c. So numerous was the throng, that it was found necessary to throw open Madame Bonaparte's bedchamber, the two drawing-rooms being very small.

"When, after considerable embarrassment and trouble, the company were arranged as well as possible, Madame Bonaparte was announced, and she entered, conducted by M. de Talleyrand. She wore a dress of white muslin, with short sleeves, a pearl necklace, and her hair was simply braided, and confined by a tortoiseshell comb. The buzz of admiration, which greeted her on her entrance, must have been exceedingly gratifying to her. She never, I think, looked more graceful or elegant.

"M. de Talleyrand, still holding Madame Bonaparte by the hand, presented her to the members of the corps diplomatique, one after another, not introducing them by name, but designating them by the courts they represented. He then conducted her round the two drawing-rooms. They had not gone above half round the second room when the first consul entered, without being announced. He was dressed in a very plain uniform coat, white cassimir pantaloons, and top-boots. Round his waist he wore a tri-coloured silk scarf, with a fringe to correspond; and he carried his hat in his hand. Amidst the embroidered coats, cordons, and jewels of the ambassadors and foreign dignitaries, Bonaparte's

Thus old customs of royalty crept, by degrees, into the former abodes of royalty. Amongst the rights attached to the crown, and which the constitution of the year VIII. did not give to the first consul, was one which he much desired to possess, and which, by the most happy of all usurpations, he arrogated to himself. This was the right of granting pardon. Bonaparte felt a real pleasure in saving men under the sentence of the law; and whenever the imperious necessity of his policy, to which, in truth, he sacrificed every thing, permitted it, he rejoiced in the exercise of mercy. It would seem as if he were thankful to the persons to whom he rendered such service, merely because he had given them occasion to be thankful to him. Such was the first consul: I do not speak of the emperor. Bonaparte, the first consul, was accessible to the solicitations of friendship in favour of persons placed under proscription. The following circumstance, which interested me much, affords an incontestable proof of what I state.

Whilst we were still at the Luxembourg, M. Defeu, a French emigrant, was taken in the Tyrol, with arms in his hand, by the troops of the republic. He was carried to Grenoble, and thrown into the military prison of that town. In the course of January, General Ferino, then governor of Grenoble, received orders to put the young emigrant on his trial. The laws against emigrants taken in arms were terrible, and the judges dared not be indulgent. To be tried in the morning, condemned in the course of the day, and shot in the evening, was the usual course of those implacable proceedings. One of my cousins, the daughter of M. Poitrincourt, came from Sens to Paris to inform me of the dreadful situation of M. Defeu. She told me that he was related to the most respectable families of the town of Sens, and that every body felt the greatest interest in his fate.

I had escaped for a few moments to keep the appointment made with Mademoiselle Poitrincourt. On my return, I perceived the first consul surprised at finding himself alone in the cabinet, which I was not in the habit of quitting without his knowledge. "Where have you been?" said he. "I have been to see one of my relations, who solicits a favour of you." "What is it?" I then informed him of the unfortunate situation of M. Defeu. His first answer was dreadful.—"No pity! no pity for emigrants! Whoever fights against his country, is a child who stabs his mother!" This first burst of anger being over, I returned to the charge. I urged the youth of M. Defeu, and the good effect which clemency would produce. "Well," said he, "write, 'The first consul orders the judgment on M. Defeu to be suspended.'" He signed this laconic order, which

costume appeared no less singular than the contrast presented by the simple elegance of Josephine's dress compared with the splendour of the ladies around her."—*Mémoires de Constant.* (*Editor.*)

I instantly despatched to General Ferino. I acquainted my cousin with what had passed, and remained tranquil as to the result of the affair.

Scarcely had I entered the chamber of the first consul next morning, when he said to me, "Well, Bourrienne, you say nothing about your M. Defeu. Are you satisfied?"—"General, I cannot find terms to express my gratitude."—"Ah, bah! But I do not like to do things by halves. Write to Ferino that I wish M. Defeu to be instantly set at liberty. Perhaps I am serving one who will prove ungrateful. Well, so much the worse for him. As to these matters, Bourrienne, always ask them from me. When I refuse, it is because I cannot help it."

I despatched at my own expense an extraordinary courier, who arrived in time to save M. Defeu's life. His mother, whose only son he was, and M. Blanchet, his uncle, came purposely from Sens to Paris to express their gratitude to me. I saw tears of joy fall from the eyes of a mother who had appeared to be destined to shed bitter drops, and I said to her as I felt, "that I was amply recompensed by the success which had attended my efforts."*

Imboldened by this success, and by the benevolent language of the first consul, I ventured to request the pardon of M. de Frotte, who was strongly recommended to me by most honourable persons. Count Louis de Frotte had at first opposed all negotiation for the pacification of La Vendée. At length, by a series of unfortunate combats, he was, towards the end of January, reduced to the necessity of making himself the advances which he had rejected when made by others. At this period he addressed a letter to General Guidal, in which he offered pacificatory proposals. A protection to enable him to repair to Alençon was transmitted to him. Unfortunately for M. de Frotte, he did not confine himself to writing to General Guidal, for whilst the safeconduct which he had asked was on the way to him, he wrote to his lieutenants, advising them not to submit, or consent to be disarmed. This letter was intercepted. It gave all the appearance of a fraudulent stratagem to his proposal to treat for peace. Besides, this opinion appeared to be confirmed by a manifesto of M. de Frotte, anterior, it is true, to the offers of pacification, but in which he announced to all his partisans the approaching end of Bonaparte's "criminal enterprise."

I had more trouble than in M. Defeu's case, to induce the first consul to exercise his clemency. However, I pressed him so much, I laboured so hard to convince him of the happy effect of such indulgence, that at length I obtained an order to suspend the judgment. What a lesson I then experienced of the evils which may result from the loss of time! Not sup-

* M. Defeu, thus snatched from death, is now the father of three children, and living in happiness and tranquillity at Sens.

posing that matters were so far advanced as they were, I did not immediately send off the courier with the order for the suspension of the judgment. Besides, the minister of police had marked his victim, and he never lost time when evil was to be done. Having, therefore, I know not for what motive, resolved on the destruction of M. de Frotte, he sent an order to hasten his trial.

Count Louis de Frotte was brought to trial on the 28th Pluviose, condemned the same day, and executed the next morning, the day before we entered the Tuileries. The cruel precipitation of the minister rendered the result of my solicitations abortive. I had reason to think that after the day on which the first consul granted me the order for delay, he had received some new accusation against M. de Frotte; for when he heard of his death, he appeared to me very indifferent about the tardy arrival of the order for suspending judgment. He merely said to me, with unusual insensibility, "You should take your measures better. You see it is not my fault."

Though Bonaparte put no faith in the virtue of men, he had confidence in their honour. I had proof of this in a matter which deserves to be recorded in history. When, during the first period of our abode at the Tuileries, he had summoned the principal chiefs of La Vendée to endeavour to bring about the pacification of that unhappy country, he received Georges Cadoudal in a private audience. The disposition in which I beheld him the evening before the day appointed for this audience, inspired me with the most flattering hopes. Rapp introduced Georges into the grand saloon looking into the garden. Rapp left him alone with the first consul, but on returning to the cabinet where I was, he did not close either of the two doors of the state bedchamber, which separated the cabinet from the saloon. We saw the first consul and Georges walk from the window to the bottom of the saloon—then return—then go back again. This lasted for a long time. The conversation appeared very animated, and we heard several things, but without any connexion. There was occasionally a good deal of ill-humour displayed in their tone and gestures. The interview ended in nothing. The first consul perceiving that Georges entertained some apprehensions for his personal safety, gave him assurances of security in the most noble manner, saying, "You take a wrong view of things, and are wrong in not coming to some understanding; but if you persist in wishing to return to your country, you shall depart as freely as you came to Paris." When Bonaparte returned to his cabinet, he said to Rapp, "Tell me, Rapp, why you left these doors open, and stopped with Bourrienne?" Rapp replied, "If you had closed the doors, I would have opened them again. Do you think I would have left you alone with a man like that? There would have been danger in it."—"No, Rapp," said Bonaparte, "you cannot

think so." When we were alone, the first consul appeared pleased with Rapp's attachment, but very vexed at Georges's refusal. He said, "He does not take a correct view of things; but the extravagance of his principles has its source in noble sentiments, which must give him great influence over his countrymen. It is necessary, however, to bring this business soon to an end."

Of all the actions of Louis XIV. that which Bonaparte most admired was his having made the Doge of Venice send ambassadors to Paris to apologize to him. The slightest insult offered in a foreign country to the rights and dignity of France, put Napoleon beside himself. This anxiety to have the French government respected, exhibited itself in an affair which made much noise at the period, but which was amicably arranged by the soothing influence of gold.

Two Irishmen, Napper Tandy and Blackwell, who had been educated in France, and whose names and rank as officers appeared in the French army list, had retired to Hamburg. The British government claimed them as traitors to their country, and they were given up; but, as the French government held them to be subjects of France, the transaction gave rise to bitter complaints against the senate of Hamburg.

Blackwell had been one of the leaders of the United Irishmen. He had procured his naturalization in France, and had attained the rank of chef d'escadron. Being sent on a secret mission to Norway, the ship in which he was embarked was wrecked on the coast of that kingdom. He then repaired to Hamburg, where the senate placed him under arrest on the demand of Mr. Crawford, the English minister. After being detained in prison a whole year, he was conveyed to England to be tried. The French government interfered, and preserved, if not his liberty, at least his life.

Napper Tandy was also an Irishman. To escape the search made after him, on account of the sentiments of independence which had induced him to engage in the contest for the liberty of his country, he got on board a French brig, intending to land at Hamburg and pass into Sweden. Being exempted from the amnesty by the Irish parliament, he was claimed by the British government, and the senators of Hamburg forgot honour and humanity, in their alarm at the danger which at that moment menaced their little republic, both from England and France. The senate delivered up Napper Tandy; he was carried to Ireland, and condemned to death, but owed the suspension of his execution to the interference of France. He remained two years in prison, when M. Otto, who negotiated with Lord Hawkesbury the preliminaries of peace, obtained the enlargement of Napper Tandy, who was sent back to France.

The first consul spoke at first of signal vengeance; but the

senate of Hamburg sent him a memorial, justificatory of its conduct, and backed the apology with a sum of four millions and a half, which mollified him considerably.* This was in some sort a recollection of Egypt—one of those little contribu tions with which the general had familiarized the pashas; with this difference, that on the present occasion not a single sous went into the national treasury. The sum was paid to the first consul, through the hands of M. Chappeau Rouge.

I kept the four millions and a half in Dutch bonds, in a secretaire, for a week. Bonaparte then determined to distribute them; after paying Josephine's debts, and the whole of the great expenses incurred at Malmaison, he dictated to me a list of persons to whom he wished to make presents. My name did not escape his lips, and consequently I had not the trouble to transcribe it; but, some time after, he said to me, with the most engaging kindness, "Bourrienne, I have given you none of the money which came from Hamburg, but I will make you amends

* Bonaparte, in dictating his own memoirs to General Gourgaud at St. Helena, makes no mention of the "golden negotiators." In other respects his account of the affair agrees with Bourrienne's.

"The English government did not show equal generosity towards Napper Tandy, Blackwell, and other Irishmen, who, after being shipwrecked on the coast of Norway, were crossing the territory of Hamburg to return to Paris. They had been naturalized as Frenchmen, and were officers in the service of the republic. The British minister at Hamburg compelled the senate to arrest them on their passage; and—who would credit it?—all Europe rose up against these unfortunate people! The Russian and Austrian governments seconded the demands of that of England, to have them given up. The citizens of Hamburg resisted for some time; but, seeing France sinking in importance, and crippled by reverses, in Germany as well as in Italy, they at last yielded.

France had the greater reason to feel herself offended at this conduct, inasmuch as the city of Hamburg had long been the refuge of 20,000 French emigrants, who had there organized armies, and concerted plots against the republic; while two unfortunate officers in the service of that republic, sacred on account of their misfortunes and shipwreck, were delivered up to the executioner.

"In consequence of this, the consuls laid an embargo upon all shipping belonging to Hamburg in the ports of France; recalled from Hamburg the French agents, both commercial and diplomatic; and dismissed those of Hamburg back to that place.

"Shortly after all this, the French arms having been successful, and the happy changes of the 18th Brumaire being daily more generally felt, the senate of Hamburg lost no time in addressing a long letter to Napoleon, to testify its repentance to him. Napoleon replied thus:

"'I have received your letter, gentlemen; it does not justify you. Courage and virtue are the preservers of states: cowardice and crime are their ruin. You have violated the laws of hospitality—a thing which never happened among the most savage hordes of the desert. Your fellow-citizens will for ever reproach you with it. The two unfortunate men whom you have given up, die with glory; but their blood will bring more evil upon their persecutors than it will be in the power of an army to do.'

"A solemn deputation from the senate arrived at the Tuileries to make public apologies to Napoleon. He again testified his indignation: and when the envoys urged their weakness, he said to them. 'Well! and had you not the recource of weak states? was it not in your power to let them escape?"—*Napoleon's Memoirs.* (*Editor.*)

for it." He took from his drawer a large and broad sheet of printed paper, with blanks filled up in his own handwriting, and said to me, " Here is a bill for three hundred thousand Italian liri, on the Cisalpine republic, for the price of cannon furnished. It is endorsed Haller and Collot—I give it you." To make this understood, I ought to state that cannon had been sold to the Cisalpine republic, for the value of which the administrator-general of the Italian finances drew on the republic, and the bills were paid over to M. Collot, a provision contractor, and other persons. M. Collot had given one of these bills for three hundred thousand livres to Bonaparte, in quittance of a debt; but the latter had allowed the bill to run out without troubling himself about it. The Cisalpine republic kept the cannons and the money, and the first consul kept his bill. When I had examined it, I said, " General, it has been due for a long time; why have you not got it paid? The endorsers are no longer liable."—" France is bound to discharge debts of this kind," said he; " send the paper to De Fermont: he will discount it for three per cent. You will not have in ready money more than about nine thousand francs of rentes, because the Italian livre is not equal to the franc." I thanked him, and sent the bill to M. de Fermont. He replied that the claim was bad, and that the bill would not be liquidated, because it did not come within the classifications made by the laws passed in the months, the names of which terminated in *aire*, *ose*, *al*, and *or*.

I showed M. de Fermont's answer to the first consul, who said, " Ah, bah! He understands nothing about it—he is wrong: write." He then dictated a letter, which promised very favourably for the discounting of the bill; but the answer was a fresh refusal. I said, " General, M. de Fermont does not attend to you any more than to myself." Bonaparte took the letter, read it, and said, in the tone of a man who knew beforehand what he was about to be informed of, " Well, what the devil would you have me do, since the laws are opposed to it? Persevere; follow the usual modes of liquidation, and something will come of it!" What finally happened was, that by a regular decree this bill was cancelled, torn, and deposited in the archives. These three hundred thousand livres formed part of the money which Bonaparte brought from Italy. If the bill was useless to me, it was also useless to him. This scrap of paper merely proves that he brought more than twenty-five thousand francs from Italy.

I never had, from the general-in-chief of the army of Italy, nor from the general-in-chief of the army of Egypt, nor from the first consul for ten years, nor from the consul for life, any fixed salary. I took from his drawer what was necessary for my expenses as well as his own. He never asked me for any account. After the transaction of the bill on the insolvent Cisalpine republic, he said to me, at the beginning of the winter of 1800,

" Bourrienne, the weather is becoming very bad; I will go but seldom to Malmaison. Whilst I am at council, get my papers and little articles from Malmaison; here is the key of my secretaire, take out every thing that is there." I got into the carriage at two o'clock, and returned at six. When he had dined, I placed upon the table of his cabinet the various articles which I had found in his secretaire, including fifteen thousand francs in bank-notes, which were in the corner of a little drawer. When he looked at them he said, " Here is money—what is the meaning of this?"—I replied, " I know nothing about it, except that it was in your secretaire."—" Oh, yes; I had forgotten it. It was for my trifling expenses. Here, take it." I remembered well, that one summer morning he had given me his key, to bring him two notes of a thousand francs for some incidental expense, but I had no idea that he had not drawn further on his little treasure.

I have stated the appropriation of the four millions and a half, the result of the extortion inflicted on the senate of Hamburg, in the affair of Napper Tandy and Blackwell. The whole, however, was not disposed of in presents. A considerable portion was reserved for paying Josephine's debts, and this business appears to me to deserve some observation.

The estate of Malmaison had cost a hundred and sixty thousand francs. Josephine had purchased it of M. Lecouteux, while we were in Egypt. Many embellishments, and some new buildings, had been made there; and a park had been added, which had now become beautiful. All this could not be done for nothing, and besides, it was very necessary that what was due for the original purchase should be entirely discharged; and this considerable item was not the only debt of Josephine. The creditors murmured, which had a bad effect in Paris; and I confess I was so well convinced that the first consul would be extremely displeased, that I constantly delayed the moment of speaking to him on the subject. It was, therefore, with extreme satisfaction I learned that M. de Talleyrand had anticipated me. No person was more capable than himself of gilding the pill, as one may say, for Bonaparte. Endowed with as much independence of character as of mind, he did him the service, at the risk of offending him, to tell him that a great number of creditors expressed their discontent in bitter complaints respecting the debts contracted by Madame Bonaparte during his expedition to the east. Bonaparte felt that his situation required him promptly to remove the cause of such complaints. It was one night, about half-past eleven o'clock, that M. Talleyrand introduced this delicate subject. As soon as he was gone, I entered the little cabinet; Bonaparte said to me, " Bourrienne, Talley rand has been speaking to me about the debts of my wife. I have the money from Hamburg—ask her the exact amount of her debts: let her confess all. I wish to finish, and not begin

again. But do not pay without showing me the bills of those rascals: they are a gang of robbers."

Hitherto the apprehension of an unpleasant scene, the very idea of which made Josephine tremble, had always prevented me from broaching this subject to the first consul; but, well pleased that Talleyrand had first touched upon it, I resolved to do all in my power to put an end to the disagreeable affair.

The next morning I saw Josephine. She was at first delighted with her husband's intentions; but this feeling did not last long. When I asked her for an exact account of what she owed, she entreated me not to press it, but content myself with what she should confess. I said to her, "Madame, I cannot deceive you respecting the disposition of the first consul. He believes that you owe a considerable sum, and is willing to discharge it. You will, I doubt not, have to endure some bitter reproaches, and a violent scene; but the scene will be just the same for the whole, as for a part. If you conceal a large proportion of your debts, at the end of some time murmurs will recommence, they will reach the ears of the first consul, and his anger will display itself still more strikingly. Trust to me—state all; the result will be the same; you will hear but once the disagreeable things he will say to you: by reservations you will renew them incessantly." Josephine said, "I can never tell all; it is impossible. Do me the service to keep secret what I say to you. I owe, I believe, about twelve hundred thousand francs, but I wish to confess only six: I will contract no more debts, and will pay the rest little by little out of my savings."—"Here, Madame, my first observations recur. As I do not believe he estimates your debts at so high a sum as six hundred thousand francs, I can warrant that you will not experience more displeasure for acknowledging to twelve hundred thousand than to six; and, by going so far you will get rid of them for ever."—"I can never do it, Bourrienne; I know him; I can never support his violence." After a quarter of an hour's further discussion on the subject, I was obliged to yield to her earnest solicitation, and promise to mention only the six hundred thousand francs to the first consul.

The anger and ill-humour of the first consul may be imagined. He strongly suspected that his wife was dissembling in some respect; but he said, "Well, take six hundred thousand francs, but liquidate the debts for that sum, and let me hear nothing more on the subject. I authorize you to threaten these tradesmen with paying nothing, if they do not reduce their enormous charges. They ought to be taught not to be so ready in giving credit." Madame Bonaparte gave me all her bills. The extent to which the articles had been overcharged, owing to the fear of not being paid for a long period, and of deductions being made from the amount, was inconceivable. It appeared to me also, that there must be some exaggeration in the number of the arti-

cles supplied. I observed in the milliner's bill thirty-eight new hats, of great price, in one month. There was likewise a charge of one thousand eight hundred francs for heron plumes, and eight hundred francs for perfumes. I asked Josephine whether she wore out two hats in one day? She objected to this charge for the hats, which she merely called a mistake. The impositions which the saddler attempted, both in the extravagance of his prices, and in charging for articles which he had not furnished, were astonishing. I need say nothing of the other tradesmen, it was the same system of plunder throughout.

I availed myself fully of the first consul's permission, and spared neither reproaches nor menaces. I am ashamed to say that the greater part of the tradesmen were contented with the half of what they demanded. One of them received thirty-five thousand francs for a bill of eighty thousand; and he had the impudence to tell me that he made a good profit nevertheless. Finally, I was fortunate enough, after the most vehement disputes, to settle every thing for six hundred thousand francs. Madame Bonaparte, however, soon fell again into the same excesses, but fortunately money became more plentiful. This inconceivable mania of spending money was almost the sole cause of her unhappiness. Her thoughtless profusion occasioned permanent disorder in her household, until the period of Bonaparte's second marriage, when, I am informed, she became regular in her expenditure. I could not say so of her when she was empress, in 1804.

The amiable Josephine had not less ambition in little things, than her husband had in great. She felt pleasure in acquiring, and not in possessing. Who would suppose it? She grew tired of the beauty of the park of Malmaison, and was always asking me to take her out on the high road, either on the side of Nanterre, or on that of Marly, in the midst of the dust occasioned by the passing of carriages. The noise of the high road appeared to her preferable to the calm silence of the beautiful avenues of the park, and in this respect Hortense had the same taste as her mother. This whimsical fancy astonished Bonaparte, and he was sometimes vexed at it. My intercourse with Josephine was delightful, for I never saw a woman who so constantly entered society with such an equable disposition, or with so much of the spirit of kindness, which is the first principle of amiability. She was so obligingly attentive as to cause a pretty suite of apartments to be prepared at Malmaison for me and my family. She pressed me earnestly, and with all her known grace, to accept it; but almost as much a captive at Paris as a prisoner of state, I wished to have to myself in the country the moments of liberty I was permitted to enjoy. Yet what was this liberty? I had bought a little house at Ruel, which I had kept during two years and a half. If I had seen my friends there, it must have been at midnight, or at five o'clock in the

morning; and the first consul would often send for me in the night when couriers arrived. It was for this sort of liberty I refused Josephine's kind offer. Bonaparte came once to see me in my retreat at Ruel, but Josephine and Hortense came often. It was a favourite walk with these ladies.

At Paris I was less frequently absent from Bonaparte than at Malmaison. We sometimes in the evening walked together in the garden of the Tuileries, after the gates were closed. In these evening walks he always wore a gray great-coat, and a round hat. I was directed to answer, "The first consul," to the sentinel's challenge of "Who goes there?" These promenades, which were of much benefit to Bonaparte, and me also, as a relaxation from our labours, resembled those which we had at Malmaison. As to our promenades in the city, they were often very amusing.

At the period of our first inhabiting the Tuileries, when I saw Bonaparte enter the cabinet at eight o'clock in the evening in his gray coat, I knew he would say, "Bourrienne, come and take a turn." Sometimes, then, instead of going out by the garden arcade, we would take the little gate which leads from the court to the apartments of the Duke d'Angoulême. He would take my arm, and we would go to buy articles of trifling value in the shops of the Rue St. Honoré; but we did not extend our excursions further than Rue de l'Arbre Sec. Whilst I made the shopkeeper exhibit before us the articles which I appeared anxious to buy, he played his part in asking questions. Nothing was more amusing than to see him endeavouring to imitate the careless and jocular tone of the young men of fashion. How awkward was he in the attempt to put on dandy airs, when, pulling up the corners of his cravat, he would say, "Well, Madame, is there any thing new to-day? Citizen, what say they of Bonaparte? Your shop appears to be well supplied. You surely have a great deal of custom. What do people say of that buffoon, Bonaparte?" He was made quite happy one day, when we were obliged to retire hastily from a shop, to avoid the attacks drawn upon us by the irreverent tone in which Bonaparte spok of the first consul.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

1800.

War and monuments—Influence of the recollections of Egypt—First improvements in Paris—Malmaison too little—Saint Cloud taken—The Pont des Arts—Business prescribed for me by Bonaparte—Pecuniary remuneration—The first consul's visit to the Pritanée—His examination of the pupils—Consular pensions—Tragical death of Miackzinski—Introduction of vaccination—Recal of the members of the constituent assembly—The Canary volunteers—Tronchet and Target—Liberation of the Austrian prisoners—Longchamps and the spiritual concerts.

The destruction of men, and the construction of monuments, were two things perfectly in unison in the mind of Bonaparte. It may be said that his passion for monuments almost equalled his passion for war; but as in all things he disliked what was little and mean, so he liked vast constructions and great battles. The sight of the colossal ruins of the monuments of Egypt had not a little contributed to augment his natural taste for great structures. It was not so much the monuments themselves that he admired, but the historical recollections they perpetuate, the great names they consecrate, the important events they attest. What should he have cared for the column which we beheld on our arrival in Alexandria, had it not been Pompey's pillar? It is for artists to admire or censure its proportions and ornaments, for men of learning to explain its inscriptions; but the name of Pompey renders it an object of interest to all.

When endeavouring to sketch the character of Bonaparte I ought to have noticed his taste for monuments, for without this characteristic trait something essential is wanting to the completion of the portrait. This taste, or, as it may more properly be called, this passion, for monuments, exercised no small influence on his thoughts and projects of glory; yet it did not deter him from directing attention to public improvements of a less ostentatious kind. He wished for great monuments to perpetuate the recollection of his glory; but, at the same time, he knew how to appreciate all that was truly useful. He could very rarely be reproached for rejecting any plan without exami-

nation; and this examination was a speedy affair, for his natural tact enabled him immediately to see things in their proper light.

Though most of the monuments and embellishments of Paris are executed from the plans of men of talent, yet some owe their origin to circumstances merely accidental. Of this I can mention an example.

I was standing at the window of Bonaparte's cabinet, which looked into the garden of the Tuileries. He had gone out, and I took advantage of his absence to rise from my chair, for I was tired of sitting. He had scarcely been gone a minute, when he unexpectedly returned to ask me for a paper. "What are you doing there, Bourrienne? I'll wager any thing you are admiring the ladies walking on the terrace."—"Why, I must confess, I do sometimes amuse myself in that way," replied I; "but I assure you, general, I was now thinking of something else. I was looking at that villanous left bank of the Seine, which always annoys me with its dirty quay, and the floodings which almost every winter prevent communication with the Faubourg St. Germain, and I was thinking I would speak to you on the subject." He approached the window, and, looking out, said, "You are right, it is very ugly; and very offensive to see dirty linen washed before our windows. Here, write immediately, 'the quay of the *Ecole de Natation** is to be finished during next campaign.' Send that order to the minister of the interior." The quay was finished the year following.

As an instance of the enormous difference which frequently appears between the original estimates of architects and their subsequent accounts, I may mention what occurred in relation to the palace of St. Cloud. But I must first say a word about the manner in which Bonaparte originally refused and afterwards took possession of the queen's pleasure-house. Malmaison was a suitable country residence for Bonaparte, as long as he remained content with his town apartments in the little Luxembourg; but that consular *bagatelle* was too confined, in comparison with the spacious apartments in the Tuileries. The inhabitants of St. Cloud, acting upon instructions to that effect, addressed a petition to the legislative body, praying that their deserted chateau might be made the summer residence of the first consul. The petition was referred to the government; but Bonaparte, who was not yet consul for life, proudly declared, that so long as he was at the head of affairs, and, indeed, for a year afterwards, he would accept no national recompence. Some time after, we went to visit the palace of the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte liked it exceedingly, but all was in a state of complete dilapidation. It bore evident marks of the revolution. The first consul did not wish, as yet, to burden the budget of the

* Swimming school. There are regular professors, and swimming is taught by rule, like dancing, &c.—*Editor.*

state with his persona. expenses, and he was alarmed at the enormous sum required to render St. Cloud habitable. Flattery had not yet arrived at the degree of proficiency which it subsequently attained; but even then his flatterers boldly assured him he might take possession of St. Cloud for twenty-five thousand francs. I told the first consul, that, considering the ruinous state of the place, I could venture to say, that the expense would amount to more than twelve hundred thousand francs. Bonaparte determined to have a regular estimate of the expense, and it amounted to nearly three millions. He thought it a great sum; but, as he had resolved to make St. Cloud his residence, he gave orders for commencing the repairs, the expense of which, independently of the furniture, amounted to six millions. So much for the three millions of the architect, and the twenty-five thousand francs of the flatterers.

When the first consul contemplated the building of the Pont des Arts, we had a long conversation on the subject. I observed that it would be much better to build the bridge of stone. "The first object of monuments of this kind," said I, "is public utility. They require solidity of appearance, and their principal merit is duration. I cannot conceive, general, why, in a country where there is abundance of fine stone of every quality, the use of iron should be preferred."—"Write," said Bonaparte, "to Fontaine and Percier, the architects, and ask what they think of it."—I wrote, and they stated in their answer that "bridges were intended for public utility, and the embellishment of cities. The projected bridge between the Louvre and the Quatre-Nations, would unquestionably fulfil the first of these objects, as was proved by the great number of persons who daily crossed the Seine at that point, in boats; that the site fixed upon between the Pont-Neuf and the Tuileries appeared to be the best that could be chosen for the purpose; and that on the score of ornament, Paris would gain little by the construction of an iron bridge, which would be very narrow, and which, from its light form, would not correspond with the grandeur of the two bridges between which it would be placed."

When we had received the answer of MM. Percier and Fontaine, we again had a conversation on the subject of the bridge. I told the first consul that I perfectly concurred in the opinion of MM. Fontaine and Percier; however, he would have his own way, and thus was authorized the construction of the toy which formed a communication between the Louvre and the Institute. But no sooner was the Pont des Arts finished, than Bonaparte pronounced it to be mean, and out of keeping with the other bridges above and below it. One day, when visiting the Louvre, he stopped at one of the windows looking towards the Pont des Arts, and said, "There is no solidity, no grandeur about that bridge. In England, where stone is scarce, it is very natural that iron should be used, for arches of large dimensions.

But the case is different in France, where the requisite material is abundant."

The infernal machine, of the 3d Nivose, of which I shall presently speak more at length, was the signal for vast changes in the quarter of the Tuileries. That horrible attempt was at least so far attended by happy results, that it contributed to the embellishment of Paris. It was thought more advisable for the government to buy and pull down the houses which had been injured by the machine, than to let them be put under repair. As an example of Bonaparte's grand schemes in building, I may mention that being one day at the Louvre, he pointed towards Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, and said to me, " That is where I will build an imperial street. It shall run from here to the barrier of the throne. It shall have arcades and plantations. The imperial street shall be the finest in the world."

The palace of the King of Rome, which was to face the Pont de Jena, and the Champ de Mars, would have been in some measure out of Paris, with which, however, it was to be connected by a line of palaces. These were to extend along the quay, and were destined as splendid residences for the ambassadors of foreign sovereigns, at least as long as there should be any sovereigns in Europe except Napoleon. The Temple of Glory, too, which was to occupy the site of the church of La Madelaine, was never finished. If the plan of this monument proved the necessity which Bonaparte felt, of constantly holding out stimulants to his soldiers, its relinquishment was at least a proof of his wisdom. He who had re-established religious worship in France, and had restored to its destination the church of the Invalids, which was for a time metamorphosed into the Temple of Mars, foresaw that a Temple of Glory would give birth to a sort of paganism, incompatible with the ideas of the age.

The recollection of the magnificent Necropolis of Cairo frequently recurred to Bonaparte's mind. He had admired that city of the dead, which he had partly contributed to people; and his design was to make, at the four cardinal points of Paris, four vast cemeteries, on the plan of that which had fixed his attention at Cairo.

Bonaparte determined that all the new streets of Paris should be forty feet wide, and be provided with foot-pavements: in short, he thought nothing too grand for the embellishment of the capital of a country, which he wished to make the first in the world. Next to war, he regarded the embellishment of Paris as the source of his glory; and he never considered a victory fully achieved until he had raised a monument to transmit its memory to posterity. He wanted glory, uninterrupted glory, for France, as well as for himself. How often, when talking over his schemes, has he not said, " Bourrienne, it is for France I am doing all this! All I wish, all I desire, the end of all my labours is, that my name should be indissolubly connected with that of France!"

Paris is not the only city, nor is France the only kingdom, which bears traces of Napoleon's passion for great and useful monuments. In Belgium, in Holland, in Piedmont, in all Italy, he executed great improvements. At Turin, a splendid bridge was built over the Po, in lieu of an old bridge, which was falling in ruins.

How many things were undertaken and executed in Napoleon's short and eventful reign! To obviate the difficulty of communication between Metz and Mentz, a magnificent road was made, as if by magic, across impracticable marshes and vast forests: mountains were cut, and ravines filled up. He would not allow nature, more than man, to resist him. One day, when he was proceeding to Belgium, by the way of Givet, he was detained for a short time at Little Givet, on the right bank of the Meuse, in consequence of an accident which happened to the ferry-boat. He was within a gun-shot of the fortress of Charlemont, on the left bank, and in the vexation which the delay occasioned, he dictated the following decree: "A bridge shall be built over the Meuse, to join Little Givet to Great Givet. It shall be terminated during the ensuing campaign." It was completed within the prescribed time.

In the great work of bridges and highways, Bonaparte's chief object was to remove the obstacles and barriers which nature had raised up as the limits of old France, so as to form a junction with the provinces which he successively annexed to the empire. Thus, in Savoy, a road, smooth as a garden-walk, superseded the dangerous risings and fallings of the wood of Bramant; thus was the passage of Mount Cenis a pleasant promenade at almost every season of the year; thus did the Simplon bow his head, and Bonaparte might have said, "There are now no Alps," with more reason than Louis XIV. said, "There are now no Pyrenees."

Such was the implicit confidence which Bonaparte reposed in me, that I was often alarmed at the responsibility it obliged me to incur.* Official business was not the only labour that de-

* Of this confidence, the following instructions for me, which he dictated to Duroc, afford sufficient proof:

"1st. Citizen Bourrienne shall open all the letters addressed to the first consul, and present them to him three times a day, or oftener in case of urgent business. The letters shall be deposited in the cabinet when they are opened. Bourrienne is to analyze all those which are of secondary interest, and write the first consul's decision on each letter. The hours for presenting the letters shall be, first, when the consul rises; second, a quarter of an hour before dinner; and third, at eleven at night.

"2d. He is to have the superintendence of the Topographical office, and of an office of Translation, in which there shall be a German and an English clerk. Every day he shall present to the first consul, at the hours above mentioned, the German and English journals, together with a translation. With respect to the Italian journals, it will only be necessary to mark what the first consul is to read.

"3d. He shall keep a register of appointments to offices under government;

volved upon me. I had to write to the dictation of the first consul, during a great part of the day, or to decipher his writing, which was always the most laborious part of my duty. I was so closely employed, that I scarcely ever went out; and when, by chance, I dined in town, I could not arrive until the very moment of dinner, and I was obliged to run away immediately after it. Once a month, at most, I went without Bonaparte to the Comédie Française; but I was obliged to return at nine o'clock, that being the hour at which we resumed business. Corvisart, with whom I was intimately acquainted, constantly expressed his apprehensions about my health; but my zeal carried me through every difficulty, and during our stay at the Tuileries, I cannot express how happy I was in enjoying the unreserved confidence of the man, on whom the eyes of all Europe were fixed. So perfect was this confidence, that Bonaparte, neither as general, consul, or emperor, ever gave me any fixed salary. In money matters we were still *comrades:* I took from his funds what was necessary to maintain my expenses, and of this Bonaparte never once asked me for any account.

He often mentioned his wish to regenerete public education, which he thought was ill-managed. The central schools did not please him; but he could not withhold his admiration from the polytechnic school, the finest establishment of education that was ever founded, but which he afterwards destroyed, by giving it a military organization. In only one college of Paris the old system of study was preserved: this was the Louis-le-Grand, which had received the name of Pritanée. The first consul directed the minister of the interior to draw up a report on that establishment; and he himself went to pay an unexpected visit to the Pritanée, accompanied by M. Lebrun and Duroc. He remained there upwards of an hour, and in the evening, he spoke to me with much interest on the subject of his visit. "Do you know, Bourrienne," said he, "that I have been performing the duties of professor?"—"You, general!"—"Yes! and I did not

a second, for appointments to official posts; a third, for appointments to places abroad; and a fourth, for the situations of receivers and great financial posts, where he is to inscribe the names of all the individuals whom the first consul may refer to him. These registers must be written by his own hand, and must be kept entirely private.

"4th. Secret correspondence, and the different reports of inspection, are to be addressed directly to Bourrienne, and transmitted by him to the hand of the first consul, by whom they will be returned without the intervention of any third party.

"5th. There shall be a register for all that relates to secret extraordinary expenditure. Bourrienne shall write the whole with his own hand, in order that the business may be kept from the knowledge of any one.

"6th. He shall despatch all the business which may be referred to him, either from citizen Duroc, or from the cabinet of the first consul, taking care to arrange every thing so as to secure secrecy.

"BONAPARTE, First Consul.

"Paris, 13th Germinal, year VIII."

acquit myself badly. I examined the pupils in the mathematical class; and I recollected enough of my Bezout, to make some demonstrations before them. I went every where, into the bedrooms, and the dining-room. I tasted the soup, which is better than we used to have at Brienne. I must devote serious attention to public education, and the management of the colleges. The pupils most have a uniform. I observed some well, and others ill dressed. That will not do. At college, above all places, there should be equality. But I was much pleased with the pupils of the Pritanée. I wish to know the names of those I examined, and I have desired Duroc to report them to me. I will give them rewards; that stimulates young people. I will provide for some of them."

On this subject, Bonaparte did not confine himself to an empty scheme. After consulting with the head master of the Pritanée, he granted pensions of two hundred francs to seven or eight of the most distinguished pupils of the establishment, and he placed three of them in the department of foreign affairs, under the title of diplomatic pupils.*

What I have just said, respecting the first consul's visit to the Pritanée, reminds me of a very extraordinary circumstance, which arose out of it. Among the pupils at the Pritanée, there was a son of General Miackzinski, who died fighting under the banners of the republic. Young Miackzinski was then sixteen or seventeen years of age. He soon quitted the college, entered the army as a volunteer, and was one of a corps reviewed by Bonaparte in the Plain of Sablons. He was pointed out to the first consul, who said to him, "I knew your father. Follow his example, and in six months you shall be an officer." Six months elapsed, and Miackzinski wrote to the first consul, reminding him of his promise. No answer was returned, and the young man then wrote a second letter, as follows:

You desired me to prove myself worthy of my father; I have done so. You promised that I should be an officer in six months: seven have elapsed since that promise was made. When yon receive this letter, I shall be no more. I cannot live under a government, the head of which breaks his word.

Poor Miackzinski kept his word but too faithfully. After writing the above letter to the first consul, he retired to his chamber, and blew out his brains with a pistol. A few days after this tragical event, Miackzinski's commission was transmitted to his corps; for Bonaparte had not forgotten him. A delay in the War-office had caused the death of this promising young man. Bonaparte was much affected at the circumstance, and he said to me, "These Poles have such refined notions of

* This institution of diplomatic pupils was originally suggested by M. de Talleyrand.

honour..... Poor Sulkowski, I am sure, would have done the same."

At the commencement of the consulate, it was gratifying to see how actively Bonaparte was seconded in the execution of plans for the social regeneration of France : all seemed animated with new life, and every one strove to do good, as if it were a matter of competition. Every circumstance concurred to favour the good intentions of the first consul. Vaccination, which, perhaps, has saved as many lives as war has sacrificed, was introduced into France by M. de Liancourt; and Bonaparte, immediately appreciating the value of such a discovery, gave it his decided approbation. At the same time, a council of Prizes was established, and the old members of the Constituent Assembly were invited to return to France. It was for their sake, and that of the royalists, that the first consul recalled them, but it was to please the jacobins, whom he was endeavouring to conciliate, that their return was subject to restrictions. At first, the invitation to return to France extended only to those who could prove that they had voted in favour of the abolition of nobility. The lists of emigrants were closed, and committees were appointed to investigate their claims to the privilege of returning.

From the commencement of the month of Germinal, the reorganization of the army of Italy had proceeded with renewed activity. The presence, in Paris, of the fine corps of the Consular Guard, added to the desire of showing themselves off in gay uniforms, had stimulated the military ardour of many respectable young men of the capital. Taking advantage of this circumstance, the first consul created a corps of volunteers, destined for the army of reserve, which was to remain at Dijon. He saw the advantage of connecting a great number of families with his cause, and imbuing them with the spirit of the army. This volunteer corps wore a yellow uniform, which, in some of the saloons of Paris, where it was still the custom to ridicule every thing, obtained for them the nickname of canaries. Bonaparte, who did not always relish a joke, took this in very ill part, and often expressed to me his vexation at it. However, he was gratified to observe in the composition of this corps, a first specimen of privileged soldiers; an idea which he acted upon when he created the orderly gendarmes in the campaign of Jena, and when he organized the guards of honour after the disasters of Moscow.

In every action of his life, Bonaparte had some particular object in view. I recollect his saying to me one day, " Bourrienne, I cannot yet venture to do any thing against the regicides ; but I will let them see what I think of them. To-morrow I shall have some business with Abrial respecting the organization of the court of Cassation. Target, who is the president of that court, would not defend Louis XVI. Well, whom do you

think I mean to appoint in his place?....Tronchet, who did defend the king. They may say what they please; *I care not.*"* Tronchet was appointed.

Nearly about the same time, the first consul, being informed of the escape of General Mack, said to me, "Mack may go where he pleases; I am not afraid of him. But I will tell you what I have been thinking. There are some other Austrian officers who were prisoners with Mack: among the number is a Count Dietrichstein, who belongs to a great family in Vienna. I will liberate them all. At the moment of opening a campaign, this will have a good effect. They will see that I fear nothing; and who knows but this may procure me some admirers in Austria." The order for liberating the Austrian prisoners was immediately despatched. Thus Bonaparte's acts of generosity, as well as his acts of severity, and his choice of individuals, were all the result of deep calculation.

This unvarying attention to the affairs of the government was manifest in all he did. I have already mentioned the almost simultaneous suppression of the horrible commemoration of the month of January, and the permission for the revival of the opera balls. A measure something similar to this was the authorization of the festivals of Longchamps, which had been forgotten since the revolution. He, at the same time, gave permission for spiritual concerts at the opera. Thus, while in public acts he maintained the observance of the republican calendar, he was gradually reviving the old calendar by seasons of festivity. Shrove-Tuesday was marked by a ball, and Passion-week by promenades and concerts.

* On this, as on many other occasions, the cynicism of Bonaparte's language does not admit of a literal translation.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

1800.

The Memorial of St. Helena—Louis XVIII.'s first letter to Bonaparte—Josephine, Hortense, and the Faubourg Saint-Germain—Madame Bonaparte and the fortune-teller—Louis XVIII.'s second letter—Bonaparte's answer—Conversation respecting the recal of Louis XVIII.—Peace and war—A battle fought with pins—Genoa and Mélas—Realization of Bonaparte's military plans—Ironical letter to Berthier—Departure from Paris—Instructions to Lucien and Cambacérès—Joseph Bonaparte appointed councillor of state—Travelling conversation—Alexander and Cæsar judged by Bonaparte.

It sometimes happens that an event which passes away unnoticed at the time of its occurrence, acquires importance from events which subsequently ensue. This reflection naturally occurs to my mind now that I am about to notice the correspondence which passed between Louis XVIII. and the first consul. This is certainly not one of the least interesting passages in the life of Bonaparte.

But I must first beg leave to make another observation on the Memorial of St. Helena. That publication relates what Bonaparte said respecting the negotiations between Louis XVIII. and himself; and I find it necessary to quote a few lines on the subject, in order to show how far the statements contained in the Memorial differ from the autograph letters in my possession.

At St. Helena, Napoleon said that he never thought of the princes of the house of Bourbon. This is true to a certain point. He did not think of the princes of the house of Bourbon with the view of restoring them to their throne; but it has been shown, in several parts of these memoirs, that he thought of them very often, and that, on more than one occasion, their very names alarmed him. * The substance of the two letters given in

* The Memorial states, that "A letter was delivered to the first consul by Lebrun, who received it from the Abbé de Montesquieu, the secret agent of the Bourbons in Paris." This letter, which was very cautiously written, said—

"You are long delaying the restoration of my throne. It is to be feared you are suffering favourable moments to escape. You cannot secure the happiness of France without me, and I can do nothing for France without you. Hasten then to name the offices which you would choose for your friends."

the Memorial of St. Helena is correct. The ideas are nearly the same as those of the original letters. But it is not surprising that, after the lapse of so long an interval, Napoleon's memory should somewhat have failed him. However, it will not, I presume, be deemed unimportant if I present to the reader literal copies of this correspondence, together with the explanation of some curious circumstances connected with it.

The following is Louis XVIII.'s letter:

February 20th, 1800.

Sir,

Whatever may be their apparent conduct, men like you never inspire alarm. You have accepted an eminent station, and I thank you for having done so. You know better than any one how much strength and power are requisite to secure the happiness of a great nation. Save France from her own violence, and you will fulfil the first wish of my heart. Restore her king to her, and future generations will bless your memory. You will always be too necessary to the state for me ever to be able to discharge by important appointments, the debt of my family and myself,

Louis.

The first consul was much agitated on the reception of this letter. Though he every day declared his determination to have nothing to do with the princes, yet he hesitated whether or no he should reply to this overture. The numerous affairs which then occupied his mind favoured this hesitation. Josephine and Hortense conjured him to hold out hope to the king, as, by so doing, he would in no way pledge himself, and would gain time to ascertain whether he could not ultimately play a far greater part than that of Monk. Their entreaties became so urgent, that he said to me, "These devils of women are mad! The Faubourg St. Germain has turned their heads! They make the Faubourg the guardian angel of the royalists; but I care not; I will have nothing to do with them."

Madame Bonaparte said she was anxious he should adopt the step she proposed, in order to banish from his mind all thought of making himself king. This idea always gave rise to a painful foreboding which she could never overcome.*

The answer, Napoleon said, was as follows:

"I have received your Royal Highness's letter. I have always taken a lively interest in your misfortunes, and those of your family. You must not think of appearing in France: you could only return here by trampling over a hundred thousand dead bodies. I shall always be happy to do any thing that can alleviate your fate, and help to banish the recollection of your misfortunes."

* A strong impression of the fate that awaited her had been made on her mind during Bonaparte's absence in Egypt. She, like many other ladies of Paris, went at that time to consult a celebrated fortune-teller, a Madame Villeneuve, who lived in the Rue de Lancry. This woman had revealed her destiny as follows: "You are," said she, "the wife of a great general, who will become still greater. He will cross the seas which separate him from you, and you will occupy the first station in France; but it will be only for a short time."

In the first consul's numerous conversations with me, he discussed with admirable sagacity Louis XVIII.'s proposition and its consequences. "The partisans of the Bourbons," said he, "are deceived if they suppose I am the man to play Monk's part." Here the matter rested, and the king's letter remained on the table. In the interim, Louis XVIII. wrote a second letter, without any date. It was as follows:

You must have long since been convinced, general, that you possess my esteem. If you doubt my gratitude, fix your reward and mark out the fortune of your friends. As to my principles, I am a Frenchman, merciful by character, and also by the dictates of reason.

No, the conqueror of Lodi, Castiglione, and Arcole, the conqueror of Italy and Egypt, cannot prefer vain celebrity to real glory. But you are losing precious time. We may ensure the glory of France. I say *we*, because I require the aid of Bonaparte, and he can do nothing without me.

General, Europe observes you. Glory awaits you, and I am impatient to restore peace to my people.

(Signed) LOUIS.

This dignified letter the first consul suffered to remain unanswered for several weeks: at length he proposed to dictate an answer to me. I observed, that as the king's letters were autographs, it would be more proper that he should write himself. He then wrote with his own hand the following:

SIR,

I have received your letter, and I thank you for the compliments you address to me.

You must not seek to return to France. To do so, you must trample over a hundred thousand dead bodies.

Sacrifice your interest to the repose and happiness of France, and history will render you justice.

I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family. I shall learn with pleasure, and shall willingly contribute to ensure the tranquillity of your retirement.

BONAPARTE.

He showed me this letter, saying, "What do you think of it? is it not good?" He was never offended when I pointed out to him an error of grammar or style, and I therefore replied, "As to the substance, if such be your resolution, I have nothing to say against it; but," added I, "I must make one observation on the style. You cannot say that *you shall learn with pleasure to ensure*, &c." On reading the passage over again, he thought he had pledged himself too far, in saying that he *would willingly contribute*, &c. He therefore scored out the last sentence, and interlined, *I shall contribute with pleasure to the happiness and tranquillity of your retirement.*

The answer thus scored and interlined could not be sent off and it lay on the table, with Bonaparte's signature affixed to it.

Some time after he wrote another answer, the three first paragraphs of which were exactly like that first quoted; but for the last paragraph he substituted the following: *I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family; and I shall learn with pleasure that you are surrounded with all that can contribute to the tranquillity of your retirement.* By this means he did not pledge himself in any way, not even in words, for he himself made no offer of contributing to the tranquillity of the retirement. Every day which augmented his power, and consolidated his position, diminished, he thought, the chances of the Bourbons; and seven months were suffered to intervene between the date of the king's first letter and the answer of the first consul, which was written on the 2d Vendémiaire, year IX. (14th of September, 1800), just when the congress of Luneville was on the point of opening.

Some days after the receipt of Louis XVIII.'s letter, we were walking in the gardens of Malmaison: he was in good humour, for every thing was going on to his mind. "Has my wife been saying any thing more to you about the Bourbons?" said he.—"No, general."—"But, when you converse with her you concur a little in her opinions. Tell me why you wish the Bourbons back? You have no interest in their return, nothing to expect from them. Your family rank is not high enough to enable you to obtain any great post. You would be nothing under them. Through the patronage of M. de Chambonas you got the appointment of secretary of legation at Stuttgard; but, had it not been for the change, you would have remained all your life in that or some inferior post. Did you ever know men rise by their own merit under kings? Every thing depends on birth, connexion, fortune, and intrigue. Judge things more accurately; reflect more maturely on the future."—"General," replied I, "I am quite of your opinion on one point. I never received gift, place, or favour from the Bourbons; and I have not the vanity to believe that I should ever have attained any important appointment. But you must not forget that my nomination as secretary of legation at Stuttgard preceded the overthrow of the throne only by a few days; and I cannot infer, from what took place under circumstances unfortunately too certain, what might have happened in the reverse case. Besides, I am not actuated by personal feelings; I consider not my own interests, but those of France. I wish you to hold the reins of government as long as you live; but you have no children, and it is tolerably certain that you will have none by Josephine. What will become of us when you are gone? You talk of the future; but what will be the future fate of France? I have often heard you say that your brothers are not. . . . . ."—"You are right," said he, abruptly interrupting me. "If I

do not live thirty years to complete my work, you will have a long series of civil wars after my death. My brothers will not govern France; you know what they are. A violent conflict will therefore arise among the most distinguished generals, each of whom will think himself entitled to succeed me."—"Well, general, why not take means to obviate the mischief you foresee?"—"Do you imagine I do not think of it? But look at the difficulties that stand in my way. How are so many acquired rights and material results to be secured against the efforts of a family restored to power, and returning with eighty thousand emigrants and the influence of fanaticism? What would become of those who voted for the death of the king—the men who acted a conspicuous part in the revolution—the national domains, and a multitude of things that have been done during twelve years? Can you see how far reaction would extend?"—"General, need I remind you that Louis, in his letter, guarantees the contrary of all you apprehend? I know what will be your answer; but are you not able to impose whatever conditions you may think fit? Grant what is asked of you only at that price. Take three or four years; in that time you may ensure the happiness of France by institutions conformable to her wants. Custom and habit would give them a power which it would not be easy to destroy; and even supposing such a design were entertained, it could not be accomplished. I have heard you say it is wished you should act the part of Monk; but you well know the difference between a general opposing the usurper of a crown, and one whom victory and peace have raised above the ruins of a subverted throne, and who restores it voluntarily to those who have long occupied it. You are well aware what you call ideology will not again be revived; and. . . . . ."—"I know what you are going to say; but it all amounts to nothing. Depend upon it, the Bourbons will think they have reconquered their inheritance, and will dispose of it as they please. The most sacred pledges, the most positive promises, will be violated. None but fools will trust them. My resolution is formed; therefore let us say no more on the subject. But I know how these women torment you. Let them mind their knitting, and leave me to do what I think right."

Every one knows the adage, *Si vis pacem para bellum.* Had Bonaparte been a Latin scholar, he would probably have reversed it, and said, *Si vis bellum para pacem.*

While seeking to establish pacific relations with the powers of Europe, the first consul was preparing to strike a great blow in Italy. As long as Genoa held out, and Massena continued there, Bonaparte did not despair of meeting the Austrians in those fields which, not four years before, had been the scenes of his success. He resolved to assemble an army of reserve at Dijon. Where there was previously nothing, he created every

thing. At that period of his life, the fertility of his imagination and the vigour of his genius must have commanded the admiration of even his bitterest enemies. I was astonished at the details into which he entered. While every moment was engrossed by the most important occupations, he sent four hundred thousand francs to the hospital of Mount St. Bernard. When he saw that his army of reserve was forming, and every thing was going on to his mind, he said to me, " I hope to fall on the rear of Melas before he is aware I am in Italy . . . . . that is to say, provided Genoa holds out. But Massena is defending it."

On the 17th of March, in a moment of gaiety and good humour, he desired me to unrol Chauchard's great map of Italy. He lay down upon it, and desired me to do so likewise. He then stuck into it pins, the heads of which were tipped with wax, some red and some black. I silently observed him, and awaited with no little curiosity the result of this plan of campaign. When he had stationed the enemy's corps, and drawn up the pins with red heads on the points where he hoped to bring his own troops, he said to me, " Where do you think I shall beat Melas ?"—" How the devil should I know ?"—" Why, look here, you fool ! Melas is at Alessandria with his head-quarters. There he will remain until Genoa surrender. He has in Alessandria his magazines, his hospitals, his artillery, and reserves. Crossing the Alps here (pointing to the Great Mount St. Bernard), I shall fall upon Melas, cut off his communications with Austria, and meet him here in the plains of Scrivia" (placing a red pin at San Giuliano). Finding that I looked on this manœuvre of pins as mere pastime, he addressed to me some of his usual compliments, such as fool, ninny, &c., and then proceeded to demonstrate his plans more clearly on the map. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour, we rose ; I folded up the map, and thought no more of the matter.

Four months after this, when I was at San Giuliano with Bonaparte's portfolio and despatches which I had saved from the rout which had taken place during the day, and when, that very evening, I was writing, at Torre-di-Garafolo, the bulletin of the battle, to Napoleon's dictation, I frankly avowed my admiration of his military plans. He himself smiled at the accuracy of his own foresight.

The first consul was not satisfied with General Berthier as war-minister, and he superseded him by Carnot, who had given great proofs of firmness and integrity ; but who, nevertheless, was no favourite of Bonaparte, on account of his decided republican principles. Carnot's appointment took place on the 2d of April, 1800 ; and to console Berthier, who, he knew, was more at home in the camp than in the office, he dictated to me the following letter for him :

Paris, April 2, 1800

CITIZEN GENERAL,

The military talents, of which you have given so many proofs, and the confidence of the government, call you to the command of an

army. During the winter you have *reorganized* the war department, and you have provided, as far as circumstances would permit, for the wants of our armies. During the spring and summer it must be your task to lead our troops to victory, which is the effectual means of obtaining peace, and consolidating the republic.

Bonaparte laughed heartily while he dictated this epistle, especially when he uttered the word which I have marked in italics. Berthier set out for Dijon, where he commenced the formation of the army of reserve.

The consular constitution did not empower the first consul to command an army out of the territory of France. Bonaparte therefore wished to keep secret his long-projected plan of placing himself at the head of the army of Italy, which he then for the first time called the grand army. I observed that by his choice of Berthier, nobody could be deceived; because it must be evident that he would have made another selection, had he not intended to command in person. He laughed at my observation.

Our departure from Paris was fixed for the 6th of May, or, according to the republican calendar, the 16th Floréal. Bonaparte had made all his arrangements, and issued all his orders; but still he did not wish it to be known that he was going to take the command of the army. On the eve of our departure, being in conference with the two other consuls and the ministers, he said to Lucien, "Prepare, to-morrow morning, a circular to the prefects, and you, Fouché, will publish it in the journals. Say I am gone to Dijon, to inspect the army of reserve. You may add that I shall, perhaps, go as far as Geneva; but you must affirm positively that I shall not be absent longer than a fortnight. You, Cambacérès, will preside to-morrow at the council of state. In my absence, you are the head of the government. State that my absence will be but of short duration, but specify nothing. Express my satisfaction of the council of state: it has already rendered great services, and I shall be happy to see it continue in the course it has hitherto pursued. Oh! I had nearly forgotten—you will at the same time announce that I have appointed Joseph a councillor of state. Should any thing happen, I shall be back again like a thunderbolt. I recommend to you all the great interests of France, and I trust that I shall shortly be talked of in Vienna and in London."

We set out at two in the morning, taking the Burgundy road, which we had already so often travelled under very different circumstances.

On the journey Bonaparte conversed about the warriors of antiquity, especially Alexander, Cæsar, Scipio, and Hannibal. I asked him which he preferred, Alexander or Cæsar? "I place Alexander in the first rank," said he, "yet I admire Cæsar's fine campaign in Africa. But the ground of my preference for the King of Macedonia is the plan, and above all, the execution, of his campaign in Asia. Only those who are utterly

NAPOLEON AT MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

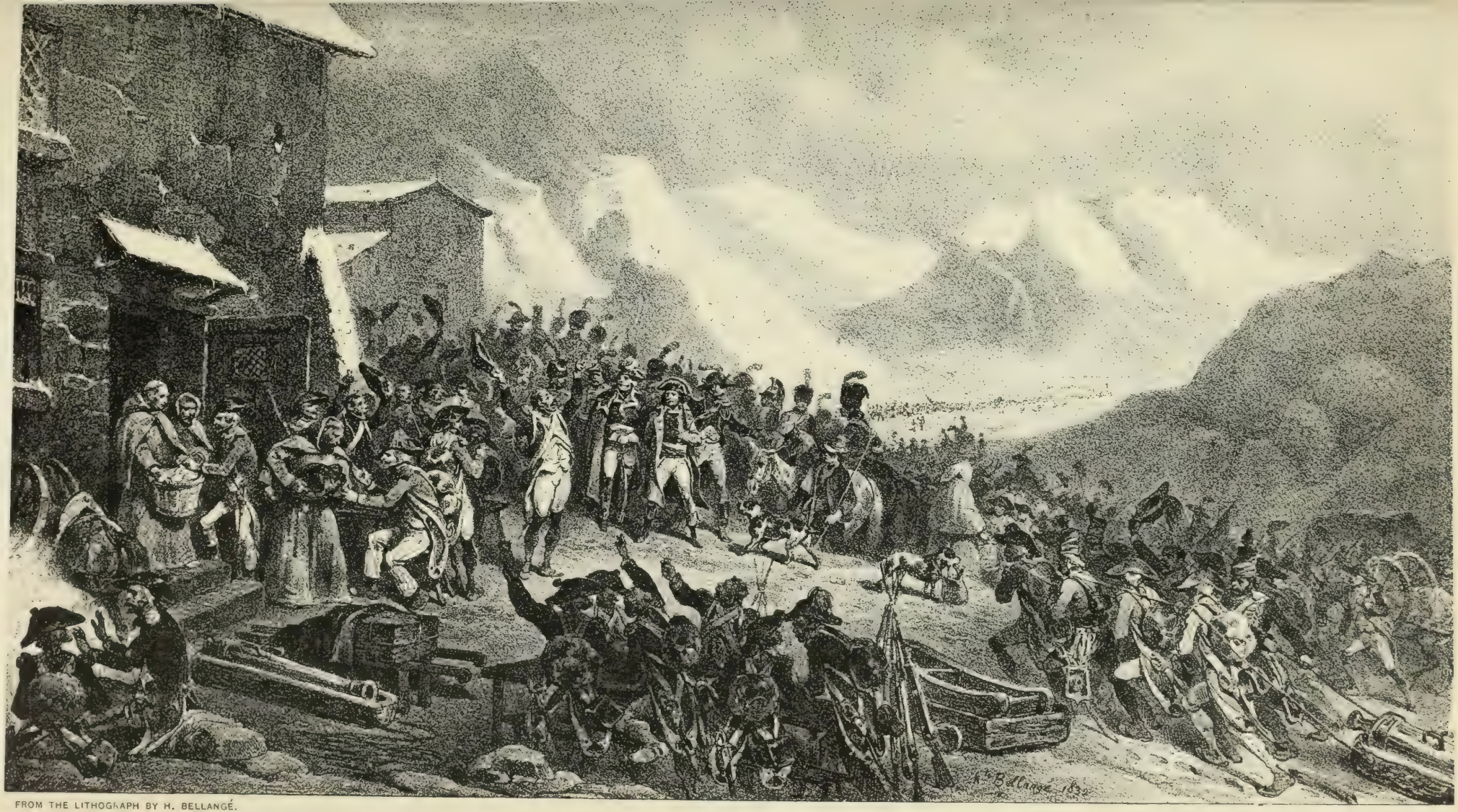
The original picture from which this engraving is copied, ornaments the Library at the *Hotel des Invalides.* It was painted at the express command of Napoleon.

The first consul left Paris for Dijon, on the 6th of May, 1800, where the reserve army was organized. At Geneva, he had an interview with the engineer, for the pupose of ascertaining the particulars of the intended route; especially directing his inquiries to the difficult passage across St. Bernard. At the close of the interview, Napoleon said, "Do you believe, then, that the army will be able to brave this passage?" "Yes, General," replied the intrepid engineer, "it is possible to French soldiers!" "Ah well!" said Napoleon, "let us attempt it then." And the orders were immediately given for the army to commence its march.

On the 15th, at the head of 30,000 of his troops, Napoleon commenced the ascent of St. Bernard. From St. Pierre to the summit of the mount the passage was so narrow that they were obliged to move in single files. General Marmont ordered the cannon to be placed in the hollow trunks of trees, and thus had them raised to the most elevated points by the narrowest path. In the course of a few days he performed what General Suvaroff had not dared to undertake in the preceding year: and thus the name of Napoleon was placed on the list with Hannibal and Charlemagne.

ignorant of war can blame Alexander for having spent seven months at the siege of Tyre. For my part, I would have staid there seven years, had it been necessary. This is a great subject of dispute; but I look upon the siege of Tyre, the conquest of Egypt. and the journey to the Oasis of Ammon, as a decided proof of the genius of that great captain. His object was to give the King of Persia (of whose force he had only beaten a feeble advance-guard at the Granicus and Issus) time to reassemble his troops, so that he might overthrow, at a blow, the colossus which he had as yet only shaken. By pursuing Darius into his states, Alexander would have separated himself from his reinforcements, and would have met only scattered parties of troops who would have drawn him into deserts where his army would have been sacrificed. By persevering in the taking of Tyre, he secured his communications with Greece, the country he loved as dearly as I love France, and in whose glory he placed his own. By taking possession of the rich province of Egypt, he forced Darius to come to defend or deliver it, and, in so doing, to march halfway to meet him. By representing himself as the son of Jupiter, he worked upon the ardent feelings of the orientals in a way that powerfully seconded his designs. Though he died at thirty-three, what a name he has left behind him!"

Though an utter stranger to the noble profession of arms, yet I could admire Bonaparte's clever military plans, and his shrewd remarks on the great captains of ancient and modern times. I could not refrain from saying, "General, you often reproach me for being no flatterer, but now I tell you plainly I admire you."



FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY H. BELLANGÉ.

RECEPTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY AT THE HOSPICE OF SAINT BERNARD, MAY 18, 1800.

flashes of alienation which crossed Bonaparte's brain when he was wrapped up in his chimerical ideas of glory and fortune.

In this favourable disposition of mind, the first consul arrived at Martigny on the 20th of May. Martigny is a convent of Bernardins, situated in a valley where the rays of the sun scarcely ever penetrate.* The army was in full march to the Great Saint Bernard. In this gloomy solitude did Bonaparte wait three days, expecting the fort of Bard, situated beyond the mountain and the road to Yvrée, to surrender. The town was carried on the 21st of May, and on the third day he learned that the fort still held out, and that there were no indications of its surrender. He launched into complaints against the commander of the siege, and said, "I am weary of staying here; those fools will never take Bard; I must go myself and see what can be done. How vexatious to be tormented by so contemptible an affair!" He immediately gave orders for our departure.

The grand idea of the invasion of Italy by crossing Mount St. Bernard emanated exclusively from the first consul. This miraculous achievement justly excited the admiration of the world. The incredible difficulties it presented did not daunt the courage of Bonaparte's troops. His generals, accustomed as they had been to brave fatigue and danger, regarded without concern the gigantic enterprise of the modern Hannibal.

A convent or hospital, which had been established on the mountain for the purpose of affording assistance to solitary travellers, sufficiently bespeaks the dangers of these stormy regions. But St. Bernard was now to be crossed, not by solitary travellers, but by an army. Cavalry, baggage, cassoons, and artillery, were now to wend their way along those narrow paths where the goatherd cautiously picks his footsteps. On the one hand, masses of snow, suspended above our heads, every moment threatened to break in avalanches, and sweep us away in their descent. On the other, a false step was death. We all passed, men and horse, one by one, along the paths. The artillery was dismounted, and the guns, put into excavated trunks of trees, were drawn by ropes.

I have already mentioned that the first consul had transmitted funds to the hospital of the Great St. Bernard. The good fathers had procured from the two valleys a considerable supply of cheese, bread, and wine. Tables were laid out in front of the hospital, and each soldier, as he defiled, took a glass of wine and a piece of bread and cheese, and then resigned his place to the next. The fathers served, and renewed the portions with admirable order and activity.

The first consul ascended St. Bernard with that calm self-possession, and that air of indifference, for which he was always remarkable when he felt the necessity of setting an example and exposing himself to danger. He asked his guide many ques-

* There is a small posting-town near the spot called Martigny.—*Editor.*

tions about the two valleys, inquired what were the resources of the inhabitants, and whether accidents were as frequent as they were said to be. The guide informed him that the experience of ages enabled the inhabitants to foresee good or bad weather, and that they were seldom deceived.*

Bonaparte, who wore his gray great-coat, and had his whip in his hand, appeared somewhat disappointed at not seeing any one come from the valley of Aosta to inform him of the taking of the fort of Bard. I never left him for a moment during the ascent. We encountered no personal danger, and escaped with no other inconvenience than excessive fatigue.

On his arrival at the convent, the first consul visited the chapel and the three little libraries. He stayed to read a few pages of an old book, of which I have forgotten the title.

At a little distance from the convent are two pointed rocks of ice, about eighty feet high. The fathers mentioned to us the death of several travellers, who, in spite of their advice, had ascended to the summits of those icy peaks, without the precaution of having iron guards for their feet and hands.

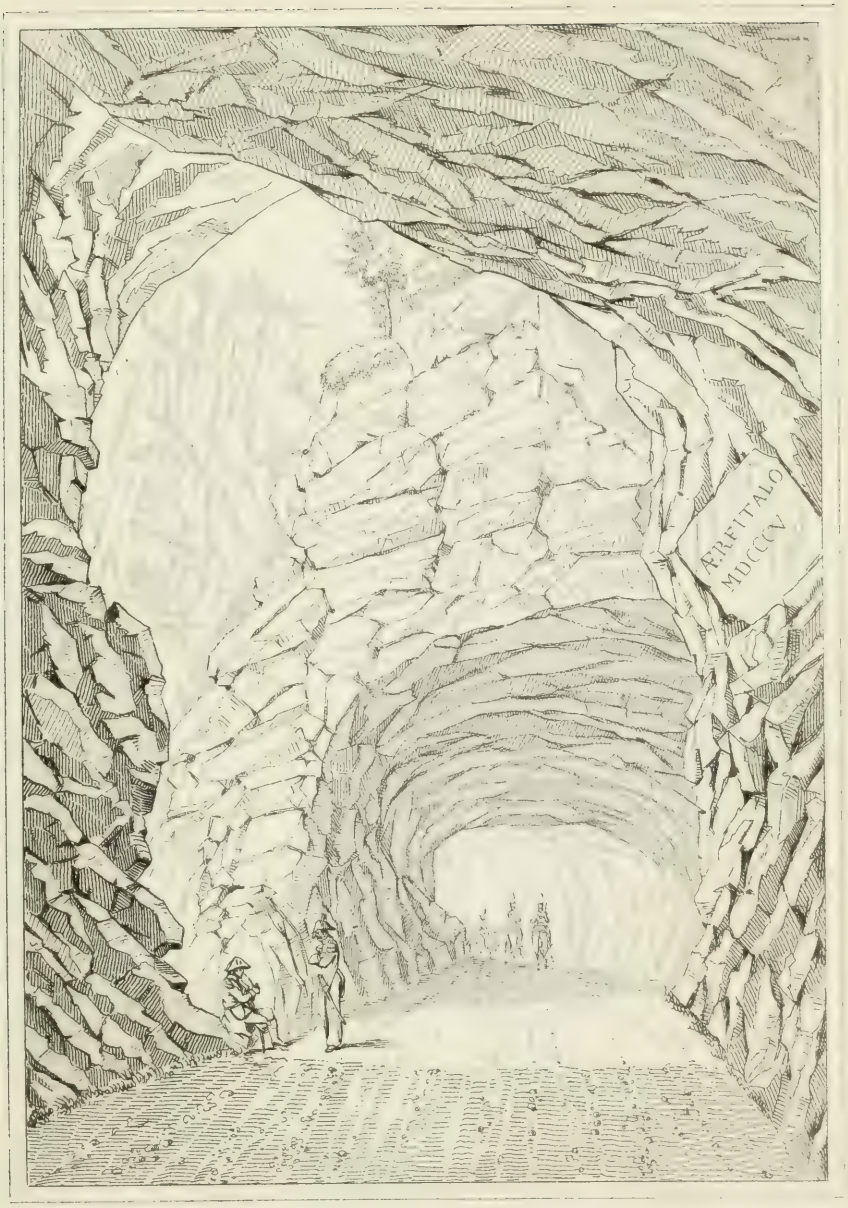
We partook of a frugal repast at the convent. The little garden was still covered with snow, and I said to one of the fathers, "You can have but few vegetables here."—"We get our vegetables from the valleys," he replied; "but in the month of August, in warm seasons, we have a few lettuces of our own growing."

When we reached the summit of the mountain we seated ourselves on the snow and slid down. Those who went first smoothed the way for those who came behind them. This rapid descent greatly amused us, and we were only stopped by the mud which succeeded the snow, at the distance of five or six hundred toises down the declivity.

We crossed, or rather climbed up, Mount Albaredo, to avoid passing under the fort of Bard, which closes the valley of Aosta. As it was impossible to get the artillery up this mountain, it was resolved to convey it through the town of Bard, which was not fortified. For this operation we made choice of night, and the wheels of the cannon and cassoons, and even the horses' feet, being wrapped in straw, the whole passed quietly through the little town. They were, indeed, under the fire of the fort; however, it did not so completely command the street but that the houses would have protected us against any very fatal consequences. A great part of the army had passed before the surrender of the fort, which so completely commands the narrow valley leading to Aosta, that it is difficult to comprehend the negligence of the Austrians; by very simple precautions, they might have rendered the passage of St. Bernard unavailing.

On the 23d we came within sight of the fort of Bard, which commands the road bounded by the Doria Baltea on the right,

* This guide was alive a few years ago, and retained a strong recollection of Bonaparte's rapid and most varied interrogatories.—(*Editor.*)


A. RIFITALO
MDCCCV

ROUTE OF THE SIMPLON.

"The early history of the Pass of the Simplon is involved in much obscurity, and nothing certain is known even of the origin of its name. Its future importance will be referred to Napoleon only, under whose orders the present road was constructed.

"The new route of the Simplon was, in its intention and execution, a military work. It was determined upon immediately after the battle of Marengo, whilst the difficulties of the passage of the Great St. Bernard, and the almost fatal check of Fort Bard were fresh in the recollection of Napoleon. It was executed between 1800 and 1807, under the direction of M. Ceard, the engineer-in-chief of the department of Leman, by whom the route was carried on and completed. It now exhibits one of the most extraordinary and daring achievements of man."—*Brockedon's Appendix.*

and Mount Albaredo on the left. The Doria Baltea is a small torrent, which separates the town of Bard from the fort. Bonaparte, whose retinue was not very numerous, crossed the torrent. On arriving within gun-shot of the fort, he ordered us to quicken our pace, to gain a little path on the left, leading to the summit of Mount Albaredo, and turning the town and fort of Bard. We ascended this path on foot, with some difficulty. On reaching the summit of the mountain, which commands the fort, Bonaparte levelled his telescope on the grass, and stationing himself behind some bushes, which served at once to shelter and conceal him, he attentively reconnoitred the fort. After addressing several questions to the persons who had come to give him information, he mentioned, in a tone of dissatisfaction, the faults that had been committed, and ordered the erection of a new battery to attack a point which he marked out, and from whence, he said, the firing of a few guns would oblige the fort to surrender. Having given these orders, he descended the mountain, and went to sleep that night at Yvrée. On the 2d of June we learned that the fort had surrendered the day before.

The passage of Mount St. Bernard must occupy a great place in the annals of successful temerity. The boldness of the first consul seemed, as it were, to have fascinated the enemy, and his enterprise was so unexpected that not a single Austrian corps defended the approaches of the fort of Bard. The country was entirely exposed, and we only encountered here and there a few feeble parties, who were incapable of checking our march upon Milan. Bonaparte's advance astonished and confounded the enemy, who thought of nothing but marching back the way he came, and renouncing the invasion of France. The bold genius which actuated Bonaparte did not inspire General Melas, the commander-in-chief of the Austrian forces. If Melas had had the firmness which ought to belong to the leader of an army—if he had compared the respective positions of the two parties—if he had considered that there was no longer time to regain his line of operations, and recover his communication with the hereditary states—that he was master of all the strong places in Italy—that he had nothing to fear from Massena—if, then, following Bonaparte's example, he had marched upon Lyons, what would have become of the first consul? Melas would have found few obstacles, and almost every where undefended towns, while the French army would have been exhausted, without having an enemy to fight. This is, doubtless, what Bonaparte would have done, had he been Melas; but, fortunately for us, Melas was not a Bonaparte.

We arrived at Milan on the 2d of June, the day on which the first consul heard that the fort of Bard was taken. But little resistance was opposed to our entrance into the capital of Lombardy, and the term "engagements" can scarcely be applied to a few affairs of advance posts, in which success could not be for

a moment doubtful. The fort of Milan was immediately blockaded. Murat was sent to Piacenza, of which he took possession without difficulty, and Lannes beat General Ott at Montebello. He was far from imagining that by that exploit he conquered for himself a future duchy.

The first consul passed six days at Milan. On the day after our arrival there, a spy, who had served us very well in the first campaign in Italy, was announced. The first consul recollected him, and ordered him to be shown into his cabinet. "What, are you here?" he exclaimed; "so, you are not shot yet!"—"General," replied the spy, "when the war recommenced, I determined to serve the Austrians, because you were far from Europe. I always follow the fortunate; but the truth is, I am tired of the trade. I wish to have done with it, and to get enough to enable me to retire. I have been sent to your lines by General Melas, and I can render you an important service. I will give an exact account of the force and the position of all the enemy's corps, and the names of their commanders. I can tell you the situation in which Alessandria now is. You know me: I will not deceive you; but, I must carry back some report to my general. You need not care for giving me some true particulars, which I can communicate to him."—"Oh! as to that," resumed the first consul, "the enemy is welcome to know my forces and my positions, provided I know his, and he be ignorant of my plans. You shall be satisfied; but do not deceive me: I will give you a thousand louis if you serve me well." I then wrote down, from the dictation of the spy, the names of the corps, their amount, their positions, and the names of the generals commanding them. The first consul stuck pins in the map to mark his plans on places, respecting which he received information from the spy. We also learned that Alessandria was without provisions, that Melas was far from expecting a siege, that many of his troops were sick, and that he wanted medicines. Berthier was ordered to draw up for the spy a nearly accurate statement of our positions. The information given by this man proved so accurate and useful, that on his return from Marengo, Bonaparte ordered me to pay him the thousand louis. The spy afterwards informed him, that Melas was delighted with the way in which he had served him in this affair, and had rewarded him handsomely. He assured us that he had bidden farewell to his odious profession. The first consul regarded this little event as one of the favours of fortune.

In passing through Geneva the first consul had an interview with M. Necker.* I know not how it happened, but at the

* Madame de Staël briefly mentions this interview in her "Considérations su la Révolution Française:—"M. Necker," she says, "had an interview with Bonaparte, when he was on his way to Italy by the passage of Mount Saint Bernard, a few days before the battle of Marengo. During this conversation, which lasted two hours, the first consul made a very favourable impression on my father, by the confident way he spoke of his future projects."

ARRANGING FOR MASSÉNA'S CAPITULATION AT CORNIGLIANO, NEAR GENOA.

time he did not speak to me of this interview. However, I was curious to know what he thought of a man who had acquired so much celebrity in France. One evening, when we were talking of one thing and another, I managed to turn the conversation on that subject. "M. Necker," said he, "appears to me very far below his reputation. He did not equal the idea I had formed of him. I tried all I could to get him to talk; but he said nothing remarkable. He is an ideologist*—a banker. It is impossible that such a man can have any but narrow views; and, besides, all celebrated people lose on a close view."—"Not always, general," observed I.—"Ah!" said he, smiling, "that is not bad, Bourrienne. You are improving. I see I shall make something of you in time."

The day was approaching when all was to be lost or won. The first consul made all his arrangements, and sent off the different corps to occupy the points he had marked out. I have already mentioned that Murat's task was the occupation of Placenza. As soon as he was in possession of that town, he intercepted a courier of General Melas. The despatch, which was addressed to the Aulic Council of Vienna, was delivered to us on the night of the 8th of June. It announced the capitulation of Genoa, which took place on the 4th, after the long and memorable defence, which reflected so much honour on Massena. Melas in his despatch spoke of what he called our pretended army of reserve, with inconceivable contempt, and alluded to the presence of Bonaparte in Italy as a mere fabrication. He declared he was still in Paris. It was past three in the morning when Murat's courier arrived. I immediately translated the despatch, which was in German. About four o'clock I entered the chamber of the first consul, whom I was obliged to shake by the arm in order to wake him. He had desired me, as I have already mentioned, never to respect his repose on the arrival of bad news; but on the receipt of good news to let him sleep. I read to him the despatch, and so much was he confounded by this unexpected event, that his first exclamation was, "Bah! you do not understand German." He immediately rose, and by eight o'clock in the morning orders were despatched for repairing the possible consequences of this disaster, and countermanding the march of the troops on the Scrivia. He himself proceeded the same day to Stradella.

I have seen it mentioned in some accounts, that the first consul in person gained the battle of Montebello. This is a mistake. He did not leave Milan until the 9th of June, and that very day Lannes was engaged with the enemy. The conflict was so terrible, that Lannes, a few days after, describing it in my presence to M. Collot, used these remarkable words, which I well re-

* This was a constant term of reproach with Bonaparte. He set all the metaphysicians of the continent against him by exclaiming, "Je ne veux point d'idéologues."—*Editor.*

member: "Bones were cracking in my division like a shower of hail falling on a skylight."

By a singular chance, Desaix, who contributed to the victory and stopped the rout of Marengo, arrived from Egypt at Toulon, on the very day on which we departed from Paris. He was enabled to leave Egypt in consequence of the capitulation of El-Arish, which happened on the 4th of January, 1800. He wrote me a letter, dated 16th Floréal, year VIII. (6th of May, 1800), announcing his arrival. This letter I did not receive until we reached Martigny. I showed it to the first consul. "Ah!" exclaimed he, "Desaix in Paris!" and he immediately despatched an order for him to repair to the head-quarters of the army of Italy, wherever they might be. Desaix arrived at Stradella on the morning of the 11th of June. The first consul received him with the warmest cordiality, as a man for whom he had a high esteem, and whose talents and character afforded the fairest promise of what might one day be expected of him. Bonaparte was jealous of some generals, the rivalry of whose ambition he feared: but on this subject Desaix gave him no uneasiness; equally remarkable for his unassuming disposition, his talent, and information, he proved by his conduct that he loved glory for her own sake, and that every wish for the possession of political power was foreign from his mind. Bonaparte's friendship for him was enthusiastic. At this interview at Stradella, Desaix was closeted with the first consul for upwards of three hours. On the day after his arrival, an order of the day communicated to the army that Desaix was appointed to the command of Boudet's division.*

I expressed to Bonaparte my surprise at his long interview with Desaix.—"Yes," replied he, "he has been a long time with me; but you know what a favourite he is. As soon as I return to Paris I will make him war-minister. I would make him a prince, if I could. He is quite an antique character." Desaix died two days after he had completed his thirty-third year.

About this time M. Collot came to Italy, and saw Bonaparte at Milan. The latter received him coldly, though he had not yet gained the battle of Marengo M. Collot had been on the most intimate footing with Bonaparte, and had rendered him many valuable services. These circumstances sufficiently accounted for Bonaparte's coolness; for he would never acknowledge himself under obligations to any one, and he did not like those who were initiated into certain family secrets, which he had resolved to conceal.

The day after this cool interview, I had a long conversation with M. Collot, while Bonaparte was gone to review some corps

* Boudet was on terms of great intimacy with Bonaparte, who, no doubt, was much affected at his death. However, the only remark he made on receiving the intelligence, was, "Who the devil shall I get to supply Boudet's place?"

stationed at Milan. M. Collot perfectly understood the cause of the unkind treatment he had experienced, and of which he gave me the following explanation:

Some days before the consulate, that is to say, two or three days after our return from Egypt,—Bonaparte, during his jealous fit, spoke to M. Collot about his wife, her levities, and their publicity. "Henceforth," said Bonaparte, "I will have nothing to do with her."—"What, would you part from her?"—"Does not her conduct justify me in so doing?"—"I do not know; but is this the time to think of such a thing, when the eyes of all France are fixed upon you? These domestic squabbles will degrade you in the eyes of the people, who expect you to be wholly devoted to their interests; and you will be laughed at, like one of Molière's husbands. If you are displeased with your wife's conduct, you can call her to account when you have nothing better to do. Begin, by raising up the state. After that you may find a thousand reasons for your resentment, when now you would not find one. You know the French people well enough, to see how important it is that you should not commence with this absurdity."

By these and other similar remarks, M. Collot thought he had produced some impression, when Bonaparte suddenly exclaimed, "No, my determination is fixed; she shall never again enter my house. I care not what people say. They will gossip about the affair for two days, and on the third it will be forgotton. She shall go to Malmaison, and I will live here. The public know enough, not to be mistaken as to the reasons of her removal."

M. Collot vainly endeavoured to calm his irritation. Bonaparte vented a torrent of reproaches upon Josephine. "All this violence," observed M. Collot, "proves that you still love her. Do but see her; she will explain the business to your satisfaction, and you will forgive her."—"I forgive her! Never! Collot, you know me. If I were not sure of my own resolution, *I would tear out this heart, and cast it into the fire.*" Here anger almost choked his utterance, and he made a motion with his hand, as if tearing his breast.

When this violent paroxysm had somewhat subsided, M. Collot withdrew; but before he went away, Bonaparte engaged him to breakfast on the following morning.

At ten o'clock M. Collot was there, and as he was passing through the courtyard, he was informed that Madame Bonaparte, who, as I have already mentioned, had gone to Lyons, without meeting the general, had returned during the night. On M. Collot's entrance, Bonaparte appeared considerably embarrassed. He led him into a little closet, not wishing to bring him into the room where I was writing. "Well," said Bonaparte to M. Collot, "she is here."—"I rejoice to hear it. You have done well for yourself, as well as for us."—"But do not imagine I

have forgiven her. As long as I live I shall suspect. The fact is, that on her arrival, I desired her to be gone; but that fool Joseph was there. What could I do, Collot? I saw her descend the staircase, followed by Eugène and Hortense. They were all weeping; and I have not a heart to resist tears. Eugène was with me in Egypt. I have been accustomed to look upon him as my adopted son. He is a fine, brave lad. Hortense is just about to be introduced into society, and she is admired by all who know her. I confess, Collot, I was deeply moved; I could not endure the distress of the two poor children. 'Should they,' thought I, 'suffer for their mother's faults?' I called back Eugène and Hortense, and their mother followed them. What could I say, what could I do? I should not be a man, without some weakness."—"Be assured they will reward you for this."—"They ought Collot, they ought; for it has cost me a hard struggle." After this dialogue, Bonaparte and M. Collot entered the breakfast-parlour, where I was then sitting. Eugène breakfasted with us, bnt neither Josephine nor Hortense. I have already related how I acted the part of mediator in this affair. Next day nothing was wanting to complete the reconciliation between the conqueror of Egypt and the charming woman who conquered Bonaparte.

On the 13th the first consul slept at Torre di Garofolo. During the evening he ordered a staff-officer to ascertain whether they had a bridge across the Bormida. A report arrived very late that there was none. This information set Bonaparte's mind at rest, and he went to bed, very well satisfied; but, early next morning, when a firing was heard, and he learned that the Austrians had debouched on the plain, where the troops were engaged, he flew into a furious passion, called the staff-officer a coward, and said he had not advanced far enough. He even spoke of bringing the matter to an investigation. From motives of delicacy, I refrain from mentioning the name of the officer here alluded to.

Bonaparte mounted his horse, and proceeded immediately to the scene of action. I did not see him again until six in the evening. In obedience to his instructions, I repaired to San Giuliano, which is not above two leagues from the place where the engagement commenced. In the course of the afternoon I saw a great many wounded passing through the village, and shortly afterwards a multitude of fugitives. At San Giuliano nothing was talked of but a retreat, which, it was said, Bonaparte alone firmly opposed. I was then advised to leave San Giuliano, where I had just received a courier for the general-in-chief. On the morning of the 14th, General Desaix was sent upon Novi, to observe the road to Genoa, which city had fallen several days before, in spite of the efforts of its illustrious defender, Massena. I returned with this division to San Giuliano. I was struck with the numerical weakness of the

BONAPARTE CHECKING THE FRENCH RETREAT FROM MARENGO.

THE BATTLE OF MARENGO.

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Samuel Bentley, Printer.

BATTLE OF MARENGO.

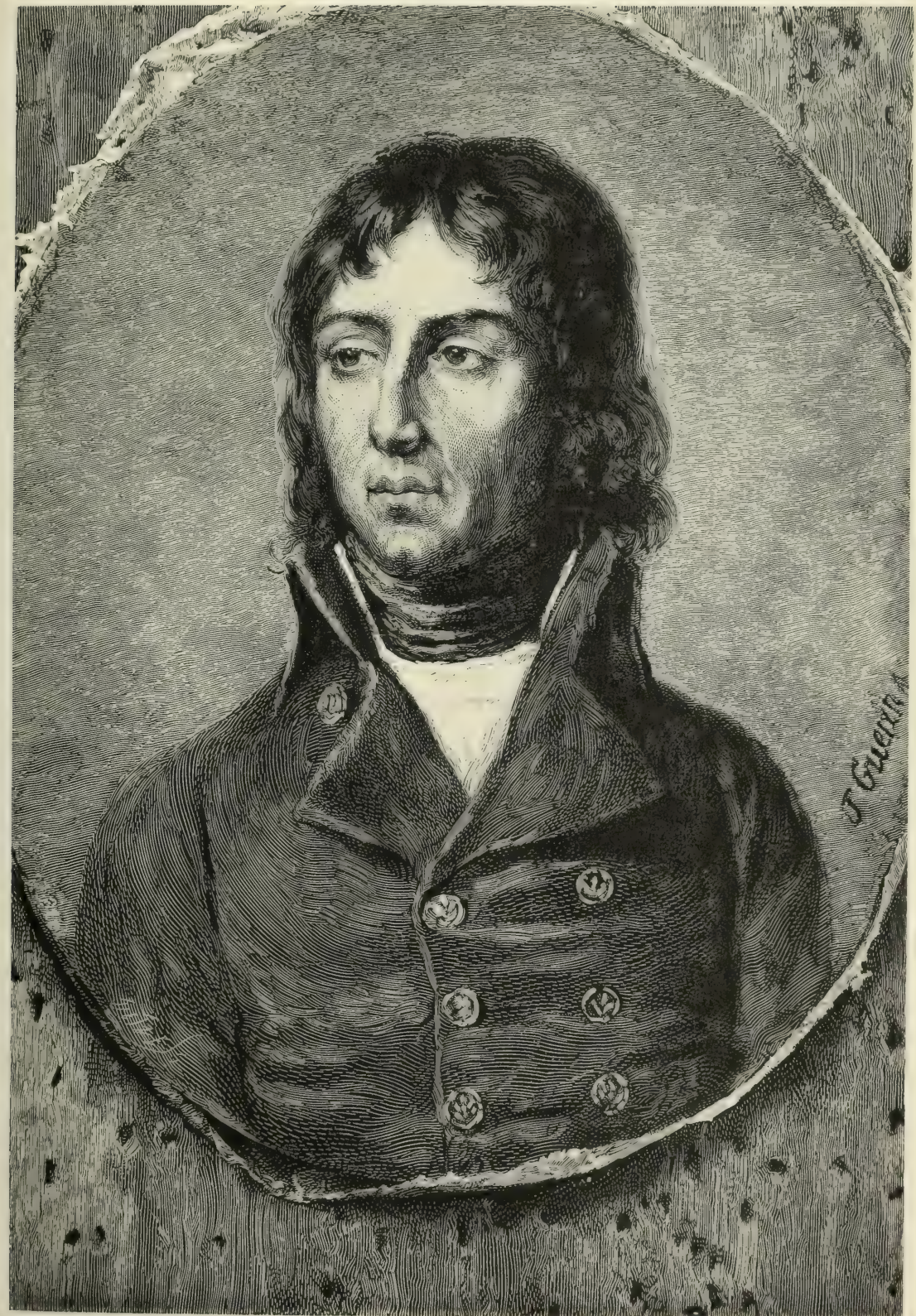
On the 11th of June, 1800, and in the evening after the battle of Montebello, General Desaix arrived at head quarters. Of this man Napoleon has said that, "of all the generals he ever had under him, Desaix possessed the greatest talents. He loved glory for itself." The two generals conversed with each other nearly the whole night. Desaix had much to tell of Egypt, since Napoleon had quitted it; and he now burned to signalize himself in the Italian campaign. Napoleon immediately gave him the command of a division.

Napoleon was surprised at the inaction of Melas, and began to fear that the Austrian had fallen back on Genoa, overwhelming Suchet, and taking up a position where he might be supplied with provisions by the British fleet. Napoleon, thus perplexed, at length descended into the plain of Marengo, where he spent the night in doubt and anxiety. On the 13th he was at Marengo; but found no trace of the enemy there, save a scanty outpost which retired before him.

Early in the morning of the 14th of June, the Austrians commenced a furious attack on the village above named. The First Consul found it necessary to command the return of Desaix, who was now half a day's journey distant from head quarters, where he had been sent to watch the road to Genoa. Napoleon arrived on the field at ten o'clock, when the enemy was in possession of Marengo, and the division under Victor was completely routed. He sent his guard to Victor's aid, and assisted himself to support Lannes, directing the division of Carra-Saint-Cyr upon the extreme right, in order to take in flank the whole left wing of the enemy.

At the moment when the Austrian horse were about to rush on Lannes' retreating corps, the reserve under Desaix appeared on the outskirts of the field. Desaix himself, riding up to the First Consul, said, "I think this is a battle lost." "I think it is a battle won," answered Napoleon; "do you push on, and I will speedily rally the line behind you." And in effect the timely arrival of this reserve turned the fortune of the day.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, Napoleon took up his position on the road of San Juliano. "Soldiers!" he cried, "we have retired far enough, now let us advance! You know it is my custom to sleep on the battle field!" Desaix was ordered to throw himself with his fresh troops upon the 6000 grenadiers of Colonel Zach. Desaix prepared to act on the offensive, but was shot dead at the first fire. "Alas! it is not permitted to me to weep," said Napoleon; and the loss of this esteemed general, redoubled the fury of the troops. Boudet took the command, Zach himself was taken prisoner; and the next day Melas entered into a negotiation, offering to abandon Genoa, and all the strong places in Piedmont, Lombardy, and the Legations,—provided Napoleon would allow him to march the remains of his army unmolested to the rear of Mantua; this offer Napoleon accepted, and was thus become the conqueror of Italy.



PAINTING BY JEAN-BAPTISTE-PAULIN GUÉRIN, IN THE COLLECTION OF ULRIC-RICHARD DESAIX. ENGRAVED BY R. G

LOUIS-CHARLES-ANTOINE DESAIX.

corps, which was marching to aid an army, already much reduced and dispersed. The battle was looked upon as lost, and so, indeed, it was. The first consul having asked Desaix what he thought of it, that brave general bluntly replied, "The battle is completely lost; but it is only two o'clock, we have time to gain another to-day." I heard this from Bonaparte himself. Who could have imagined that Desaix's little corps, together with the few heavy cavalry, commanded by General Kellerman, would, about five o'clock, have changed the fortune of the day? It cannot be denied, that it was the instantaneous inspiration of Kellerman that converted a defeat into a victory, and decided the battle of Marengo.

That memorable battle, of which the results were incalculable, has been described in various ways. Bonaparte had an account of it commenced no less than three times; and I must confess that none of the narratives are more correct than that contained in the Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo. The Emperor Napoleon became dissatisfied with what had been said by the First Consul Bonaparte. For my part, not having had the honour to bear a sword, I cannot say that I saw any particular movement executed this or that way; but I may mention here what I heard on the evening of the battle of Marengo, respecting the probable chances of that event. As to the part which the first consul took in it, the reader, perhaps, is sufficiently acquainted with his character, to account for it. He did not choose that a result so decisive should be attributed to any other cause than the combinations of his genius; and if I had not known his insiatiable thirst for glory, I should have been surprised at the sort of half satisfaction evinced at the cause of the success, amidst the joy manifested for the success itself. It must be confessed, that in this he was very unlike Jourdan, Hoche, Kleber and Moreau, who were ever ready to acknowledge the services of those who had fought under their orders.

Within two hours of the time when the divisions commanded by Desaix left San Giuliano, I was joyfully surprised by the triumphant return of the army, whose fate, since the morning, had caused me so much anxiety. Never did fortune, within so short a time, show herself under two such various faces. At two o'clock, all denoted the desolation of a defeat, with all its fatal consequences; at five, victory was again faithful to the flag of Arcole. Italy was reconquered by a single blow; and the crown of France appeared in the perspective.

At seven in the evening, when I returned with the first consul to head-quarters, he expressed to me his sincere regret for the loss of Desaix, and then he added, "Little Kellerman made a lucky charge. It was made just at the right moment. We are much indebted to him. You see what trifling circumstances decide these affairs."

These few words show that Bonaparte sufficiently appreciated the services of Kellerman. However, when that officer ap-

proached the table, at which were seated the first consuland a number of his generals, Bonaparte merely said, " You made a pretty good charge." By way of counterbalancing this cool compliment, he turned towards Bessières, who commanded the horse grenadiers of the guard, and said, " Bessières, the guard has covered itself with glory." Yet the fact is, that the guard took no part in the charge of Kellerman, who could assemble only five hundred heavy cavalry ; and with this handful of brave men, he cut in two the Austrian column, which had overwhelmed Desaix's division, and had made six thousand prisoners. The guard did not charge at Marengo until nightfall.

Next day it was reported that Kellerman, in his first feeling of dissatisfaction at the dry congratulation he had received, said to the first consul, " I have placed the crown on your head." I did not hear this, and I cannot vouch for the truth of its having been said. I could only have ascertained that fact through Bonaparte, and of course I could not, with propriety, remind him of a thing which must have been very offensive to him. However, whether true or not, the observation was circulated about, verbally and in writing, and Bonaparte knew it. Hence the small degree of favour shown to Kellerman, who was not made a general of division on the field of battle, as a reward for his charge at Marengo.*

* It may here be mentioned that Savary, in his account of the battle, expressly states, that he carried the order from Bonaparte to Kellerman to make this charge. He also makes the following observations on the subject :

" After the fall of the Imperial government, some pretended friends of General Kellerman have presumed to claim for him the merit of originating the charge of cavalry. That general, whose share of glory is sufficiently brilliant to gratify his most sanguine wishes, can have no knowledge of so presumptuous a pretension. I the more readily acquit him, from the circumstance that, as we were conversing one day respecting that battle, I called to his mind my having brought to him the first consul's orders, and he appeared not to have forgotten that fact. I am far from suspecting his friends of the design of lessening the glory of either General Bonaparte or General Desaix : they know, as well as myself, that their's are names so respected that they can never be affected by such detractions; and that it would be as vain to dispute the praise due to the chief who planned the battle, as to attempt to depreciate the brilliant share which General Kellerman had in its successful result. I will add to the above a few reflections.

" From the position which he occupied, General Desaix could not see General Kellerman : he had even desired me to request the first consul to afford him the support of some cavalry. Neither could General Kellerman, from the point where he was stationed, perceive General Desaix's division : it is even probable that he was not aware of the arrival of that general, who had only joined the army two days before. Both were ignorant of each other's position, which the first consul was alone acquainted with ; he alone could introduce harmony into their movements; he alone could make their efforts respectivelv conduce to the same object.

" The fate of the battle was decided by Kellerman's bold charge: had it, however, been made previously to General Desaix's attack, in all probability it would have had a quite different result. Kellerman appears to have been convinced of it, since he allowed the Austrian column to cross our field of battle, and extend its front beyond that of the troops we had still in line, without making the least attempt to impede its progress. The reason of Kellerman's not

MORT DE DESAIX

DEATH OF DESAIX.

Desaix was born in 1768, at St. Hilaire d'Ayat, in Auvergne, of noble parents, whose family had been devoted for several generations to the profession of arms. Brought up at the military college of Effiat, he entered as a sub-lieutenant in the regiment of Bretagne at the age of fifteen. He was, even at that age, of a very grave and studious character; and in the revolutionary wars he was remarkable for valour and discretion: prompt in his measures, his success was almost unvaried. He received the rank of General of Brigade for his conduct at Weissemberg. At Luttenberg, a musket ball passed through both his cheeks; but he never quitted the field of battle, nor suffered his wounds to be dressed, until he had rallied the disordered battalions. On this occasion the soldiers conferred upon him the honourable surname of "*Le guerrier sans peur et sans reproche.*"

In 1796 he served under Moreau. He commanded the left wing at the battle of Rastadt, and was entrusted with the defence of Kehl.

After performing many very important services to the French army, he was shot in the breast at the battle of Marengo, 11th June, 1800, and died on the field. His body was removed to Milan, where, by Napoleon's directions, it was embalmed, and then conveyed to the Hospice of St. Bernard, where a monument was erected to the memory of the fallen hero. Rogers refers to this in his "Italy."

> "Desaix, who turned the scale,
> Leaving his life-blood in that famous field,
> (Where the clouds break, we may discern the spot,
> In the blue haze) sleeps as thou saw'st at dawn,
> Just where we entered, in the Hospital church.

"Desaix preserved throughout life great simplicity in his exterior appearance and manners. In stature he was shorter than Buonaparte by an inch. His physiognomy was pensive, and his complexion pale. 'The talent of Desaix,' said Napoleon at St. Helena, 'was always in full activity. He loved glory for glory's sake, and France above everything. Luxury he despised, and even comfort. He preferred sleeping under a gun in the open air to the softest couch. He was of an unsophisticated, active, pleasing character, and possessed extensive information. The victor of Marengo shed tears for his death."*

* Napoleon Memoirs.

M. Delaforest, the post-master-general, sometimes *transacted business* with the first consul. The nature of this secret business may easily be guessed at. On the occasion of one of their interviews, the first consul saw a letter from Kellerman to Lasalle, which contained the following passage: "Would you believe, my friend, that Bonaparte has not made me a general of division, though I have just placed the crown on his head?" The letter was sealed again, and sent to its address; but Bonaparte never forgot its contents.

Whether Kellerman did or did not give the crown of France to the first consul, it is very certain that, on the evening of the battle of Marengo, he gave him a supper, of which his famishing staff and the rest of us partook. This was no inconsiderable service in the destitute condition in which we were. We thought ourselves exceedingly fortunate in profiting by the precaution of Kellerman, who had procured provisions from one of those pious retreats which are always well supplied, and which soldiers are very glad to fall in with when campaigning. It was the Convent del Bosco which, on this occasion, was laid under contribution; and in return for the abundance of good provisions and wine with which they supplied the commander of the heavy cavalry, the holy fathers were allowed a guard to protect them against pillage and the other disastrous concomitants of war.

After supper, the first consul dictated to me the bulletin of the battle. When we were alone, I said to him, "General, here is a fine victory! You recollect what you said the other day about the pleasure with which you would return to France after striking a grand blow in Italy; surely you must be satisfied now?"—"Yes, Bourrienne, I am satisfied. But Desaix!....Ah, what a triumph would this have been, if I could have embraced him to-night on the field of battle!" As he uttered these words, I saw that Bonaparte was on the point of shedding tears, so sincere and profound was his grief for the death of Desaix. He certainly never loved, esteemed, or regretted any man so much.

The death of Desaix has been variously related, and I need not now state that the words attributed to him in the bulletin were imaginary. Neither did he die in the arms of his aide-de-camp, Lebrun, as I wrote from the dictation of the first consul. The following facts are more correct, or at all events, more probable:—The death of Desaix was not perceived at the moment it took place. He fell without saying a word, at a little distance from Lefebvre-Desnouettes. A battalion-sergeant of the ninth brigade of light infantry, commanded by Barrois, seeing him extended on the ground, asked permission to pick up his cloak. It was found to be perforated behind; and this circumstance leaves

charging it sooner was, that it was too serious a movement, and the consequences of failure would have been irretrievable; that charge, therefore, could only enter into a general combination of plans, to which he was necessarily a stranger."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo* (*Editor*).

it doubtful whether Desaix was killed by some unlucky inadvertency, while advancing at the head of his troops, or by the enemy, when turning towards his men to encourage them. However, the event was so instantaneous, the disorder so complete, and the change of fortune so sudden, that it is not surprising there should be no positive account of the circumstances which attended his death.*

Early next morning, the Prince of Lichtenstein came from General Melas with negotiations to the first consul. The propositions of the general did not suit Bonaparte, and he declared to the prince that the army shut up in Alessandria should evacuate freely, and with the honours of war; but on those conditions, which are well known, and by which Italy was to be fully restored to the French domination. That day were repaired the faults of Scherer, whose inertness and imbecility had paralyzed every thing, and who had fled, and been constantly beaten, from the Adriatic to Mount Cenis. The Prince of Lichtenstein begged to return to render an account of his mission to General Melas. He came back in the evening, and made many observations on the hard nature of the conditions. "Sir," replied the first consul, in a tone of marked impatience, "carry my final determination to your general, and return quickly. It is irrevocable! Know that I am as well acquainted with your position as you are yourselves. I did not begin to learn the art of war yesterday. You are blocked up in Alessandria: you have many sick and wounded: you are in want of provisions and medicines. I occupy the whole of your rear. Your finest troops are among the killed and wounded. I might insist on harder conditions: my position would warrant me in so doing; but I moderate my demands in consideration of the grey hairs of your general, whom I respect."

This reply was delivered with considerable dignity and energy. I showed the prince out, and he said to me, "These conditions are very hard, especially that of giving up Genoa, which surrendered to us only a fortnight ago, after so long a siege." It is a curious fact, that the Emperor of Austria received intelligence of the capitulation and restitution of Genoa at the same time.

When the first consul returned to Milan, he made Savary and Rapp his aides-de-camp. They had previously served in the same rank under Desaix. The first consul was at first not much

* Savary, though Desaix's aide-de-camp, throws no light on the cause of that general's death. He says—

"As soon as the Austrian column was dispersed, I quitted General Kellerman's cavalry, and was returning to meet General Desaix, whose troops were debouching in my view, when the colonel of the 9th regiment informed me that he had been killed. I was at the distance of only a hundred paces from the spot where I had left him. I hastened to it, and found the general stretched upon the ground completely stripped of his clothes, and surrounded by other naked bodies. I recognised him, notwithstanding the darkness, owing to the thickness of his hair, which still retained its tie."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo.* (*Editor*).

Davis.

D. J. ais

London, Published by Richard Bentley 1836.

disposed to take them, alleging that he had aides-de-camp enough. But his respect for the choice of Desaix, added to a little solicitation on my part, soon removed every obstacle. These two officers served him to the last hour of his political career with unfailing zeal and fidelity.*

* The following is Napoleon's own account of the battle of Marengo, as dictated at St. Helena to General Gourgaud:

"During the battle of the 11th, Desaix, who had returned from Egypt, and had been performing quarantine at Toulon, arrived at the head-quarters, at Montebello, with his aides-de-camp, Rapp and Savary. The whole night was spent in conferences between the first consul and Desaix, on all that had passed in Egypt since the former had quitted that country—the details of the campaign of Upper Egypt—of the negotiations of El-Arish, and the composition of the grand vizier's grand Turkish army—lastly, on the battle of Heliopolis, and the present situation of the French army, 'How,' said the first consul, 'could you, Desaix, put your name to the capitulation of El-Arish?'—'I did it,' replied Desaix, 'and I would do it again, because the commander-in-chief was not willing to remain in Egypt; and because, in an army at a distance from home, and beyond the influence of government, the inclinations of the commander-in-chief are equivalent to those of five-sixths of the army. I always had the greatest contempt for the grand vizier's army, which I have observed closely. I wrote to Kleber that I would undertake to repulse it with my division alone. If you had left me the command of the army in Egypt, and taken Kleber away with you, I would have preserved that fine province for you, and you should never have heard a word about capitulation; but, however, things turned out well; and Kleber made up at Heliopolis for the mistakes he had been committing for six months.'

"Desaix burned to signalize himself. He thirsted to avenge the ill-treatment he had received from Admiral Keith, at Leghorn; this lay at his heart. The first consul immediately gave him the command of the division of Boudet.

"Melas's head-quarters were at Alessandria: all his army had been two days assembled there: his position was critical, because he had lost his line of operation. The longer he delayed determining what to do, the worse his position became; for on one side, Suchet's corps was advancing upon his rear, and on the other, the first consul's army was daily increasing its fortifications and intrenchments in its position of Stradella.

"General Melas, however, made no movement. In the situation in which he was, he had three courses to choose: the first was, to cut his way through the first consul's army, the Austrian army being superior to it in number, to gain Piacenza, and resume his line of operations upon Mantua.

"The second plan was, to cross the Po at Turin, or between that city and the mouth of the Sesia, to advance afterwards, by forced marches, to the Ticino, to cross it, and reaching Milan before the first consul's army, to intersect his line, and force him back behind the Adda.

" The third course was, to fall back from Alessandria upon Novi, to rest upon Genoa, and upon Admiral Keith's English squadron; not to assume offensive operations until the arrival of the English army, already collected at Mahon. The Austrian army was certain not to want provisions or ammunition, or even reinforcement, since by its right it could have communicated with Florence and Bologna; in Tuscany it had a Neapolitan division, and besides, the communications by sea were in its power. From this position General Melas might regain Mantua when he pleased, transporting a great part of his heavy artillery into Tuscany by sea.

" General Lapoype, who was on the banks of the Po, was ordered to fall back upon the Ticino, in case the enemy should occupy the left bank; he would there be joined by five or six thousand men, which could be got together by General Moncey, who commanded at Milan. He would then have ten thousand men; more than sufficient to delay the passage, and give the first consul time to return by the two bridges behind the Ticino.

" On the 12th, in the afternoon, the first consul, surprised at the inaction of General Melas, became uneasy, and began to fear that the Austrian army had moved on Genoa, or upon the Ticino, or else had marched against Suchet to crush him, with the intention of afterwards returning against the first consul; the latter determined to quit Stradella, and advance upon Scrivia, in the form of a strong reconnoitring party, in order to be able to act according to the course adopted by the enemy. In the evening the French army* took up a position upon the Scrivia, Tortona was surrounded, the head-quarters were stationed at Voghera. During this movement no intelligence of the enemy was obtained; only some few cavalry scouts were perceived, which did not indicate the presence of an army in the plains of Marengo. The first consul no longer doubted that the Austrian army had escaped him.

" On the 13th, at daybreak, he passed the Scrivia, and marched to San Giuliano, in the midst of the immense plain of Marengo. The light cavalry discovered no enemy; there was no longer room to doubt that he was in full manœuvre, since, if he had thought proper to wait for the French army, he would not have neglected the fine field of battle presented to him by the plain of Marengo, advantageous as it was for the development of his immense cavalry: it appeared probable that the enemy was marching on Genoa.

" Under this impression, the first consul, with all expedition, despatched Desaix's corps in the form of a vanguard, upon his extreme left, with orders to observe the high-road leading from Novi to Alessandria; he ordered Victor's division to enter the village of Marengo, and to send scouts upon the Bormida, to ascertain whether

* French army, 12th and 13th of June.

Divisions Vatrin and Mainoni, Lannes; right wing at Castel-nuovo di Scrivia

Divisions Boudet and Monnier. Desaix: centre. Ponte-Curone.

Division Lapoype; order to join Desaix.

The cavalry under Murat, between Ponte-Curone and Tortona, having a vanguard beyond Tortona, under Kellerman

Divisions Gardanne and Chambarlhac. Victor; left wing in advance of Tortona, and supporting the vanguard under Kellerman.

PEN-AND-CRAYON SKETCH BY ERIC PAPE.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY E. J. DELAHAYE.

CHARGE OF THE TWELFTH HUSSARS AT THE BATTLE OF MARENGO.

the enemy had any bridge there. Victor arrived at Marengo; he there found a rear-guard of three or four thousand Austrians, attacked and routed them, and made himself master of the village. His scouts arrived upon the Bormida at nightfall; they gave information that the enemy had no bridge there, and that there was only an ordinary garrison in Alessandria; they gave no intelligence of the army of Melas.

"Lannes corps bivouacked diagonally in the rear of Marengo, upon the right.

"The first consul was very uneasy; during the night he determined to visit his head-quarters of the preceding day, in order to meet intelligence from General Moncey, General Lapoype, and the agents who had been sent towards Genoa, and who were to rendezvous upon those head-quarters; but the Scrivia had overflowed its banks. This stream swells considerably in the course of a few hours, and a few hours also are sufficient for its return to its usual state. This circumstance determined the first consul to fix his head-quarters at Torre-di-Garafola, between Tortona and Alessandria. In this situation was the night spent.

"Meanwhile the most dreadful confusion had prevailed in Alessandria, since the battle of Montebello. The Austrian council was agitated by the most sinister presentiments: they beheld the Austrian army cut off from its line of operation and depots, and placed between the army of the first consul and that of General Suchet, whose advanced posts had passed the mountains, and began to be felt upon the rear of the right flank of the Austrians. The greatest irresolution pervaded their minds.

"After much hesitation, Melas, on the 11th, resolved to send a strong detachment against Suchet, the remainder of the Austrian army continuing covered by the Bormida and the citadel of Alessandria; but, during the night of the 11th and 12th, Melas heard of the first consul's movement upon the Scrivia. On the 12th, he recalled his detachment, and passed the whole day and night of the 13th in deliberation; at last, after some sharp and stormy discussions, the council of Melas pronounced that the existence of the army of reserve had been unknown to him; that the orders and instructions of the Aulic Council had mentioned only the army of Massena; that the unfortunate position in which they found themselves ought, therefore, to be attributed to the ministry, and not to the general; that, in this unforeseen situation, brave soldiers ought to do their duty; that they were then called upon to cut their way through the army of the first consul, and thus reopen the communications with Vienna; that, in case of success, every thing was gained, since they were masters of Genoa, and, by returning promptly upon Nice, they could execute the plan of operations fixed at Vienna; and, lastly, that if they failed and lost the battle, their position would, no doubt, be dreadful; but that the whole responsibility of it would fall upon the ministry.

"This train of reasoning settled all opinions; there was but one cry—To arms! to arms! and every one began to make his dispositions for the next day's battle.

"The chances of victory were wholly in favour of the Austrian army, which was very numerous. It had, at least, three times as

many cavalry as the French army. The strength of the latter was not exactly known; but the Austrian army, notwithstanding its losses at the battle of Montebello, and those it had experienced in the neighbourhood of Genoa and Nice, after the retreat, was still very superior to the army of reserve.

"On the 14th, at break of day, the Austrians defiled by the three bridges of the Bormida, and made a furious attack on the village of Marengo. The resistance was obstinately kept up for a long time. The first consul, finding, from the briskness of the cannonade, that the Austrians had commenced the attack, immediately despatched orders to General Desaix to return with his troops upon San Giuliano; he was half a day's march off, to the left. The first consul arrived on the field of battle at ten o'clock in the morning, between San Giuliano and Marengo. The enemy had at length carried Marengo; and the division under Victor having been forced to give way after a firm resistance, was thrown into the utmost disorder. The plain on the left was covered with our fugitives, who spread alarm wherever they went, and many were even exclaiming in dismay, *All is lost!*

"The corps of General Lannes, a little in the rear of the right of Marengo, was engaged with the enemy, who, after taking that place, deployed upon its left, and formed its line opposite our right, beyond which it already extended. The first consul immediately despatched his battalion of the cavalry guard, consisting of eight hundred grenadiers, the best troops in the army, to station themselves at five hundred toises distance from Lannes, on the right, in a good position, in order to keep the enemy in check. Napoleon himself, with the seventy-second demi-brigade, hastened to the support of Lannes, and directed the division of reserve of Cara Saint-Cyr, upon the extreme right, to Castel-Ceriolo, to flank the entire left of the enemy.

"In the mean time the army perceived, in the middle of this immense plain, the first consul surrounded by his staff, and two hundred horse grenadiers with their fur caps: this sight proved sufficient to inspire the troops with hopes of victory; their confidence revived, and the fugitives rallied upon San Giuliano, in the rear of the left of General Lannes. The latter, though attacked by a large proportion of the enemy's army, was effecting his retreat through the midst of this vast plain with admirable order and coolness. This corps occupied three hours in retiring three-quarters of a league, entirely exposed to the grape-shot of eighty pieces of cannon; at the same time that by an inverse movement Cara Saint-Cyr advanced upon the extreme right, and turned the left of the enemy.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon the corps of Desaix arrived: the first consul made him take a position on the road in advance of San Giuliano. Melas, who believed the victory decided, being overcome with fatigue, repast the bridges, and entered Alessandria, leaving to General Zach, the head of his staff, the care of pursuing the French army. The latter, thinking that this army was effecting its retreat by the road from Tortona, endeavoured to reach this road behind San Giuliano; but the first consul had altered his line of retreat at the commencement of the action, and had directed it between Sala and Tortona, so that the high-road from Tortona was of no consequence to the French army.

"Lannes's corps in its retreat constantly refused its left, thus directing its course towards the new point of retreat; and Cara Saint-Cyr, who was at the extremity of the right, found himself almost upon the line of retreat, at the very time that General Zach imagined the two corps were intersected.

"The division of Victor had, in the mean time, rallied, and burned with impatience to recommence the contest. All the cavalry of the army was concentrated in the advance of San Giuliano, on the right of Desaix, and in the rear of the left of General Lannes. Balls and shells fell upon San Giuliano; its left was already gained by a column of 6000 of Zach's grenadiers. The first consul sent orders to General Desaix to charge with his fresh division this column of the enemy. Desaix immediately prepared to execute these orders accordingiy: but, as he advanced at the head of two hundred troopers of the ninth light demi-brigade, he was shot through the heart by a ball, and fell dead at the very moment that he had given the word to charge: by this stroke the emperor was deprived of the man whom he esteemed most worthy of being his lieutenant.

"This misfortune by no means disconcerted the movement, and General Boudet easily inspired the soldiers with the same lively desire of instant revenge for so beloved a chief, which actuated his own breast. The ninth light demi-brigade, who did, indeed, on this occasion, deserve the title of *Incomparable*, covered themselves with glory. General Kellerman, with 800 heavy horse, at the same time charged intrepidly the middle of the left flank of the column; in less than half an hour these 6000 grenadiers were broken, overthrown, dispersed, and put to flight. General Zach and all his staff were made prisoners.

"General Lannes immediately charged forward. Cara Saint-Cyr, who was on our right, and *en potence* with the left flank of the enemy, was much nearer than the enemy to the bridges upon the Bormida: The Austrian army was thrown into the most dreadful confusion in a moment. From 8000 to 10,000 cavalry, which were spread over the field, fearing that Saint-Cyr's infantry might reach the bridge before them, retreated at full gallop, and overturned all they met with in their way. Victor's division made all imaginable haste to resume its former field of battle, at the village of Marengo. The enemy's army was in the most horrible disorder. No one thought of any thing but flight. The pressure and confusion became extreme on the bridges of the Bormida, where the masses of fugitives were obliged to crowd together: and at night, all who remained upon the left bank fell into the power of the republic.

"It would be difficult to describe the confusion and despair of the Austrian army. On one side the French army was on the bank of the Bormida, and was expected to pass it at daybreak. On the other, they had General Suchet with his army on their rear, in the direction of their right.

"Which way could they effect their retreat? Behind they would be driven to the Alps, and the frontiers of France; they might have moved towards Genoa on the right, before the battle; but they could not hope to do so after their defeat, and closely followed by the victorious army. In this desperate situation, General Melas resolved to give his troops the whole night to rally and repose themselves, availing himself

of the screen of the Bormida and the protection of the citadel of Alessandria for this purpose; and afterwards to repass the Tanaro, if necessary, and thus maintain himself in that position, and endeavour at any rate, by entering into negotiations, to save his army by capitulating. On the 15th, at daybreak, the Austrians sent a flag of truce with proposals for an armistice, which produced, the same day, the convention, by which Genoa and all the fortified places in Piedmont, Lombardy, and the Legations, were given up to the French army; and by which the Austrian army obtained leave to retire behind Mantua, without being made prisoners of war. Thus was the conquest of all Italy secured."—*Editor.*

NOTES

ON

NAPOLEON'S FIRST ITALIAN CAMPAIGNS.

The most brilliant part of the career of this extraordinary man was his first campaigns beyond the Alps, and his genius seems to have required the sun of Italy to develope all its inspiration and resources. He was then young, vigorous, and full of hope, and the undefined hopes of millions were fixed upon him, for he had not yet betrayed the secret of his enormous ambition, and men looked up to him as their liberator from old despotisms, and as the founder of a wiser and more liberal system of government. In spite of the evils this country suffered from being converted into one great battle-field, on which the French and Austrians tried their strength, a very large portion of the Italians hailed all Bonaparte's victories with enthusiastic joy. The rapidity—the suddenness with which these victories were achieved, seemed almost preternatural. All the young and ardent minds, from the foot of the Alps to the straits of Messina, absolutely worshipped the young republican general: and hosts of Italians of mature age and experience—literary, scientific, and professional men in particular—embraced his cause as their own. They looked upon Bonaparte, a native of Corsica, as their own countryman: they thought him destined to rescue their beautiful land from the grasp of Austria, and to unite it into one great and independent state, in alliance with, but not subjected to France. How these expectations were deluded in the event is well known, but they

TING BY JEAN-LOUIS LANEUVILLE, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

JEAN-MATTHIEU-PHILIBERT, COUNT SÉRURIER.

were once most confidently entertained; and the disaffection to their old governments, and the political intrigues of the Italians, facilitated some of his victories in the field, and prepared the country for the dominion of Napoleon. It was therefore unfair in the fortunate general to style himself the conqueror of Italy —he was only the conqueror of the Austrians and Russians in Italy, seeing that the hearts and, in a short time, the arms of the Italian people went with him.

A few notes, selected from some of the best historians and memoir writers of the period, may be advantageously introduced here, to fill up a space which M. Bourrienne has left almost void.

It was in the twenty-seventh year of his age that Napoleon assumed the separate command of the army of Italy. He was confident of success, or at least determined (if we are to believe his own words) to conquer or perish. To one of the directors of the republic, who objected to the appointment on the score of his youth, he replied, "In a year I shall be either old or dead." To his soldiers he promised the immediate possession of the richest plains in the world, of fertile provinces, and opulent cities. They were miserably poor—nay, hungry and almost naked, but the spoils of the enemy in Italy would feed and clothe them, and pay the arrears which the impoverished republic could not. The army was indeed in a wretched condition. It consisted of about 50,000 men, but was very deficient in cavalry and stores of all kinds. The discipline was very bad, and many eyewitnesses assure us that the force seemed scarcely to merit the name of a regular army. But the courage of those ragged, reckless soldiers was indisputable—the men had soon a full confidence in their commander, and their most distinguished officers, as Augereau, Massena, Serrurier, Joubert, Lannes, did homage to the superior genius of Napoleon, obeying his orders without jealousy or any kind of discontent.

The plan of operations was simple and daring. It was to strike a blow somewhere and at once—to bring the whole of the French force against some detached portion of the allied armies in Italy, which collectively amounted to 70,000 men, and to beat that portion before it could concentrate with the left. This, like Nelson's tactics of breaking the line, was the system that Napoleon acted upon all through life; but on the present occasion, to make it effective, the utmost celerity of marching was indispensable. Accordingly, every thing that tended to impede their rapid progress was abandoned. Tents, baggage, and all the accommodations that had generally been considered essential even by hardy soldiers, were left on the French side of the Alps. Never, perhaps, was there a more lightly-equipped army! The soldiers carried nothing but the clothes on their backs, and their arms, and many of the superior officers had merely one change of linen with them. Even after

they had been for some time as conquerors in Italy, the troops presented a most motley appearance. Nearly every variety of uniform was seen in the same regiment, and many of the young republican soldiers had no uniform at all, but wore whatever dress they could pick up. "They had nothing bright or smart about them," says an old Italian, "but their arms, and these were generally taken from the enemy."

Turning the mighty shoulders of the Alps, instead of taking either of the usual passes across that chain, and keeping close to the shores of the Mediterranean, in the direction of Nice and Genoa, Bonaparte resolved to cut his way into Italy by the Col di Cadibona and Mount St. Jaques, which is the point where the Alps may be said to finish, and the much less formidable chain of the Apennines to begin. This route was equally good for marching on Turin, the head-quarters of the King of Sardinia's army, or for advancing on Milan against the Austrians, but Bonaparte's object was to throw himself between them so as to prevent the junction of these allies. As soon as he began to concentrate his troops, the Austrian commander-in-chief, Beaulieu, prepared to defend these passes, and to *protect* the weak and tottering republic of Genoa at the same time. The French minister in that city had demanded of the senate of Genoa the keys of their mountain fortress of Gavi, and a free passage by the Bocchetta, by which the invading army could penetrate to Novi and the very heart of the plains of Piedmont. The crippled republic, if left to itself, could not have resisted these demands, and though the brilliant series of his successes had yet to begin, Napoleon had even then his partisans or admirers in Genoa. In order to cover the city, Beaulieu marched on Voltri, where, within ten miles of Genoa, he encountered a part of the French army commanded by Cervoni, who was obliged to retreat. Simultaneously with his own movement, he despatched another Austrian column, under d'Argenteau, to hold a strong position at Montenotte, and Colli, with some Sardinian troops, posted himself at Ceva, thus leaving a dangerous distance between the centre and wings of the allies. This was playing into Bonaparte's hands. This was one of those mistakes on which he calculated to build his triumph.

Without caring for Colli on his right flank, or Beaulieu on the left, he kept his eye steadily fixed on the centre, under d'Argenteau, who boldly advanced to meet him, and on the 10th of April attacked three redoubts the French had thrown up at Montelegino in front of Montenotte. Colonel Rampon, who commanded in the redoubts, made an heroic defence, and succeeded in maintaining the works during two whole days. On the 11th, the columns of Cervoni and Laharpe, which had retreated before Beaulieu, came up with Napoleon's head-quarters, and were marched up to Montelegino during the night

DEFENCE OF MOUNT LEGINO.

When Napoleon took the command of the army of Italy, it was in a state of absolute destitution. It consisted of 28,000 infantry and 3,000 cavalry; wanting almost every necessary for its equipment. The Directory was only able to furnish 2,000 louis d'or for the service of the campaign.

Napoleon arrived at Nice, reviewed the troops, and said, "Soldiers, you are badly furnished; you require many necessaries, but our government is not able to supply them. Your patience and the courage you have shewn in the midst of these rocks, are worthy of admiration; but here we gain no glory. I will conduct you into the more fertile plains. There, rich provinces and great cities will be in our power, and there you will have riches, honour, and glory! Soldiers of Italy! do you want courage?"

This proclamation was received with loud acclamations, and the army moved onward.

On the 10th of April, 1796, the central division of the enemy's forces, commanded by General Argentan, had taken its position before the redoubts of Mount Legino, which were defended by Colonel Rampon. The enemy made preparations to raise them on the following day. Beaulieu had left the mountains by Genoa, and was prepared to attack Laharpe, at Voltri. During the night the republican troops made some important movements. Laharpe's division joined Rampon's at daybreak on the 11th. The commander-in-chief marched, with the divisions under Augereau and Massena, by the *Col de Cadibonne*, and defiled behind Montenotte. Thus Argentan was completely surrounded. Rampon, with his regiment, and Laharpe attacked him in front; while Massena and Augereau attacked him in the rear and in the flanks. The rout was complete, and the French made their entry into Piedmont.

The splendid defence of the redoubt had facilitated these manœuvres. Napoleon devised bold and extensive plans, but he also wisely calculated upon the bravery of his troops. Rampon announced his determination to conquer or to die, and his soldiers exhibited the same spirit of devotion.

The illustration of this military feat, painted to record the valiant bearing of Rampon, is spirited and full of animation. Berthon was truly inspired by the miraculous achievements of the republican army when he produced this picture, which belongs to the Chamber of Peers.

to support Colonel Rampon, while other bodies of troops, under Augereau and Massena, and with Bonaparte at their head, pro ceeded with the same silence and secrecy to post themselves on the flanks and rear of the Austrians, which they skilfully effected by debouching by Cadibona and Castellazzo, behind Montenotte.

On the morning of the 12th, after a comfortable night's rest, d'Argenteau, fancying he was only going to attack Rampon, drew up his men once more in front of the three redoubts. But those redoubts were then crowded with fresh troops, battalions were drawn up in the rear of the works, and before the Austrians could recover from their astonishment, they saw the heads of French columns showing themselves on their rear, and on both their flanks. But though thus surprised and surrounded, the Austrian troops fought most obstinately, nor is it easily conceived what addition to their own fame the French contemplated in denying the gallantry of the enemy. There is little honour in beating cowards : the glory of victory is proportionate to the bravery of the party vanquished. That d'Argenteau was thoroughly beaten is quite certain. He left all his artillery, which was not considerable, some of his colours, and about 2000 prisoners behind him ; nearly 1000 of his men were killed ; and yet, in spite of all this, and of his being hemmed in on all sides, he fought his way to the loftier mountains in his rear. According to the notes dictated by Napoleon at St. Helena to Count Montholon, d'Argenteau's whole force at the fatal battle of Montenotte amounted to 18,000 men, of whom 5000, belonging to the King of Sardinia, were Piedmontese and Sardinians. The French force is not stated.

As the first of Bonaparte's fields—as the first affair in which he exercised a supreme command, the battle of Montenotte will always attract an extraordinary degree of attention. But in its immediate results it was a brilliant and great operation. To recover their communications with one another, the two wings of the allied army, which had now no centre, fell back, Beaulieu retreating upon Dego, and Colli upon Milesimo. These positions were strong, and if they could have maintained them, d'Argenteau would have brought up his troops, and reinforcements would have come in both from Lombardy and Piedmont. The least hesitation,—the delay of a few hours, might have been fatal to Bonaparte, but he had made his calculations, and allowed the allies no breathing-time. On the morning after the stern contest at Montenotte he dashed on to attack the whole line, a brigade of Piedmontese having taken up a position on the height of Biestro, and established to a certain degree the communications between Beaulieu and Colli. When the French deployed for this purpose they occupied four leagues of ground from their right to their left wing ; but again acting on his confirmed plan, Bonaparte made one part of that line so strong that it outnumbered the division of the allies immediately opposed

to it. Augereau, whose troops had scarcely been engaged at Montenotte, was sent on the right to charge Colli at Milesimo, and to cut off the Austrian general, Provera, who supported Colli on the natural mamelon of Cossaria. The impetuosity of his charge soon left Augereau in possession of the gorges of Milesimo, and then a rapid movement sufficed to surround Provera, with his 2000 Austrians on the detached hill he had chosen. Provera threw himself into the old ruinous castle of Cossaria, resolved to defend himself there till Colli and Beaulieu should relieve him by a general engagement. Bonaparte, on seeing the successful disseverment of Provera, which was the advantage he had proposed to himself in ordering Augereau's charge, presently rode up to the spot, and did all that he could to make himself master of the old castle. But the repeated and obstinate attacks of the French were repelled with loss; the closing night left the Austrians in possession of the miserable old walls. On the following day, the 14th of April, the action became general all along the line. Massena and Laharpe drove Beaulieu from Dego after a sanguinary engagement, and Joubert and Menard carried the heights of Biestro, and put the Piedmontese brigade to flight. On the other wing, Colli, left almost to himself, could not decline the combat, and in trying to release Provera from his prison on the hill, he was beaten, broken, and pursued. All hope being thus lost, Provera came out of the old castle and surrendered with his 2000 men. According to Montholon the army of the king of Sardinia left 30 pieces of artillery, 60 caissons, 15 colours, and 6000 prisoners behind them at Milesimo. During this battle Bonaparte displayed the most enthusiastic courage, as well as masterly skill. The effect of the victory was to produce a marked separation between the Austrian and Sardinian forces. Beaulieu fell back to Aqui on the Milan road, and Colli hastened to Ceva to cover Turin, the now threatened capital of his royal master. By a want of concert, and a blundering that almost looks like a fatality, a splendid division of Austrian grenadiers, commanded by Wukassovich, arrived to support Beaulieu only a few hours after he and Colli had been defeated. Had they been there in time the defeat of the allies would have been prevented, but even as it was these grenadiers put Bonaparte's victory in jeopardy, and caused him a heavy loss. They arrived at Dego (Beaulieu's recent position) at three o'clock in the morning of the 15th of April, and there they drove in the outposts, and took the village which was occupied by some French battalions. On learning this most unexpected attack, the greatest alarm was felt at head-quarters, nor could the French conceive how the enemy they had driven before them on the route to Aqui could have fallen on their rear at Dego. Napoleon marched to the spot with an overpowering force, but so obstinately did the grenadiers defend themselves in the position they had surprised, that it took him more than two

hours to recover possession of the village of Dego. But at the end of that time more than half of the grenadiers lay killed or wounded on the spot, and nearly all the rest were taken prisoners. Among these brave soldiers some battalions of Hungarians particularly distinguished themselves.

Having detached Laharpe to keep Beaulieu in check, Bonaparte directed all his future operations against the unsupported Piedmontese or Sardinian army, and marched at once on Ceva, whither Colli had retired. "On this march," says Montholon, "the arrival of our army on the heights of Montezamoto was a sublime spectacle! From that point they discovered the immense and fertile plains of Piedmont; the Po, the Tanaro, and a multitude of other rivers, were seen in the distance; the girdle of the Alps, white with snow and ice, and of a prodigious elevation, hemmed in that rich basin of the *promised land.* Those gigantic barriers which looked like the limbs of another world, which nature had rendered so formidable and which the art of man had done so much to strengthen, seemed to be laid prostrate by enchantment. "Hannibal crossed the Alps," said Napoleon, fixing his eyes on those mountains; "we, my comrades, have turned them."

On the approach of the French, Colli abandoned Ceva, and withdrew towards Mondovi. On his way he surprised and defeated General Serrurier, who with an inferior force attempted to keep possession of San Michele. He succeeded in reaching Mondovi, a formidable position, where he began to throw up some redoubts, but the rapid movements of the enemy did not allow him time: on the 22d of April, three columns led by Bonaparte, Massena, and Serrurier fell upon him from three different quarters, and defeated him after a well disputed battle, in which Colli, according to the French accounts, lost 3000 men, eight cannons, ten colours, 1500 prisoners, and nearly all his provisions and ammunition. In following up the retreating enemy with too much confidence, the French, however, suffered a severe rebuff. Their cavalry was in a wretched state—the cavalry of the Piedmontese was in excellent condition and brave, and when the French horse followed the Italians to the plain, the latter wheeled suddenly round, attacked and drove back the enemy's squadrons, and from being pursued became the pursuers. Murat, who was then a colonel of dragoons restored the fortune of the field by bringing up three fresh regiments of horse, but the French suffered severely by this check, and lost their cavalry general Stengel, who was killed in a charge.

Beaulieu, on learning the critical position of Colli, broke up from Aqui and advanced with half of his army to make a diversion in his favour, but, as usual, the Austrians came too late, and when the news of the disasters at Mondovi reached them they were fain to retire to the Po.

The Piedmontese army had no longer an existence, and when

Bonaparte's victorious columns marched to Cerasco, within ten miles of his capital, the King of Sardinia (Vittorio Amadeo III.) had nothing better to do than to listen to the harsh terms of a humiliating treaty. Coni and Tortona, "the Keys of the Alps," Alessandria, and with the exception of Turin, nearly every fortress and place of importance were to be ceded to the French. The unfortunate sovereign could scarcely hold the pen to sign this treaty of Cerasco, and a few weeks afterwards he died broken-hearted. The joyous shouts of the victors drowned the grief of those who mourned his death, but in those days and countries it was not the fashion to grieve much for kings.

The brilliant military genius displayed by Bonaparte in this campaign is unquestionable. In less than a month he had laid a large portion of Upper Italy prostrate at his feet, had won three pitched battles, had caused a loss to the enemy, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, of 25,000 men, and had taken fifty-five guns and twenty-one standards. This was glory and blood enough, but the French are never satisfied with the simple truth, and in his address to his army at Cerasco, Bonaparte diminished the time, and increased the number of his battles.

The few words already said may explain Napoleon's system of warfare, which, as he showed in after years to the companions of his exile at St. Helena, consisted mainly in the art of always attacking on one point with a force equal, if not superior, in number to that of the enemy. In this manner, though for a long time his army as a whole was very inferior in number to his enemy's he contrived to beat it in parts with divisions as strong as theirs. Of course this could not be done with such invariable success without the exercise of a wonderful foresight, calculation, and skill, but in proportion as we raise the genius of Bonaparte, we must deduct from the marvellous stories about the incomparable valour and the invincibility of his troops, who were brave, active, and enthusiastic, but still only men and not demigods.

The French found themselves in such good quarters at Piedmont, that they seemed very well disposed to make a long halt there. But this did not enter into Bonaparte's calculation, who, after receiving considerable reinforcements set out in pursuit of Beaulieu and the Austrians, now beyond the Po. Before starting he sternly lectured some of his troops who had committed horrid excesses among the defenceless peasantry and townspeople of Piedmont, and he swore he would shoot the first man among them that was detected in the commission of robbery or any other crime. He had announced to the people of Italy that the armies of the French republic came as their best friends, and as champions for the rights of man; it was highly necessary to keep them in good humour; but as yet Bonaparte's heart was not hardened, his fame was almost spotless, and apart from mere motives of policy, he was probably anxious to save the

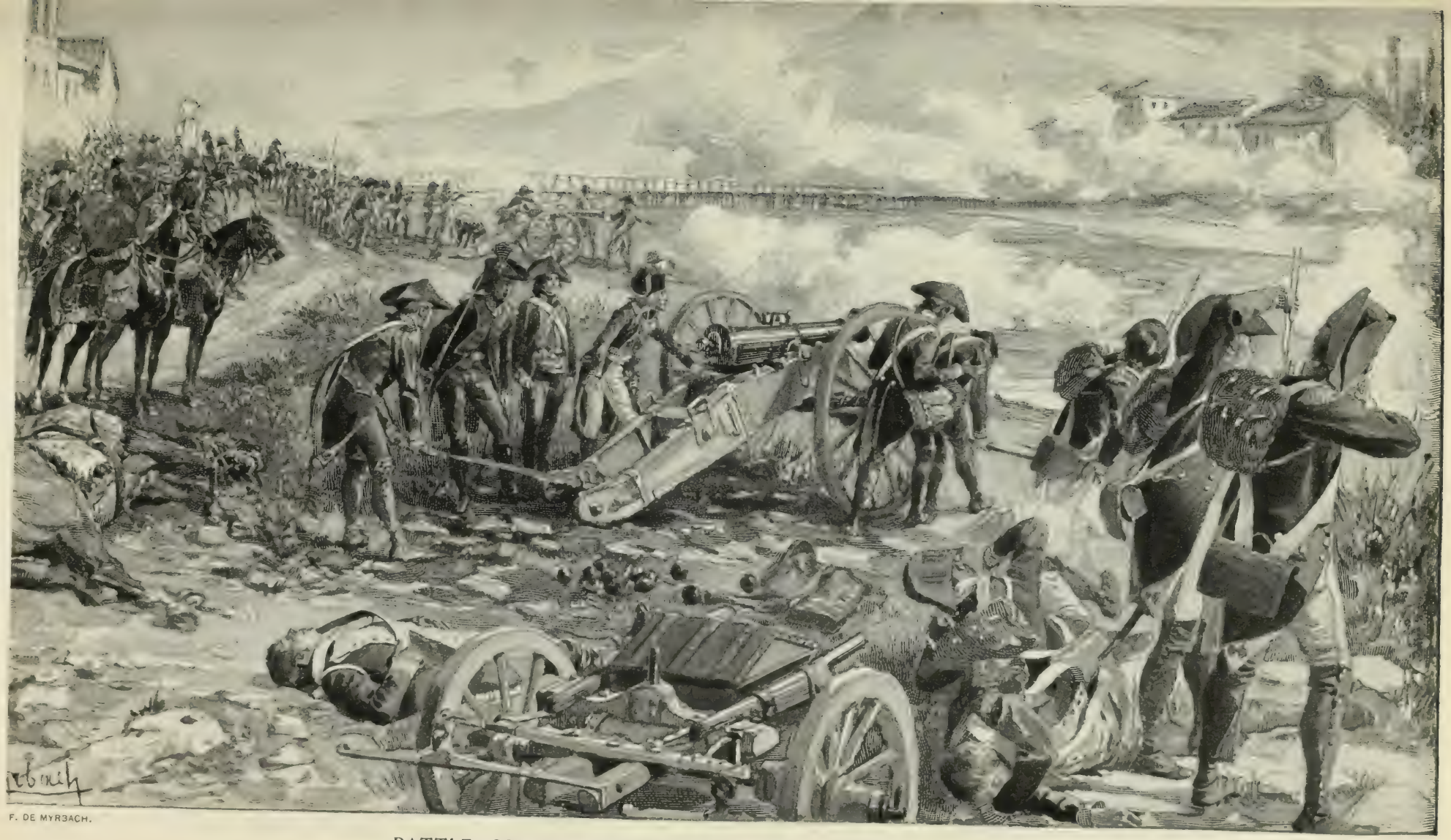
FROM THE BUST BY LE COMTE IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

AMÉDÉE-EMMANUEL LAHARPE.

Italians from the scourge of a licentious soldiery. Milan was the goal he aimed at. There were two roads, and two favourable points at which to cross the Po—the one at Valenza, the other, nearly fifty miles lower down the river at Piacenza. Having with admirable art made old Beaulieu firmly believe he had decided on crossing at Valenza, he made a forced march, and on the 7th of May, suddenly appeared at the Piacenza passage. At Valenza the Austrians had thrown up formidable works, and concentrated their forces; at Piacenza they had nothing but two weak squadrons of cavalry that fled on the approach of the French vanguard of 5000 grenadiers, and 15,000 horse. The rest of the French army soon came up, but it occupied all the 7th of May and the following night to ferry over the troops. But long, and most difficult as was this operation, and easily as it might have been interrupted, seeing that the French had to cross a broad and rapid river in small, crazy punts, and in small detachments at a time, nothing was seen or heard of the Austrians. At last, in the afternoon of the 8th, some six or eight hours after Bonaparte had established himself on the left bank, the division of Liptay, bewildered and numerically too weak to offer any valid resistance, showed itself a little above Piacenza, at Fombio, where the Austrians tried to fortify the dwelling-houses and the towers of the churches. They were almost instantly attacked in their centre, and both wings, by three columns simultaneously—by Lannes, Lanusse, and Dallemagne, who in one short hour carried the village of Fombio, and took 500 prisoners, with all the artillery collected there. Bonaparte then advanced to Codogno, where he arrived at nightfall. Beaulieu was by this time aware of his fatal mistake, and he now struck a blind, hap-hazard, but somewhat serious blow. Five thousand of his best troops marching out from Casal Pusterlengo, took the road to Codogno, where they fell upon the French in the dead of night. Bonaparte, it appears, had returned in the interval to Piacenza, and in his absence his over-confident and tired troops had let themselves be surprised. Many were killed before they could arm and form. General Laharpe, who ran to place himself at the head of a regiment, and check the disorder, was shot through the heart, and if Berthier had not arrived at this juncture to supply his place, Codogno would have become a melancholy name in the history of the wars of the republicans. When day began to dawn the Austrians lost heart at seeing that the French were so superior in number, and that Boileau had sent no fresh divisions to support them. They presently began to retire—the retreat soon became a flight, and but for some Neapolitan cavalry which protected their rear, they would have been all cut to pieces or made prisoners. No attempt was made by Beaulieu to renew the combat. His army was dispirited, and throwing himself into Pizzighettone, he retired there beyond the Adda, a considerable river of Lombardy, which rises in the

Rhætian Alps, above the town of Bormio, and after watering the Valteline, runs through the lake of Como, and passing by Cassano and the memorable Lodi, falls into the Po a little below Pizzighettone. It was behind the Adda that the Austrians once more concentrated their forces to resist that Corsican boy, whom they had at first laughed at, but whose name now struck terror to their hearts.

For once Beaulieu was right: Bonaparte *did* march for the Lodi passage across the Adda. The town of Lodi, a large straggling place, famous for its manufacture of Parmesan cheese, is on the right bank of the river, and there Beaulieu left his rear-guard, under the command of his relative, Colonel Melcalm, who was to keep the French in check as long as possible, while the main body of the Austrians on the left bank fortified the end of the bridge. The rear-guard was attacked by a superior force, and soon driven out of the town, the old walls and houses of which then served as a shelter to the French from the artillery that played upon them from the left bank. It now remained to cross the river, but 30 pieces of cannon placed in battery, some at the further end of the old bridge, and some a little above, and others a little below it, on the left bank, in order to produce a cross-fire, seemed to render such an enterprise next to impossible. More than one brave republican general recommended a pause, which must have ended in a retreat, but Bonaparte, keeping his eyes fixed, and his hand pointing at the bridge, said, "That is the way to Milan—to Rome—to the possession of all Italy,—we must cross, let it cost what it may. It must not be said that the tributary Adda stopped those heroes of the republic who have forced the Po!" On this occasion the French were pretty well supplied with artillery, and their first operation was to open a heavy fire across the river on the enemy's guns. General Beaumont, who commanded their cavalry, was sent to pass the Adda at a ford about a league above the bridge, and he took with him some flying artillery, with which he was to cannonade the right flank of the Austrians. By an inconceivable imbecility, the ford was not sufficiently guarded, and Beaumont, though not without difficulty, passed through it with his horse and guns. As soon as Bonaparte saw that the heads of the French cavalry were forming on the left bank of the Adda, and that this manœuvre gave great uneasiness to the Austrians, he pointed his sword at the bridge and sounded the charge. It was on the 10th of May, and about six o'clock in the evening, when 4000 picked men, shouting "Vive la République," advanced on the bridge, which was literally swept by the enemy's guns The first effect was tremendous; the French were involved in a murderous hail-storm of cannon-balls, grape-shot, and musket-balls;—they stopped—for a moment they wavered. Then Bonaparte, and Lannes, and Berthier, and Massena, and Cervoni, and Dallemagne, and Dupas, threw themselves at the head of the



F. DE MYRBACH.

BATTLE OF LODI — BONAPARTE AIMS THE CANNON.

columns, which dashed across the bridge, and up to the mouths of the enemy's guns. Lannes was the first to reach the left bank of the Adda, Napoleon the second. The Austrian artillerymen were bayoneted at their guns before Beaulieu could get to their rescue, for this doomed old general had kept his infantry too far in the rear of the bridge. By this means also the French infantry was allowed time to debouch from the *tête-du-pont*, and form in pretty good order. The battle, however, was not over. Though stupid, Beaulieu was brave, and the Austrian troops had not yet lost their dogged obstinacy. They concentrated a little behind the river—they put their remaining artillery in battery, and for some minutes it seemed doubtful whether they would not drive their foes back to the blood-covered bridge, or into the waters of the Adda. But, in addition to Beaumont, who acted with his cavalry on their right flank, Augereau now came up from Borghetto to the opportune assistance of his comrades. Then Beaulieu retreated, but in such good order that the French made few prisoners. The shades of night closed over a scene of horror;—between the town and the bridge of Lodi, and the scene of the prolonged action on the left bank, 2500 men and 400 horses on the part of the Austrians lay dead or wounded, and the French could not have left fewer than 2000 men in the same condition, although Bonaparte owned only to the loss of 400.

This battle, which he used to call "the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi," carried his fame to the highest pitch, while the great personal bravery he displayed in it endeared him to the troops. The men, who cannot always appreciate military genius and science, know perfectly well how to estimate courage, and they soon idolize the commander that shows himself ready to share in their greatest dangers. It was on this occasion that the soldiers gave Bonaparte the honorary and affectionate nickname of "The little Corporal." He was then slight in figure, and had almost an effeminate appearance. "It was a strange sight," says a French veteran, "to see him on that day on foot on the bridge, under a *feu-d'enfer*, and mixed up with our tall grenadiers—he looked like a little boy!" Those men of routine and prescription, the Austrian officers, who adhered to the old system of warfare, could not comprehend his new conceptions and innovations. "This beardless youth ought to have been beaten over and over again," said poor Beaulieu,—"for who ever saw such tactics!" A day or two after the battle of Lodi, an old Hungarian officer, who did not know his person, was brought prisoner to the French commander-in-chief. "Well," said Bonaparte, "What do you think of the state of the war now?"—"Nothing can be worse on your side," replied the old martinet, "Here you have a youth who absolutely knows nothing of the rules of war; to-day he is in our rear, to-morrow

on our flank, next day again in our front. Such gross violations of the principles of the art of war are not to be supported!"

Having lost the two lines of the Po and Adda, Beaulieu retreated behind the Mincio, while Bonaparte marched on triumphantly to Milan, where, on the 14th of May, he was received with honours, and welcomed by a large part of the inhabitants, who had already mounted the tri-coloured cockade of the republic. He only allowed himself a rest of five days in the luxurious capital of Lombardy, and then began to look after Beaulieu, who had taken up another formidable position, having Mantua, the best citadel in Italy, on his left, the fortress of Peschiera on his right, and the Mincio before him. But he had learned nothing from former misfortune: thinking that the French *must* attempt the passage *there*, he disposed his army at Peschiera, while Bonaparte darted down to Borghetto, and there forced his way over a badly defended bridge. Broken and confounded, Beaulieu again retreated, and took up a line behind the Adige, on the edge of the Tyrol. By this time the Emperor of Austria had scarcely any thing in the plains of Italy he could call his own, save only Mantua. Leaving Serrurier to blockade that mighty fortress, Bonaparte returned to Milan, to republicanize the Lombard states, and despatch other political matters that were almost as important as the winning of battles. At the news of the astonishingly rapid victories of the French, the King of Naples and the Pope sent to beg a peace, which they obtained on hard conditions. The pontiff was obliged to give up the cities of Ancona, Ferrara, and Bologna, to supply military stores, to pay a sum of money nearly equivalent to a million sterling, and to send a hundred of his finest pictures and statues to decorate the galleries of his enemies at Paris;—for on arriving at Piacenza, Bonaparte had adopted this novel species of military contribution, and begun to ransack Italy of her works of art. Success and impunity had produced their usual effects. The Italians might have perceived by this time that "Liberator" was not the proper style and title for the republican general, who had done worse things than pillage them of their statues and pictures; but they were divided into factions, and the Austrian government had rendered itself so odious that many of them thought any dominion would be preferable to theirs, and not a few of the Lombards dreamed on to the last, that their ephemeral, puny republics would be respected by their great and ambitious type on the other side of the Alps.

The comparatively well-governed and happy country of Tuscany lay between Lombardy and the states of the Pope and the King of Naples. The Grand Duke had not joined the coalition against the French, but he was brother to the Emperor of Austria—he was defenceless. Bonaparte, therefore, seized his great seaport of Leghorn, and confiscated all the British goods found there to his own use. A few days after he proposed

NAPOLEON ENTERING MILAN.

On the 15th of May, 1796, Napoleon made his entry into Milan, amidst the acclamations of an immense populace; his troops passing under a triumphal arch. From that day the Italians adopted the tricoloured ensign — green, red and white.

Napoleon remained only a few days at Milan, where he received d'Este, natural brother of the Duke of Modena. He came to solicit an armistice, and the protection of the French army. Buonaparte treated with the Duke of Modena as he had done with the Duke of Parma.

In taking the command of the army in Italy, Napoleon, notwithstanding his extreme youth, inspired the soldiers, and even the old officers themselves, with absolute confidence.

The accompanying engraving is copied from a fresco painted by Andrea Appiani, who was charged to portray in the vice-regal palace at Milan the pageants of Napoleon. Thirty-five are there painted in oil, after the manner of Grisaille. This subject has been engraved by the best artists of Milan; it is rare, and much sought after by amateurs.

to the Directory at Paris, that they should instruct or authorize him to take possession of all Tuscany—because, the reigning prince was of the hateful house of Austria; and he hinted at the same time that they ought to be very quiet, and not say a word to excite suspicion, until the moment was arrived in which to drive out the Grand Duke Ferdinand.

But at the end of July, the approach from the valleys and mountains of the Tyrol, of a new Austrian army, commanded by the veteran Wurmser, called the attention of Bonaparte to a different and much more dangerous quarter. This army, when it reached head-quarters at Trent, on the threshold of Lombardy, amounted altogether to nearly 70,000 men. The disposable force of Bonaparte did not exceed 35,000, and as their armies on the Rhine had been very unsuccessful, the Directors could not forward him the reinforcements he eagerly requested. The Austrians, who were about to resume the offensive, came on full of hope, and their partisans began to say that before the end of August, they would be driven out of Milan, that they would never reach the Alps, and that the old French proverb, "Italy is the tomb of the French," would be again verified in the course of the year.

Bonaparte, however, calculated that old Wurmser might make the same mistakes Beaulieu had done; nor was he deceived. Instead of pouring from the pass of Trent in one compact body, which the French could not have resisted, the Austrians divided themselves into three separate columns, which took different routes, and positively lost their communications with one another. From this moment the confidence of Napoleon revived, "We will beat these blunderers in detail," and so saying, he gave up, for the time, the blockade of Mantua, buried the artillery he had there in the trenches, and marched with his usual rapidity against the right column of the enemy, which was commanded by Quasdonowich, and had reached the lower end of the Lago di Garda. But even this column was subdivided, and when the French met two of its weak divisions at Lonato they easily overwhelmed them. In consequence of this check, and the skilful marches of Augereau and Massena, who had nearly taken him in flank, Quasdonowich ran back into the Tyrol, and thus one of the three columns was disposed of. In attempting to renew, at the point of the bayonet, his communication with the shattered column of Quasdonowich, Wurmser, after obtaining some success, was led into a desperate fight at Lonato, and defeated, because he extended his line too much—a fault which allowed Bonaparte to cut his army in two.

After this battle, the conqueror had a narrow escape from being made prisoner by a body of Austrians he had defeated three days before, and who were then fugitives, bewildered and lost from not knowing where the columns of their active foe were stationed. Bonaparte had just ridden into the town of Lonato,

where there were only some 1200 French soldiers, when about 4000 Austrians, instructed by the peasantry, marched up, in the hopes of opening their way through the town, if not of making every man there a prisoner. An officer presented himself to demand the surrender, but Bonaparte, guessing the real state of the unexpected body of Austrians, ordered his numerous staff to mount their horses, and when the bearer of the flag of truce was introduced, and had the bandage removed from his eyes, the poor fellow saw himself in the midst of the life and splendour of what he thought must be the head-quarters of the enemy. "Go, and tell your general," said Bonaparte, "that I allow him eight minutes to lay down his arms; he has stumbled into the very heart of the French army: if he lets that time pass, he can have nothing to hope." The simple Austrians, believing they had been betrayed and brought into a trap by the Italian peasants, laid down their arms instantly. Bonaparte had more than one strange escape during the campaign, but this was the strangest of all.

Though broken and beaten, Wurmser contrived to collect the whole of his remaining forces, with which he advanced again on Lonato to give the French battle. Bonaparte, who was now numerically as strong as his opponent, had no motive for declining the combat, although this time the Austrians marched in one compact body. They met between Lonato and Castiglione, and there Wurmser was totally defeated. In this campaign, in which nothing was done for his cause beyond the reinforcing and revictualling of Mantua, the Emperor of Austria lost 40,000 men.

The campaign only lasted thirteen days, or from the 29th of July to the 12th of August; and when it was over, the French returned to invest Mantua, where they soon began to lose a good many of their men by malaria fevers. It is said, that during seven days of this extraordinary campaign, Bonaparte never took off his boots, nor lay down on a bed.

Austria sent on more sheep for the slaughter. By the end of August Wurmser again found himself at the head of a powerful army, but he again divided it, and the quick eye of Bonaparte again took happy advantage of the division. Leaving the old general to march towards Mantua with his 30,000 men, the French, by a few almost incredible marches, fell upon Davidowich, whom Wurmser had left in his rear, at Roveredo, with 20,000 men, to guard the entrance into the Tyrol.

The important battle of Roveredo was fought on the 4th of September, and ended in the entire defeat of the Austrians, who were forced to leave some of the chief defiles of the Tyrolese Alps in the hands of the French, who could thus prevent any supplies or communications with Germany from reaching Wurmser. Leaving Massena at Trent, which had recently been Wurmser's head-quarters, and Vaubois at Levisa, Bonaparte,

DRAWN BY EUGÈNE COURBOIN. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

NAPARTE, SURPRISED AT LONATO WITH HIS STAFF AND 1200 MEN, COMPELS 4000 AUSTRIANS TO SURRENDER.

I. del.

BONAPARTE A LODI.

BONAPARTE A LODI.

NAPOLEON COMPELS FIVE THOUSAND AUSTRIANS TO SURRENDER.

After Lonato had been taken by the Austrians, and again re-taken by Napoleon, August 1796, from four to five thousand of the former deserted; when learning that there were only 1200 French soldiers at Lonato, they marched towards that place, in the hope of clearing a road to the Nuncio. Arrived near Lonato, they sent to demand the surrender of the city. At that moment, Napoleon arrived from Castiglione, when he ordered the deputation to be brought before him. "Go, tell your general," said Napoleon, "that he is in the midst of the French army. I give him eight minutes to surrender; beyond that time, he has nothing to hope for!" Harassed and fatigued, not knowing which way to turn, these 5000 men laid down their arms at his command.

marching sixty miles in two days, surprised and destroyed Wurmser's vanguard at Primolano. The next day (September 8th), he fell upon the main body of the army at Bassano, and with his usual success. Six thousand Austrians surrendered: one division of 4000 escaped into the Friuli, and the old marshal, retreating to Vicenza, could only collect 16,000 disheartened soldiers. After several hard marches and countermarches, and some bloody skirmishes, in one of which the Austrians nearly took Bonaparte, Wurmser succeeded in throwing himself and his skeleton of an army into Mantua, where he hoped to hold out till Austria could succour him. The emperor was preparing to do so, and to make another tremendous effort for the recovery of Lombardy, at the very moment Wurmser shut himself up in that fortress. By the end of September a fourth army was set in motion for Italy, the supreme command of which was given to Marshal Alvinzi, an excellent officer of artillery, a brave and experienced soldier, but as usual rather too old and punctilious. It should be mentioned, however, in alleviation of the faults of the Austrian commanders-in-chief generally, that their plans of campaign were laid down for them at Vienna, and that in the face of an enemy flushed with success, and ever active, they had frequently to wait for their instructions from the Aulic Council sitting at Vienna.

Alvinzi advanced himself by the mountains of Carniola and the Friuli, and having passed the river Tagliamento, came, at the end of October, to the banks of the Piave, with about 30,000 men. Davidowich, his second in command, had to cross the Tyrol, and to drive Vaubois and Massena from the strong passes leading into Italy, which those two generals occupied. Among the 20,000 men, led on by Davidowich, were some thousands of the hardy mountaineers of the Tyrol, whose feelings and prejudices the French soldiery had much outraged. In some places even the women and children fought for the Austrians. The beginning of this part of the campaign was very successful. The French were severely beaten at Segonzano; they were driven down towards Lombardy at all points, and on the 4th of November, Davidowich entered Trent. Vaubois fell back to a formidable position, with redoubts and intrenchments at Calliano, where, for the first time for many months, the French cry of "*sauve qui peut*," was heard, and the men, after some slaughter, ran away in a panic. Massena, who had retired down the valley of the Adige, was obliged even to abandon the position of Bassano. Bonaparte, dreading the junction of Davidowich with Alvinzi, hurried to sustain Massena, and to put one of the two Austrian armies, *hors de combat*, before the other should be able to assist it. In conjunction with Massena he attacked Davidowich at Vicenza, but this time Bonaparte himself was beaten, and obliged to retreat to Verona. Had Davidowich gone on as well as he had begun, his junction with Alvinzi, and

the ruin of the French army, were alike certain. But after some brilliant actions the old Tudesque slowness and indecision fell upon him, and Bonaparte's genius profited wonderfully by the delays of some five or six days. The position of the French was, however, most critical. Alvinzi occupied the whole of the country between the Brenta and the Adige, and the strong Austrian garrison of Mantua, in Bonaparte's rear, obliged *him* to divide his forces. A portion of his army, moreover, that had been assailed and driven in by Davidowich, was sadly dispirited, as, indeed, with all their known bravery, the French soldiery are very apt to be in the face of reverses. The great excellence of these troops also lies rather in making brisk, gallant attacks, than in standing steadily on the defensive. Nobody knew this so well as Bonaparte, as nobody was so capable of handling the susceptible character of the nation, and touching the soldiers to the quick. He drew up on the plateau of Rivoli, which was soon to be the scene of one of his most splendid victories,the whole division of Vaubois, and fixing his stern eyes on the men who had abandoned the redoubts at Calliano, thus addressed them:

"Soldiers, I am not satisfied with you; you have shown neither bravery, discipline, nor perseverance: no position could rally you; you abandoned yourselves to a panic-terror; you suffered yourselves to be driven from positions where a handful of brave men might have stopped an army. Soldiers of the 39th and 85th, you are not French soldiers. Quartermaster-general, let it be written on their colours, *They no longer form part of the Army of Italy!*" This harangue, pronounced in a severe tone, drew tears from these old soldiers: the rules of discipline could not restrain their grief; several grenadiers, who had received former marks of distinction, cried out, "General, we have been calumniated; place us in the van, and you shall see whether the 39th and 85th belong to the army of Italy." Napoleon having produced the effect he wished, then addressed a few words of consolation to them. These two regiments a few days after covered themselves with glory.

He then led his men to the attack, having first concentrated his columns on the right bank of the Adige, while Alvinzi, now close at hand, had been taking up a position on the heights of Caldiero, on the left bank of the Adige, and nearly opposite to Verona. On the afternoon of the 11th of November, Bonaparte crossed the Adige by the bridge of Verona. His foremost brigade overthrew Alvinzi's van, made some prisoners, and bivouacked that night on the roots of the Caldiero hill. The fires of the Austrian bivouacs stretching along the heights, and the reports of spies, which the French were singularly fortunate in obtaining, left no doubt in Bonaparte's mind that his redoubtable foe would firmly wait him there. In this fine position, Alvinzi's left rested on the dreadful marsh of Arcole, his right on Mont

TED BY ANTOINE-JEAN GROS.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

BONAPARTE AT ARCOLE.

PORTRAIT WAS PAINTED BY GROS IN ITALY IN 1797, AT THE SOLICITATION OF JOSEPHINE. BONAPARTE SAT FOR IT.
IT WAS PRESENTED TO THE LOUVRE IN 1833 BY MME. MILLIET. IT IS NOT THE PAINTING FROM
WHICH THE LONGHI ENGRAVING WAS MADE, BUT MOST PROBABLY THE
SKETCH MADE FROM LIFE FOR THE PAINTING.

BONAPARTE IN ITALY, 1796.

AWN BY ERIC PAPE. AFTER A SKETCH BY KRAUPA, IN THE COURT LIBRARY AT VIE

JOSEPH ALVINCZY, BARON VON BARBEREK.

ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON, FROM THE PAINTING BY DETAILLE.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZE

BONAPARTE IN ITALY.

Oliveto and the village of Colognole. The fight began at daybreak—the weather was horrible—the rain wetted the powder in the soldier's cartouche-boxes and muskets; and the ground was so soaked that the French could hardly move their artillery. After being engaged nearly the whole day, Bonaparte judged it expedient to return into his camp before Verona. The Austrians threw forward their advanced posts to St. Michael's in the intention, and with the evident hope of hemming in their enemies, whose situation was now truly hazardous. They knew not which way to turn themselves; they were checked on one side by the strong position of Caldiero, on the other by the well furnished defiles of the Tyrol, and in their rear the garrison of Mantua had begun to make murderous sorties upon them. Alvinzi looked confidently to the reconquest of the whole of Upper Italy. The way in which Bonaparte delivered himself is one of the most wonderful things in military history. On this point all are agreed. The great modern historian of Italy, Carlo Botta, who is very far from being a general eulogist of Napoleon says, "His movements and tactics on this critical occasion were those of a consummate master of the art of war; and among all those ordered by the most renowned captains, both of ancient and modern times, I can find none more worthy of praise and admiration. They were conceived and executed with the rapidity of lightning, nor had the Austrians any notion of what he was doing, until Bonaparte had chosen his own ground and entirely changed the state of the campaign."

The country behind Caldiero lay open to Davidowich, who might awake from his lethargy and still concentrate with Alvinzi. Bonaparte, therefore, resolved to place himself on the same side of the river as the enemy, and to throw himself in the rear of Caldiero. To encourage his men, who had begun to murmur, and not without reason, seeing that their reinforcements came on very slowly from France, and that (without counting the dead) a vast number of the bravest among them had been wounded two or three times since their arrival in Italy, Bonaparte again made a short oration: "We have but one more effort to make, and Italy is our own. The enemy is, no doubt, more numerous than we are, but half his troops are recruits: if we beat him, Mantua must fall, and we shall remain masters of every thing; our labours will be at an end; for not only Italy, but a general peace is in Mantua. You talk of returning to the Alps, but you are no longer capable of doing so. From the dry and frozen bivouacs of those steril rocks, you could very well conquer the delicious plains of Lombardy; but from the smiling flowery bivouacs of Italy you cannot return to the snows. Reinforcements have reached us; there are more on the road; let not those who are unwilling to fight seek vain pretences; for only beat Alvinzi, and I will answer for your future welfare." "These words," says Montholon, "repeated from mouth to

mouth, revived the spirits of the troops, and brought them over to an opposite way of thinking. Those who before talked of retreating, were now eager to advance. "Shall the soldiers of Italy," they said, "patiently endure the taunts and provocations of these slaves?" When it became known at Brescia, Bergamo, Milan, Cremona, Lodi, Pavia, and Bologna, that the army had sustained a check, the wounded and sick left the hospitals before they were well cured to place themselves in their ranks: the wounds of many of these brave men were still bleeding.

On the 14th of November, at nightfall, he broke up from Verona with all the demonstrations of a hasty retreat; but, after a short march, which deceived every body, he turned suddenly back again, in the darkness of night, and following the course of the Adige, arrived, before daylight, at Ronco, where Andreossy speedily laid down a wooden bridge, already prepared and carried with the train. Ronco is on the right side of the then swollen mountain torrent, the Alpone, and about half a mile from its junction with the Adige. When the officers and men, who knew the country from having pursued Wurmser through it, saw the bridge at Ronco, as the day broke, they understood for the first time the plan their general had adopted. "The little corporal is going to turn Caldiero, and lead us to certain victory," cried the men, as they hurried over the temporary bridge which shook and creaked beneath their feet and the weight of the artillery and waggons.

Three roads branched off from the bridge of Ronco; the first, on the left hand, led up the Adige towards Verona, passing the village of Porcile, where it opened on a plain, on which Alvinzi's cavalry was quartered; the second road led to the village of Arcole, in front of which was a small stone bridge (the memorable bridge of Arcole!) over the Alpone, which torrent the French had again to cross; the third road, to the right, led down the Adige to Albaredo. These three roads, in nearly their whole extent, are narrow causeways, having deep bogs and swamps on either side of them. A flanking fire would have mowed the men down, but there was nothing of the sort, and only the heads of the attacking columns could be exposed. We shall chiefly take our account of the battle from that dictated to Count Montholon by Bonaparte himself, adding, however, some information gathered from other quarters.

Three columns entered upon these three roads; the left one marched up the Adige as far as the extremity of the marshes at the village of Porcile, whence the soldiers saw plainly the steeples of Verona: it was thenceforth impossible for the Austrians to march upon that city. The centre column proceeded direct to Arcole, where the French skirmishers got as far as the bridge unperceived. Two battalions of Croats, with two pieces of cannon, had bivouacs there for the purpose of guarding the rear of the army, and watching any parties which might be sent in that direction. The ground between Arcole and the Adige

THE LITHOGRAPH BY BELLANGÉ.

THE CHARGE AT ARCOLE.

PASSAGE OF THE BRIDGE OF ARCOLA.

The marsh of Arcola is traversed by three causeways,—each of which was occupied by a French column; the centre column moving on that which led to the village so named. Alvinzi, learning that all was quiet at Verona, supposed this movement to be made by a few light troops, and therefore contented himself by ordering two small divisions to disperse them; these were checked and nearly routed by the strong columns of infantry to which they unexpectedly found themselves opposed. It was necessary that Arcola which was defended by two battalions of Croates should be taken, in order to gain the bridge of Villeneuve, which was the only retreat of Alvinzi. The fire continuing unabated, Napoleon, determined on making a last effort, seized an ensign and planted it on the bridge with his own hand. He had advanced his column to the centre of the bridge, when a fresh body of Austrians arrived, and commenced a sharp fire on the flank, which compelled those in the rear to retire. The grenadiers at the head of the column, finding themselves abandoned by their comrades, gave way; but not willing to lose their general, they bore him in their arms through the midst of the dead and the dying. In the confusion he was precipitated into the marsh, where he lay surrounded by his enemies, and would probably have been taken prisoner had not the grenadiers, perceiving his danger, raised the cry, "Forward—forward—save the general!" At this the troops returned to the charge, and finally drove the Austrians out of the village. Nov. 1796.

BONAPARTE AT ARCOLE.

was not guarded, Alvinzi having contented himself with ordering out patroles of hussars, who visited the causeways thrice every day. The Croats were stationed on the opposite bank of the little river Alpone, along which the French had to pass before reaching the bridge, which turns at right angles into Arcole. By firing in front, they therefore at that particular point, took the column which was advancing on Arcole in flank: the French soldiers fell back precipitately as far as the point in the road, where they ceased to be exposed to this dangerous fire. Augereau, indignant at this retrograde movement of his troops, rushed towards the bridge at the head of two battalions of grenadiers, but was received by a brisk flank fire, and driven back on his division. Alvinzi being informed of this attack, could not at first comprehend it; but he was soon after enabled to observe the movements of the French from the neighbouring steeples: he then plainly saw that they had passed the Adige, and were in his rear. But he still believed it impossihle that a whole army could have been thus thrown into impassable marshes, whence, in case of a defeat, there was no escaping; and he continued to think, that it could be only some light troops which had been sent in this direction to alarm him, and to mask a real attack on the Verona side. His reconnoitring parties, however, having brought him word that all was quiet towards Verona, he thought it important to drive these light troops from the marshes. He therefore ordered a division commanded by Metrouski on the dyke of Arcole, and another commanded by Provera on the left dyke. Towards nine o'clock in the morning, they attacked with impetuosity. Massena, who was intrusted with the defence of the left dyke, having allowed the enemy to get fairly upon it, made a desperate charge, broke his columns, repulsed him with great loss, and took a number of prisoners. The same thing happened on the dyke of Arcole. As soon as the enemy had passed the elbow of the road, he was charged and routed by Augereau, leaving prisoners and cannon in the victor's hands: the marsh was covered with dead. It became of the utmost importance to gain possession of Arcole; for by debouching thence in the enemy's rear, the French would be able to seize the bridge of Villa-Nuova over the Alpone, which was his only retreat. But Arcole withstood several attacks. Napoleon resolved to try a last effort in person: he seized a flag, rushed on the bridge, and there planted it: the column he commanded had reached the middle of the bridge, when the flanking fire, and the arrival of a division of the enemy, frustrated the attack. The grenadiers at the head of the columns, finding themselves abandoned by the rear, hesitated at first; but being hurried away in the confusion, they still persisted in keeping possession of their general. They seized him by his arms and clothes, and dragged him along with them amidst the dead, the dying, and the smoke; he was precipitated into a morass, into which he sunk

up to the middle, surrounded by the enemy. The grenadiers perceiving the danger of their general, a cry was raised, "*Forward, soldiers, to save the general!*" They immediately turned back, rushed upon the enemy, drove them beyond the bridge, and Napoleon was rescued.

The soldier who carefully marked where Bonaparte had fallen, and who was the first to drag him from the bog, was a poor Venetian, who had volunteered into the French service, and who thus, as Botta remarks, saved the life of the man who a few months later destroyed Venice.

The loss sustained by the French was frightful! With the exception of Bonaparte there was scarcely an officer of distinction escaped wounds or death; for on all such occasions it is in the nature of the French troops to require their superiors' presence in their front. Lannes, who had already two uncured wounds, received a third at the bridge of Arcole, as he covered Bonaparte with his own body; Generals Vignolles, Belliard, and Robert were all killed in the act of rallying their troops; Muiron, one of the commander-in-chief's favourite aides-de-camp, with whom he had lived like a brother ever since the siege of Toulon, seeing a shell about to burst, threw himself between it and his chief, and fell a horrid corpse almost at Bonaparte's feet. There were other examples of the like devotedness and heroic friendship, which ought to have kept alive in the breast of Napoleon a better opinion of human nature than he entertained in later years.

At last, at four o'clock in the afternoon, Bonaparte did what he ought to have done at first: he sent General Guyeux with 2000 to cross at the ferry of Alberedo, lower down, and advance by the opposite bank of the Alpone to the bridge and village of Arcole. This manœuvre was ably executed, and the Croats, Hungarians, and Tyrolese, who had made an heroic defence of the bridge, with a very weak force, were obliged to retire both from the bridge and village, which were taken possession of by the French from either side of the Alpone. This possession, however, was of short duration, for during the evening Alvinzi poured down such a force that the village was retaken, and Bonaparte forced across the bridge. This was on the 15th of November, and the French soldiery had to pass a cold, rainy night among the morasses in front of Arcole. On the next day Alvinzi changed his positions, and the battle became general. The bridge and village, where the dead already lay in heaps, were again the centre of the terrific contest. The French again attempted to carry the bridge, and were repulsed as they had been the day before, over and over again. At each attempt some officer of distinction and crowds of men were swept away by the Austrian artillery, or picked out by the Tyrolese riflemen. Alvinzi had prudently covered the ford, where Guyeux had crossed the Alpone the preceding

BATTLE OF RIVOLI.

Conqueror at Arcole, Napoleon, after having received some small reinforcements, and organizing part of the Italian battalions, placed the new troops under the tricoloured flag upon the frontiers of La Transpadane, to hold in check the troops of the Pope, who had broken the treaty and repaired to Verona, where he arrived during the battle of St. Michael. There Massena had broken in upon the enemy, and secured a few prisoners.

Napoleon collected all his troops in the night, in order that they might be ready to attack the enemy in the most advantageous situation. The intelligence he had received led him to believe that this would be on the Montebello side, and that the greatest danger was in that quarter. All the French troops then commenced their march to Rivoli, with the exception of the division under Augereau, which was sent to dispute the passage of the Bas-Adige with General Provera.

Napoleon arrived at Rivoli about two o'clock in the morning of the 14th of January, 1797, where he was able to observe the line of the enemy's fires; who appeared to have made five divisions, with a view of commencing the attack at different points. Joubert immediately received orders to act on the offensive; and the Fusileers engaged with one of the enemy's columns, and repulsed it by day break. Another Austrian column then marched upon the battery at Rivoli; in less than an hour this was defeated and driven back by Massena, when a third came to its aid, and would have thrown itself upon the battery, but the French artillery slaughtered all who came within gun-shot. The cavalry then charged with daring intrepidity, and the enemy were driven to the edge of the precipice, and rolled into the ravine below. Whilst this took place, a fourth column arrived at the place to which it had been directed, in the heights of Pipoto, hoping to turn the French army; but it was too late; it came just in time to see the destruction of the other divisions, and to foresee the fate which awaited itself. Seven thousand prisoners were taken, with twelve pieces of cannon, and a few ensigns. In the course of the day, Napoleon was frequently surrounded by the enemy, and had several horses killed under him. In consideration of services performed on this occasion, Massena had the title of *Duc de Rivoli* conferred upon him.

THE BATTLE OF RIVOLI, JANUARY 14, 1797.

day, with a strong body of cavalry, and he had thrown out his excellent riflemen all along the bank of that river; so that when General Vial attempted to ford the stream with a battalion of grenadiers, he was driven back with dreadful loss. This attempt was astonishing even for the French at Arcole. The water reached to the very necks of the grenadiers, who could only resist the force of the rapid current by locking arm within arm, and moving in one mass. The Austrians lost a vast number of men by deploying in an unfavourable position, but they kept possession of Arcole for that night. On the morning of the 17th, Bonaparte, who had thrown a bridge over the Alpone, just above its confluence with the Adige, during the night, sent Augereau with a strong column to cross that bridge and march on the reverse of Arcole, while another column should advance in front by the same causeway on which so many unsuccessful experiments had been tried on the bridge of Arcole. The latter column was repulsed as before, but Augereau succeeding in crossing the temporary bridge, and advancing along the opposite bank, carried the village after a sanguinary struggle. Bonaparte then rushed into Arcole, for which he had sacrificed many thousands of lives, and then Alvinzi retreated upon Montebello and Vicenza. The loss on both sides was immense, but the French gained every advantage proposed by their wonderful leader, who remained for two months the undisturbed possessor of Lombardy; while he had struck the Austrians with an idea of his invincibility that they could not recover from for years. This was the hardest fought battle in all the war, and the one in which Bonaparte showed most personal courage. Lodi was nothing to Arcole!

On January 7th of the following year (1797) the Marshal Alvinzi found himself on the confines of the Tyrol with another army of 60,000 men. This fifth Austrian army was almost annihilated, within a week, at the battle of Rivoli, where Bonaparte had three horses killed under him. Old Wurmser, almost starved out of Mantua, surrendered on the 2d of February, when the fortunate Corsican remained absolute master of all upper, and a dictator to all lower Italy. But a sixth Austrian army was sent across the Tyrolese frontier and the hills of Friuli, under the supreme command of the famed Archduke Charles. This was beaten and utterly disorganized on the banks of the Tagliamento, on the 12th of March, and *then*, only eleven months after his first entrance into Italy, Bonaparte could almost call the whole of that beautiful peninsula his own.

TREATY OF CAMPO FORMIO.

M. DE BOURRIENNE having, in the foregoing pages, often called the attention of his readers to this celebrated treaty, the present editor has determined to subjoin it as a valuable illustration to the narrative of Bonaparte's First Italian Campaign.

Definitive Treaty of Peace, concluded between the French Republic and the Emperor, King of Hungary and Bohemia.

HIS Majesty the Emperor of the Romans, king of Hungary and Bohemia, and the French Republic, being desirous to consolidate the peace, the basis of which has been laid down by the preliminaries signed at the Chateau of Eckenwald, near Leoben, in Styria, on the 18th of April, 1797, (29th Germinal, fifth year of the French Republic, one and indivisible), have named for their plenipotentiaries the following persons: his Majesty the Emperor and King, the Sieur D. Martius Mastrilly, noble Neapolitan Patrician; Marquis of Gallo, knight of the royal order of St. Januarius, gentleman of the chamber to his Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies, and his ambassador extraordinary at the court of Vienna; the Sieur Louis, Cobentzel, count of the holy Roman Empire, grand cross of the royal order of St. Stephen, chamberlain and actual privy councillor of state to his said imperial, royal and apostolic Majesty, and his ambassador extraordinary to his imperial Majesty of all the Russias; the Sieur Maximilian, Count of Merveldt, knight of the Teutonic and military order of Maria Theresa, chamberlain and major-general of cavalry in the armies of his said Majesty the Emperor and King; and the Sieur Ignatius, Baron Degelmann, minister plenipotentiary of his said Majesty to the Helvetic Republic; and the French Republic has named Bonaparte, general-in-chief of the French army in Italy; which persons, after the exchange of their respective powers, have resolved upon he following articles:

Art. 1. There shall be in future, and for ever, a solid and inviolable peace between his Majesty the Emperor of the Romans, King of Hungary and Bohemia, his heirs and successors, and the French Republic. The contracting parties shall give the greatest attention to the maintenance of a perfect intelligence between themselves and their states, without permitting, for the future, any sort of hostilities on either side, for whatever cause, or under whatsoever pretext, and shall carefully avoid whatever may hereafter affect the union thus happily established. No assistance shall be given, either directly or indirectly, to those who would attempt any thing to the prejudice of one or other of the contracting parties.

2. Soon after the exchange of the ratifications of the present treaty, the contracting parties shall remove all sequestrations imposed upon the effects, rights and revenues of individuals residing in their respective territories, and the countries re-united to them, as well as upon the public establishments; they shall be bound to pay all debts for funds supplied to them by the said individuals or public establishments, and to repay all rents settled for their profit.

The present article is declared common to the Cisalpine republic.

3. His Majesty the Emperor, King of Hungary and Bohemia, renounces for himself and his successors, in favour of the French republic, all his rights and titles to the ci-devant Belgic provinces, known by the name of the Austrian Pays Bas. The French republic shall possess these countries in perpetuity, in entire sovereignty and property, and with all the territorial effects which belong to them.

4. All the debts for which the soil of the said countries shall have been mortgaged before the war, and the contracts for which shall subsist in the customary forms, shall be adopted by the French republic. The plenipotentiaries of his Majesty the Emperor shall give an account of them as soon as possible, and before the exchange of the ratifications, in order that, previous to the exchange, the plenipotentiaries of the two powers may agree upon the additional articles explanatory of the present, and may sign them.

5. His Majesty the Emperor and King consents that the French republic shall possess, in entire sovereignty, the ci-devant Venetian isles in the Levant, called Corfou, Zante, Cephalonia, St. Maure, Cerigo, and the other isles depending

DRAWN BY GUSTAVE SURAND.

THE PRESENTATION BY BONAPARTE OF THE TREATY OF CAMPO FORMIO TO THE DIRECTORY.

upon them, as well as Batrinto, Larta, Vonizza, and in general all the ci-devant Venetian establishments in Albany, which are situated lower than the Gulf of Lodrino.

6. The French republic consents that his Majesty the Emperor and King shall possess, in entire sovereignty and property, the countries hereafter mentioned: Istria, Dalmatia, the ci-devant Venetian isles in the Adriatic, the mouths of Cattaro, the city of Venice, the channels and the countries comprised between the hereditary states of his Majesty the Emperor and King, the Adriatic Sea, and a line which, issuing from the Tyrol, shall follow the torrent in front of Gardola, and traverse the lake of Garda, as far as Lacise, whence a military line, offering equal advantages to both parties, shall be marked out by officers of engineers, named on both sides, before the exchange of the ratification of the present treaty. The line of limitation shall afterwards pass the Adige at Langiacomo, and follow the left bank of that river to the mouth of the Canal-Blanc, comprising that part of Porto-Legnago which is on the left bank of the Adige, with a circular district of three thousand toises diameter. The line shall proceed by the left bank of the Canal-Blanc, by the left bank of the Tartaro, by the left bank of the canal called Polisella, as far as its entrance into the Po, and by the left bank of the Great Po, as far as the sea.

7. His Majesty the Emperor and King renounces fer ever, with respect to himself and his successors, all the rights, and titles arising out of those rights, which his said Majesty might assert over the countries possessed by him before the war, that now make part of the Cisalpine republic, which republic shall possess them in entire sovereignty, with all the territorial effects belonging to them.

8. His Majesty the Emperor and King acknowledges the Cisalpine republic as an independent power. This republic comprehends the ci-devant Austrian Lombardy, the Bergamasque, the Bressan, the Cremasque, the city and fortress of Mantua, Peschiera, that part of the ci-devant Venetian states which is to the west and south of the line pointed out in article 6, for the frontier of the states of his Majesty the Emperor in Italy; the Modenois, the principality of Massa and Carara, and the three legations of Bologna, Ferrara, and Romagna.

9. In all the countries ceded, acquired, or exchanged by the present treaty, there shall be granted to all the inhabitants and proprietors of every sort a removal of the sequestrations laid upon their property, effects, and revenues, on account of the war between his Imperial and Royal Majesty and the French republic, and they shall not be disturbed, with respect to it, in their effects or persons. Those who may wish to quit, for the future, the said countries, shall be obliged to make a declaration to that effect three months after the publication of the said treaty. They shall then have the term of three years to sell their effects, moveable or immoveable, or to dispose of them at their pleasure.

10. Debts for which the soil of the countries ceded, acquired, or exchanged by this treaty shall be mortgaged, are the debts of those to whom the countries remain.

11. The navigation of those parts of the rivers and canals which serve as limits between the territories of his Majesty and those of the Cisalpine republic shall be free, so that neither party can establish any toll, or maintain any vessel armed for war; but this article does not exclude the precautions necessary to the safety of the fortress of Porto-Legnago.

12. All sales and alienations made, and all engagements contracted, either by the cities or by the government, or by the civil and administrative authorities, of the ci-devant Venetian countries, for the maintenance of the German and French armies, up to the date of the signing of the present treaty, shall be confirmed and regarded as valid.

13. The titles and archives of the different countries ceded and exchanged by the present treaty, shall be delivered within three months from the exchange of the ratifications, to the powers which have acquired the property of them. The plans and charts of the fortresses, cities, and countries, which the contracting parties acquire by the present treaty, shall be also faithfully delivered to them. The military papers and registers taken in the present war, shall be delivered to the etat-majors of the respective armies.

14. The two contracting parties equally animated with the desire of removing whatsoever might injure the good intelligence happily established between

them, engage themselves, in the most solemn manner, to contribute every thing in their power to maintain the interior tranquillity of their respective states.

15. A treaty of commerce shall be speedily concluded upon an equitable basis, and such as shall assure to his Majesty and the French republic, advantages equal to those enjoyed in their respective states by the most favoured nations. In the mean time all the communications and commercial relations shall be re-established upon the footing on which they were before the war.

16. No inhabitant of the countries occupied by the Austrian or French armies can be prosecuted, either in his person or his property, for his opinions, or his civil, military, or commercial actions, during the war between the two powers.

17. His Majesty the Emperor and King cannot, consistently with the principles of neutrality, receive in any of his ports, during the present war, more than six vessels of war belonging to either of the belligerent powers.

18. His Majesty the Emperor and King obliges himself to cede to the Duke of Modena, as an indemnity for the countries hitherto belonging to that prince and his heirs in Italy, the Brisgaw, which he shall possess under the same conditions as those in virtue of which he possessed the Modenois.

19. The landed and personal property of their royal highnesses the Archduke Charles and the Archduchess Christina, not previously alienated, and which are situate in the territory ceded to the Republic, shall be restored to them, on the condition that they shall be sold within three years.

The same terms shall be observed with respect to the landed and personal property of his royal highnesss the Archduke Ferdinand, in the territory of the Cisalpine republic.

20. A congress shall be held at Rastadt, composed solely of the plenipotentiaries of the Germanic empire, and of the French republic, to conclude a pacification between those powers. This congress shall be opened within one month after the conclusion of the present treaty, or sooner, if possible.

21. All the prisoners of war made on either side, and the hostages taken or given during the war, and which have not yet been restored, shall be given up within forty days from the signature of the present treaty.

22. The contributions, deliveries, furnishments, and seizures of every hostile description, which have taken place in the respective states of the contracting powers, shall cease from the day the ratifications of the present treaty shall be exchanged.

23. His Majesty the Emperor, King of Hungary and Bohemia, and the French republic, shall preserve between them the same ceremonial, as to rank and other etiquettes, as was constantly observed before the war. His aforesaid Majesty, and the Cisalpine republic, shall observe the same ceremonial as prevailed between his Majesty aforesaid and the republic of Venice.

24. The present treaty of peace is declared to be in common with, and to be extended to the Batavian republic.

25. The present treaty shall be ratified by his Majesty the Emperor and the French republic, within the space of thirty days from the present day, or sooner, if possible, and the acts of ratification, in due form, shall be exchanged at Rastadt.

Concluded and signed at Campo Formio, near Udina, on the 17th of October, 1797, (the 26th Vendemiaire) in the sixth year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

(Signed) Bonaparte, The Marquis Di Gallo, Louis Compte Gobenzel, the Compte De Merveldt, General Major; and the Baron De Degelmann.

The Executive Directory decrees and signs the present treaty of peace made with his Majesty the Emperor, King of Hungary and Bohemia, negotiated in the name of the French Republic by the Citizen Bonaparte, commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, provided with powers by the Executive Directory, and charged with their instructions for this purpose.

END OF VOL. I.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

LANDING OF PAOLI ON CORSICAN SOIL.

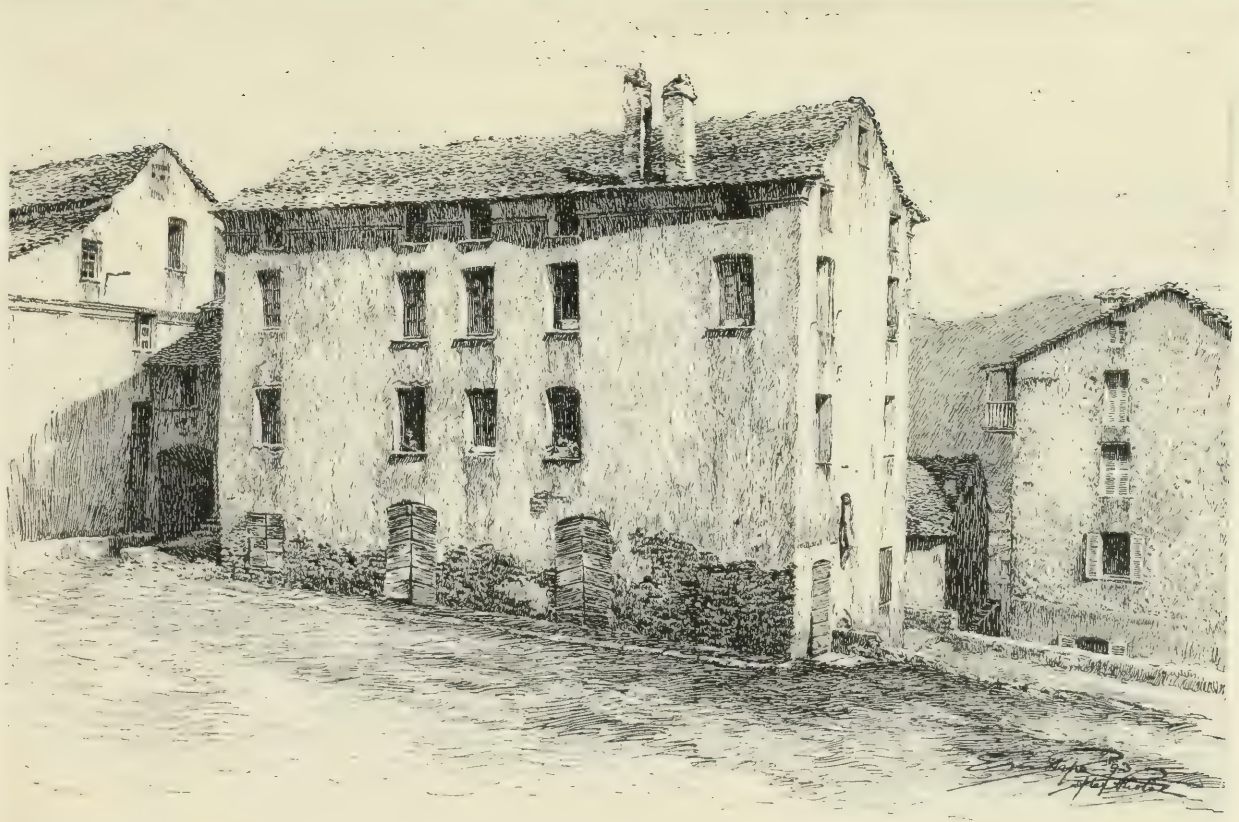
NGRAVED BY HORACE BAKER.

DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE FOR THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

AVENUE OF TREES AT BRIENNE. A FAVORITE WALK OF BONAPARTE.

DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY BOYER, PARIS.

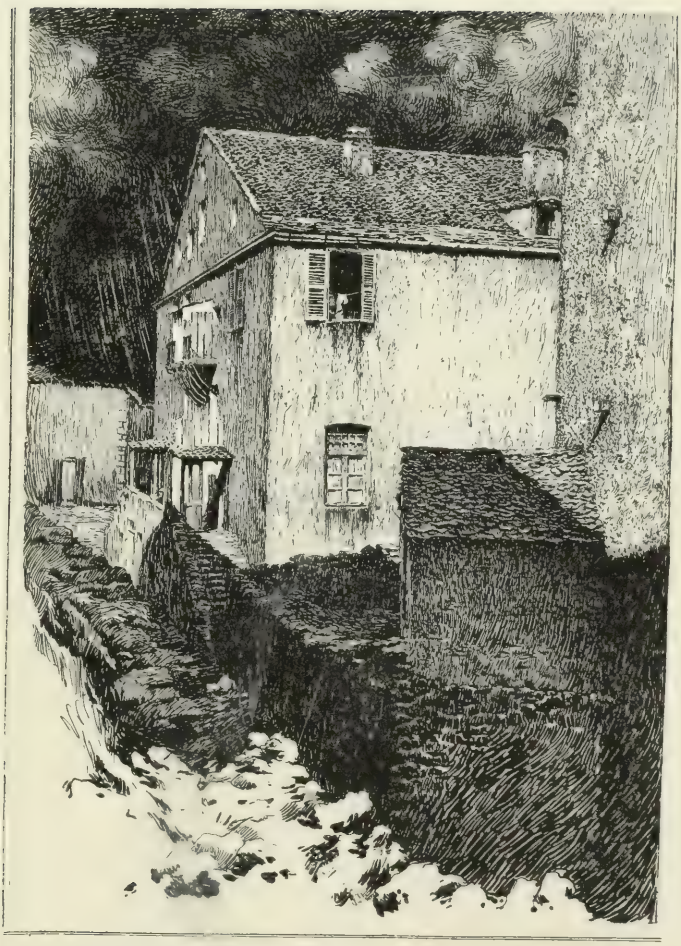
CORTE: THE BRIDGE AND THE CITADEL.



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

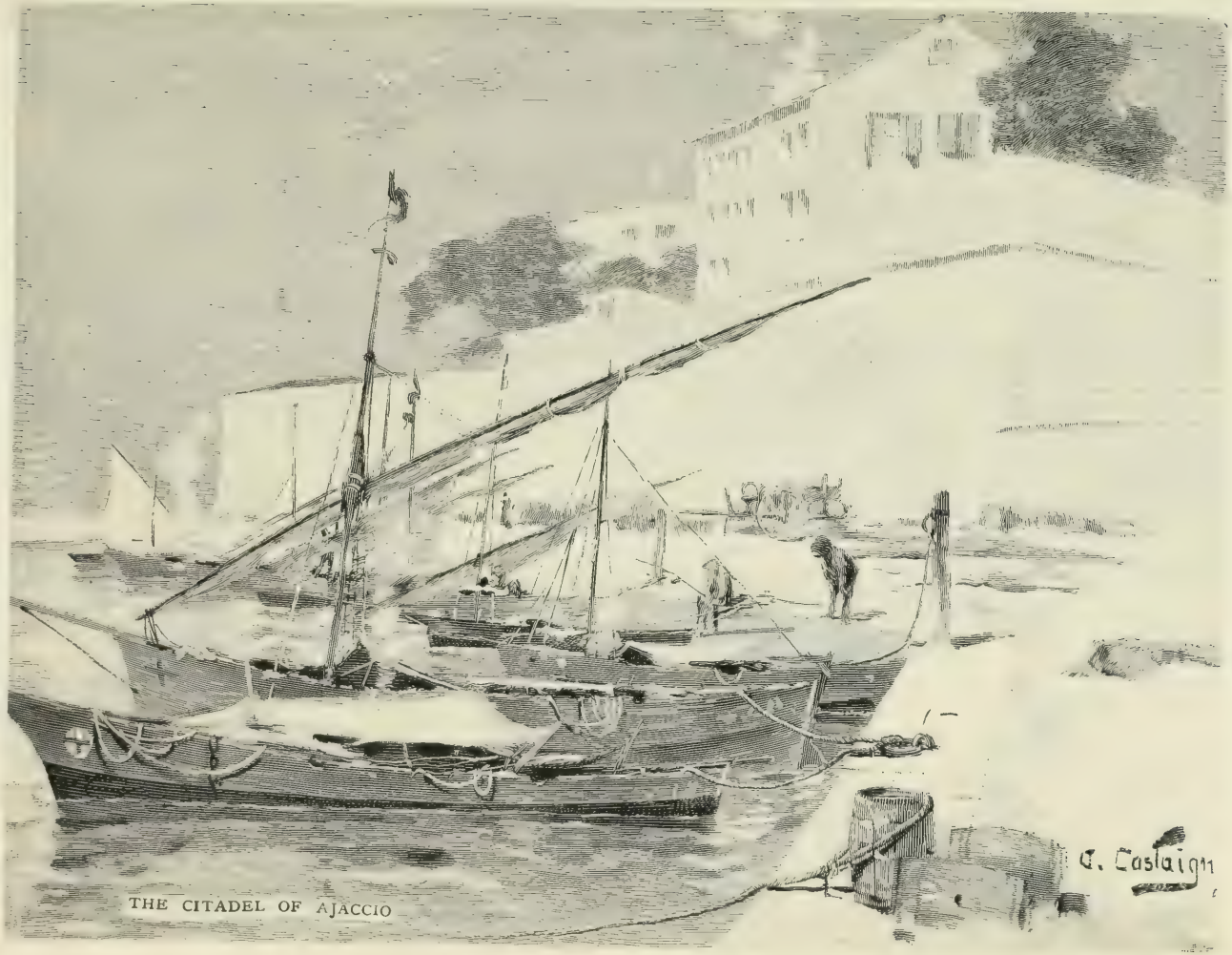
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE FOR THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

HOUSE AT CORTE IN WHICH JOSEPH BONAPARTE WAS BORN.



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

CORSICAN HOME OF PAOLI.



THE CITADEL OF AJACCIO

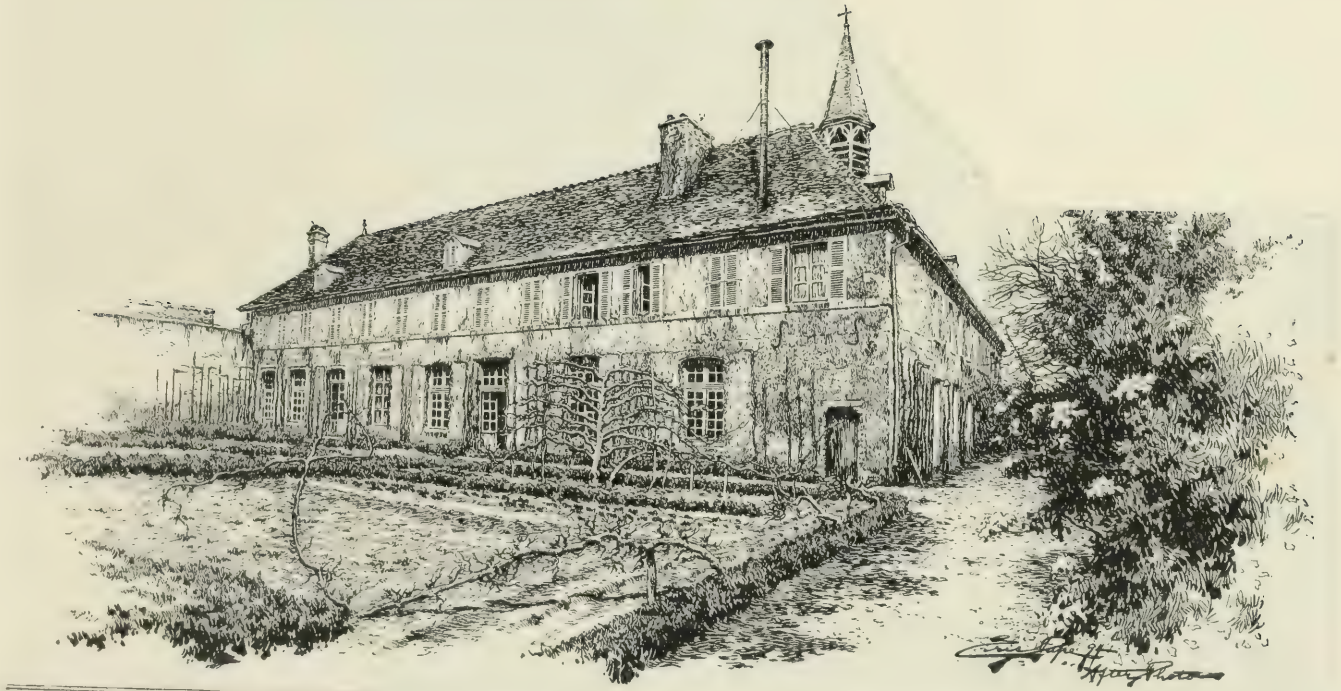
FROM A PAINTING BY L. M. VAN LOO, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

COMTE ÉTIENNE FRANÇOIS DE CHOISEUL, MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS UNDER LOUIS XV.

DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

THE GROTTO ON THE ESTATE OF MILELLI, THE PROPERTY OF NAPOLEON'S FATHER. NAPOLEON'S FAVORITE PLACE OF STUDY.



THE BUILDINGS OF THE MILITARY SCHOOL AT BRIENNE, THAT WERE STANDING AT THE TIME NAPOLEON WAS A STUDENT.

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